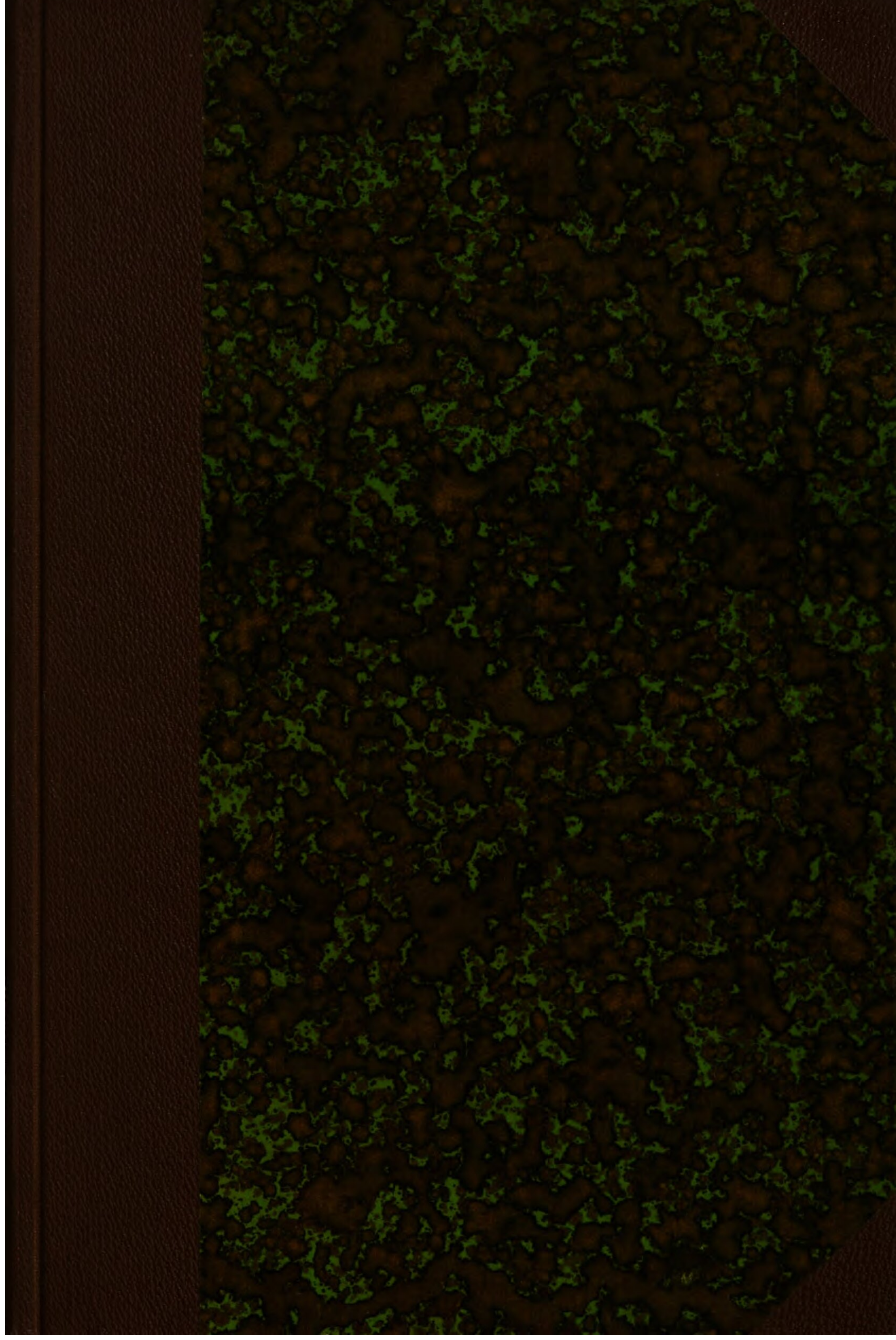




Anna Dreyer

Study and Recreation.

ENGLISCHE
CHRESTOMATHIE

FÜR

REAL- UND GELEHRTE SCHULEN UND DEN PRIVATGEBRAUCH

bearbeitet

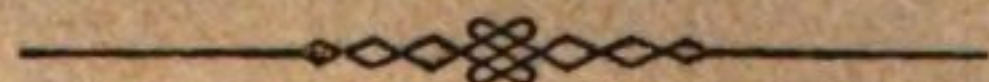
von

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Zweiter Coursus.

Fünfte Auflage.



STUTTGART.

VERLAG DER J. B. METZLER'SCHEN BUCHHANDLUNG.

1874.



Vorwort zur fünften Auflage.

Obgleich seit dem Erscheinen der ersten Auflage im Jahr 1848 die englische Literatur durch mehrere bedeutende Werke bereichert worden ist, welche schon hinsichtlich ihres eigenthümlichen Stiles eine Aufnahme in eine Chrestomathie für höhere Lehranstalten verdienten, so war es doch nicht thunlich, den Umfang des vorliegenden Werkes zu erweitern, oder durch Auslassung anderer Musterstücke Raum für die neueste Literatur zu schaffen. Bei einem Buche, das hauptsächlich für Schulzwecke bestimmt ist, sind wesentliche Aenderungen oder Erweiterungen immer mißlich, und da die Hauptrepräsentanten der neueren englischen Literatur durch Musterstücke aus Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Lord Macaulay, Carlyle, Bulwer, Southey, Warren, Dickens u. A. hinreichend vertreten sind, so wird sich der Mangel an Stücken aus der Literatur der letzten Decennien auch nicht so fühlbar machen. Aus demselben Grunde konnte auch am poetischen Anhang nichts geändert werden, der ja ohnedies nur Zugabe, nicht aber einen wesentlichen Bestandtheil dieser Chrestomathie bildet. Denn eine vollständige poetische Anthologie habe ich bei Verfassung der dreihundertjährigen Geburtsfeier Shakespeare's in meinem 'Hausschatz der britischen Poesie (Home Treasury of British Poetry, Stuttgart 1864)' zu liefern gesucht, welche als Textbuch für den Unterricht in der Geschichte der englischen Dichtkunst an höheren Lehranstalten dienen soll. Auch habe ich in den hauptsächlich für Töchteranstalten und zur kursorischen Lectüre bestimmten '*Readings in Prose and Poetry*, Stuttgart 1866,' die neuere Poesie in ziemlich ausgedehntem Maße berücksichtigt.

Ueber den Plan und Zweck dieser Chrestomathie ist in den früheren Auflagen ausführlich gesprochen worden, und ich beschränke mich auf die Bemerkung, daß dieser zweite Theil zur Ergänzung des ganzen Unterrichtssystems nothwendig ist, welches durch meine übrigen englischen Unterrichtsbücher in den verschiedenen Gattungen einer Schulgrammatik

(Elementar- und höherer syntaktischer Cursus), einer Briefsammlung und einer Sprechschule sich hindurchzieht. Doch ist derselbe auch selbstständig zu benützen, insofern er in das Verständniß der englischen Literatur überhaupt einzuführen bezweckt, und deshalb auch für solche Anstalten und für solche Privatstudien zweckdienlich ist, welche durch andere Unterrichtsbücher, deren es ja eine Region gibt, auf diejenige Stufe gebracht worden sind, von welcher aus sich das Gebiet der Literatur durchwandern läßt. Er ist daher als ein selbstständiges Hand- oder Hülfsbuch der englischen prosaischen Literatur zu gebrauchen, und obschon seit dem ersten Erscheinen dieser Chrestomathie andere ähnliche Werke erschienen sind, so dürfte sich diese neue Ausgabe doch wieder derselben günstigen Aufnahme erfreuen, welche ihr seither zu Theil geworden war; denn wenn sie auch jetzt nicht mehr als ein Desideratum für die höheren Zwecke eines gediegenen Unterrichts begrüßt werden kann, so ist sie doch an Vollständigkeit der Stilarten, an Gediegenheit und Anziehungskraft des Inhaltes, an Eingänglichkeit in die Schätze der Literatur selbst von keinem seither erschienenen ähnlichen Unterrichtsbuche ersetzt oder verdrängt, wohl aber in manchen stark ausgebeutet worden.

So möge dieses Buch auch hinfür wirken zur Verbreitung der so reichhaltigen und uns Deutschen so nuzreichen stammverwandten englischen Literatur, und dem Schüler das verleihen, was die Ueberschrift verspricht, ein ernstes Studium und eine geistige Erholung!

Stuttgart, im Sommer 1874.

Ludwig Gantter.

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ERSTE ABTHEILUNG.

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Musterstücke der prosaischen Dichtung.

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ERSTER ABSCHNITT.

Aeltere Autoren.

Von Addison bis Sir Walter Scott.

1. THE VISION OF MIRZA.

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom 5
of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself,
and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills
of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and
prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains,
I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; 10
and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is
but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast
my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me,
where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd with a little
musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied 15
it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was
exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were
inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had
ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are
played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival 20
in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and
qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart
melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt
of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who 25
had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before
made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those
transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his
conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned
to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach 30
the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which
is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued
by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and
wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and

affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

5 He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that
10 thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the
15 beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey
20 of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and
25 left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the
30 great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge,
35 so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very
40 small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My
45 heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping

unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes 5 and danced before them: but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with clubs, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem 10 to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou 15 dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "what mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the 20 middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! — how is he given away to misery and mortality! — 25 tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations 30 of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that 35 had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a 40 thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. 45

Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of Death that I saw opening every moment
 5 upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye,
 10 or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled
 15 in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain,
 20 who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, "show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to
 25 address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides
 30 of it. (Joseph Addison.)

2. THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF PUG.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday, at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmi-
 35 gration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. *Sir Paul Rycant*, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans, that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming
 40 any of our countrymen from their captivity at *Algiers*. You must know, says WILL, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think

themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They will tell you, says WILL, that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

5

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, WILL told us, that *Jack Freelove*, who was a fellow of whim, went once to pay a visit to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length, observing a pen and ink lie by him, he wrote the following letter to her in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

15

The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says WILL, whether it was written by *Jack* or the monkey.

MADAM,

20

Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Ma- dam, that about a thousand years ago I was an *Indian* Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your *European* philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a Dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, und be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a Dæmon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death. *

I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived in great

honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through
 5 the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods, under the shape of a jack-call, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was
 10 his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half-picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful
 15 in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became an *Indian* tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagancies, and being married to an expensive jade of
 20 a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of *English*
 30 ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head. Upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent
 35 banker in *Lombard-street*; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that
 45 were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest

ant in the whole molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but, being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot. 5 10

I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: How I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas-holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me. 15

But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and play'd a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in *Aethiopia*, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the *English* factory, and sent over into *Great Britain*: I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for, when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to 20 25 30

Your most devoted humble servant,

35

Pug.

P. S. I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way: for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like.

(Addison.)

40

3. THE JOURNAL OF THE RETIRED CITIZEN.

— *Fruges consumere nati.*

HOR. Ep. ii. lib. 1. ver. 27.

— Born to drink and eat.

CREECH.

5 AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, *Let me then*, says he, *go off the stage with your applause*; using the expression with which the *Roman* actors made their *Exit*
 10 at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable
 15 being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to
 20 have it said of him, that no man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody out-did him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased
 25 persons, who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence,
 30 but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much
 35 less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent *French* author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from
 40 morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. This honest man, being of greater consequence

in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir ANDREW showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight o' clock*. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour. 10

Nine o' clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Dayly Courant*. Things go ill in the north. Mr. *Nisby's* opinion thereupon. 15

One o' clock in the afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o' clock. Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap. 20

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S. S. E.

From six to ten at the club. Mr. *Nisby's* opinion about the peace.

Ten o' clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight o' clock*. Rose as usual. 25

Nine o' clock. Washed my hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to *Islington*.

One. Took a pot of mother *Cob's* mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal 30 and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Visier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. *Nisby's* account of the 35 Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight o' clock*. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for 40 the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good. 45

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna* that the Grand Visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards
5 beheaded.

Six o' clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that the Grand Visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine
10 next morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine o' clock.* Staid within until two o' clock for *Sir Timothy*; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appe-
15 tite. Small-beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to *Sir Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o' clock.

20 FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon *Sir Timothy*, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o' clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

25 *From four to six.* Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o' clock. At the club as steward. Sate late.

Twelve o' clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-
30 beer with the Grand Visier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First course, marrow-bones;
35 second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three o' clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Visier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the
40 above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of our hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and
45 sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not

engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employ- 5 ing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examina- 10 tion would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. (Addison.) 15

4. THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways 20 of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Black-wall to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as 25 they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate; all dead or sick: Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, 30 where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then he, pointing to one house, There they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then 35 he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door: and so of other houses. Why, said I, what do you here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man: it had pleased God I am not 40 yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why,

says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, says he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word
 5 I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face, and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am
 10 able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that, I observed, he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in,
 15 he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, said I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, and the boat serves me for a house;
 20 I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, said I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there five ships lie at anchor? pointing down the river a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there,
 30 and at anchor yonder? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they
 35 may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible
 40 place, and so infected as it is?

Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody,
 45 not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.

Nay, said I, but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village, said I, is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it. 5

That is true, added he, but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and 10 butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

Poor man! said I, and how much hast thou gotten for them? 15

I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet?

No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that 20 she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling and it is broken, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord! Here he stopt, and wept very much. 25

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, Sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine! 30

Say'st thou so, said I; and how much less is my faith than thine! And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere 35 presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me, for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened 40 the door, and called Robert, Robert; he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed 45

me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing; and such a captain such a thing; and at the
 5 end adds, God has sent it all, give thanks to him. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

10 Well, but, said I to him, did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall hear her own it. So he calls again, Rachel, Rachel, which, it seems, was her name, did you take up the money? Yes, said she. How much was it? said he. Four
 15 shillings and a groat, said she. Well, well, says he, the Lord keep you all; and so turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, Hark thee, friend, said I, come hither, for I believe thou art
 20 in health, that I may venture thee; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, Here, said I, go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me: God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost: so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone,
 25 and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that
 30 money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed. (*Daniel De Foe.*)

5. ROBINSON CRUSOE'S FIRST VOYAGE.

35 I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York; from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were
 40 named *Robinson*, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called *Robinson Krutznaer*; but, by the usual cor-

ruption of words in England, we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, *Crusoe*; and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers; one of whom was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards. What became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father or mother did know what was become of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free-school generally goes, and designed me for the law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea: and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will, nay, the commands of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon the subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a wandering inclination, I had for leaving my father's house, and my native country; where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of *low life*, which he had found, by long experience, was the best in the world, the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings of the mechanic, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, and envy of the upper part of mankind. He told me, I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, viz., that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequences of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the Wise man gave

his testimony to this, as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed neither to have poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find, that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle stations had the fewest disasters, and were not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasiness, either of body or mind, as those were, who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances, on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet, on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues, and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it; not embarrassed with the labours of the hands, or of the head; not sold to the life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace, and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things: but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this, he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to precipitate myself into miseries, which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seemed to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had just been recommending to me; and that if I were not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate, or fault, that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home as he directed; so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes, as to give me any encouragement to go away: and to close all, he told me, I had my elder brother for an example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars; but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed: and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to

me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me; and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I observed in this last part of discourse, which was truly prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know it to be so himself; I say, I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed: and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent and none to assist me, he was so moved, that he broke off the discourse, and told me, his heart was so full, he could say no more to me. 5 10

I was sincerely affected with this discourse, as indeed who could be otherwise? And I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But, alas! a few days wore it all off; and in short, to prevent any of my father's further importunities, in a few weeks I resolved 15 to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily neither, as the first heat of my resolution prompted; but I took my mother at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world, that I should never settle to anything with resolution enough to go through with it; and my father had better 20 give me his consent, than force me to go without it: that I was now eighteen years old, which was too late to go apprentice to a trade, or clerk to an attorney; that I was sure, if I did, I should never serve out my time, but I should certainly run away from 25 my master before my time was out, and go to sea: and if she would speak to my father to let me go one voyage abroad, if I came home again, and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise by a double diligence, to recover the time I had lost.

This put my mother into a great passion. She told me, she 30 knew it would be to no purpose to speak to my father upon any such subject; that he knew too well what was my interest, to give his consent to any thing so much for my hurt; and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing, after the discourse I had with my father, and such kind and tender expressions, as 35 she knew my father has used to me; and that, in short, if I would ruin myself, there was no help for me; but I might depend I should never have their consent to it: that, for her part, she would not have so much hand in my destruction; and I should never have it to say, that my mother was willing, when my father was not. 40

Though my mother refused to move it to my father, yet I heard afterward that she reported all the discourse to him; and that my father, after showing a great concern at it, said to her, with a sigh, "That the boy might be happy, if he would stay at

home; but if he goes abroad, he will be the most miserable wretch that ever was born: I can give no consent to it."

It was not till almost a year after this that I broke loose, though in the mean time I continued obstinately deaf to all proposals of settling to business, and frequently expostulating with my father and mother about their being so positively determined against what they knew my inclination prompted me to. But being one day at Hull, whither I went casually, and without any purpose of making an elopement that time; but, I say, being there, and one of my companions being going by sea to London, in his father's ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common allurements of a seafaring man, that it should cost me nothing for my passage, I consulted neither father nor mother any more, nor so much as sent them word of it: but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's blessing, or my father's, without any consideration of circumstances or consequences, and in an ill hour, God knows, on the first of September, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never any young adventurer's misfortunes, I believe, began sooner, or continued longer, than mine. The ship was no sooner got out of the Humber, but the wind began to blow, and the sea to rise, in a most frightful manner; and as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body, and terrified in mind. I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the judgment of Heaven, for my wickedness in leaving my father's house, and abandoning my duty. All the good counsel of my parents, my father's tears and my mother's entreaties, came now fresh into my mind; and my conscience, which was not yet come to the pitch of hardness to which it has been since, reproached me with the contempt of advice, and the breach of my duty to God and my father.

All this while the storm increased, and the sea went very high, though nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor what I saw a few days after. But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young sailor, and had never known anything of the matter. I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought it did, in the trough or hollow of the sea, we should never rise more. In this agony of mind, I made many vows and resolutions, that if it pleased God to spare my life in this one voyage, if ever I got once my foot upon dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, and never set it into a ship again while I lived: that I would take his advice, and never run myself into such miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the goodness of his observations about the middle station of life, how easy, how

comfortable, he had lived all his days, and never been exposed to tempests at sea or troubles on shore: and, in short, I resolved that I would, like a true repenting prodigal, go home to my father.

These wise and sober thoughts continued all the while the storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next day 5 the wind was abated, and the sea calmer, and I began to be a little inured to it. However I was very grave all that day being also a little sea-sick still: but towards night the weather cleared up, the wind was quite over, and a charming fine evening followed: the sun went down perfectly clear, and rose so the next 10 morning; and having little or no wind, and a smooth sea, the sun shining upon it, the sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw.

I had slept well in the night, and was now no more sea-sick, but very cheerful: looking with wonder upon the sea, that was so 15 rough and terrible the day before and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little a time after. And now, lest my resolution should continue, my companion, who indeed had enticed me away, comes to me: "Well, Bob," says he, clapping me upon the shoulder, "how do you do after it? I warrant you were frightened, 20 wa'n't you, last night, when it blew but a capfull of wind?" "A capfull d'you call it?" said I, "'twas a terrible storm." "A storm, you fool you!" replies he: "do you call that a storm? Why it was nothing at all: give us but a good ship and sea-room, and we think nothing of such a squall of wind as that: but you're but 25 a fresh-water sailor, Bob. Come, let us make a bowl of punch, and we'll forget all that. D'you see what charming weather 'tis now?" To make short this sad part of my story, we went the way of all sailors! the punch was made, and I was made half drunk with it, and in that one night's wickedness I drowned all my 30 repentance, all my reflections upon my past conduct, and all my resolutions for the future. In a word, as the sea was returned to its smoothness of surface, and settled calmness, by the abatement of that storm, so the hurry of my thoughts being over, my fears and apprehensions of being swallowed up by the sea being forgotten, 35 and the current of former desires returned, I entirely forgot the vows and promises that I made in my distress. I found indeed some intervals of reflection, and the serious thoughts did, as it were, endeavour to return again sometimes; but I shook them off, and roused myself from them, as it were from a distemper; and 40 applying myself to drinking and company, soon mastered the return of those fits (for so I called them); and I had, in five or six days, got as complete a victory over conscience, as any young fellow that resolved not to be troubled with it could desire. But I was to have another trial for it still; and Providence, as in such cases 45

generally it does, resolved to leave me entirely without excuse: for if I would not take this for a deliverance, the next was to be such a one, as the worst and most hardened wretch among us would confess both the danger and the mercy.

5 The sixth day of our being at sea, we came into Yarmouth Roads: the wind having been contrary, and the weather calm, we had made but little way since the storm. Here we were obliged to come to an anchor: and here we lay, the wind continuing contrary, viz. at south-west, for seven or eight days: during which
10 time a great many ships from Newcastle came into the same roads, as the common harbour where the ships might wait for a wind for the river.

We had not, however, rid here so long, but we should have tided it up the river, but that the wind blew too fresh; and after
15 we had lain four or five days, blew very hard. However, the roads being reckoned as good as a harbour, the anchorage good, and our ground tackle very strong, our men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of danger, but spent the time in rest and mirth, after the manner of the sea; but the eighth day in the morn-
20 ing the wind increased, and we had all hands at work to strike our top-masts, and make everything snug and close, that the ship might ride as easy as possible. By noon, the sea went very high indeed, and our ship rode forecastle in, shipped several seas, and we thought once or twice our anchor had come home; upon
25 which our master ordered out the sheet-anchor, so that we rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end.

By this time it blew a terrible storm indeed; and now I began to see terror and amazement in the faces even of the seamen themselves. The master, though vigilant in the business of pre-
30 serving the ship, yet, as he went in and out of his cabin by me, I could hear him, softly to himself, say several times, "Lord, be merciful to us! We shall be all lost: we shall be all undone!" and the like. During these first hurries I was stupid, lying still in my cabin, which was in the steerage, and cannot describe my temper.
35 I could ill resume my first penitence, which I had so apparently trampled upon, and hardened myself against. I thought the bitterness of death had been past; and that this would be nothing too, like the first. But when the master himself came by me, as I said just now, and said we should be all lost, I was dreadfully
40 frightened. I got up out of my cabin; and looked out; but such a dismal sight I never saw; the sea went mountains high, and broke upon us every three or four minutes. When I could look about, I could see nothing but distress around us. Two ships that rid near us, we found had cut their masts by the board, being deep
45 laden; and our men cried out, that a ship which rid about a mile

ahead of us was foundered. Two more ships, being driven from their anchors, were run out of the roads to sea, at all adventures, and that not with a mast standing. The light ships fared the best, as not so much labouring in the sea; but two or three of them drove, and came close by us, running away, with only their 5 sprit-sail out, before the wind.

Towards the evening, the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the fore-mast, which he was very unwilling to do; but the boatswain protesting to him, that if he did not, the ship would founder, he consented: and when 10 they had cut away the fore-mast, the main-mast stood so loose, and shook the ship so much, they were obliged to cut that away also, and make a clear deck.

Any one may judge what a condition I must be in at all this, who was but a young sailor, and who had been in such a fright 15 before at but a little. But, if I can express at this distance the thoughts I had about me at that time, I was in ten-fold more horror of mind upon account of my former convictions, and the having returned from them to the resolutions I had wickedly taken at first, than I was at death itself; and these, added to the terror 20 of the storm, put me into such a condition that I can by no words describe it. But the worst was not come yet: the storm continued with such fury, that the seamen themselves acknowledged they had never seen a worse. We had a good ship, but she was deep laden, and so swallowed in the sea, that the seamen every 25 now and then cried out she would founder. It was my advantage in one respect, that I did not know what they meant by founder, till I inquired. However, the storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen, the master, the boatswain, and some others more sensible than the rest, at their prayers, and expecting every 30 moment that the ship would go to the bottom. In the middle of the night, and under all the rest of our distresses, one of the men that had been down on purpose to see, cried out we had sprung a leak; another said, there were four feet water in the hold. Then all hands were called to the pump. At that very word my heart, 35 as I thought, died within me; and I fell backwards upon the side of the bed where I sat, into the cabin. However the men roused me, and told me, that I that was able to do nothing before, was as well able to pump as another; at which I stirred up, and went to the pump, and worked very heartily. While this was doing, 40 the master, who seeing some light colliers, which not able to ride out the storm, were obliged to slip and run away to sea, and would come near us, ordered to fire a gun as a signal of distress. I, who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised, that I thought the ship had broken, or some dreadful thing happened. 45

In a word, I was so surprised that I fell down in a swoon. As this was a time when every body had his own life to think of, nobody minded me, or what was become of me: but another man stepped up to the pump, and thrusting me aside with his
5 foot, let me lie, thinking I had been dead; and it was a great while before I came to myself.

We worked on, but the water increasing in the hold, it was apparent that the ship would founder: and though the storm began to abate a little, yet as it was not possible she could swim till
10 we might run into any port, so the master continued firing guns for help; and a light ship, who had rid it out just ahead of us ventured a boat out to help us. It was with the utmost hazard the boat came near us; but it was impossible for us to get on board, or for the boat to lie near the ship-side, till at last the
15 men rowing very heartily, and venturing their lives to save ours, our men cast them a rope over the stern with a buoy to it, and then veered it out a great length, which they, after much labour and hazard, took hold of; and we hauled them close under our stern, and got into their boat. It was to no purpose for them
20 or us, after we were in the boat, to think of reaching to their own ship: so all agreed to let her drive, and only to pull her in towards shore as much as we could; and our master promised them, that if the boat was staved upon shore, he would make it good to their master. So partly rowing, and partly driving, our boat
25 went away to the northward, sloping toward the shore almost as far as Wintertonness.

We were not much more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship, but we saw her sink: and then I understood, for the first time, what was meant by a ship foundering in the sea. I
30 must acknowledge I had hardly eyes to look up, when the seamen told me she was sinking; for, from that moment, they rather put me into the boat, than that I might be said to go in; my heart was, as it were, dead within me, partly with fright, partly with horror of mind, and the thoughts of what was before me.

35 While we were in this condition, the men yet labouring at the oar to bring the boat near the shore, we could see (when our boat mounted the waves, we were able to see the shore) a great many people running along the strand to assist us when we should come near. But we made but slow way towards the shore; nor
40 were we able to reach the shore, till, being past the light-house at Winterton, the shore falls off to the westward towards Cromer; and so the land broke off a little the violence of the wind. Here we got in; and, though not without much difficulty, got all safe
45 on shore; and walked afterward on foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate men, we were used with great humanity, as well by

the magistrates of the town, who assigned us good quarters, as by particular merchants and owners of ships; and had money given us sufficient to carry us either to London, or back to Hull, as we thought fit.

Had I now had the sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my father, an emblem of our blessed Saviour's parable, had even killed the fatted calf for me; for, hearing the ship I went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Roads, it was a great while before he had any assurances that I was drowned.

But my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and though I had several times loud calls from my reason, and my more composed judgment, to go home, yet I had no power to do it. I know not what to call this; nor will I urge, that it is a secret overruling decree, that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our eyes open. Certainly, nothing but some such decreed unavoidable misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have pushed me forward against the calm reasoning and persuasions of my most retired thoughts, and against two such visible instructions as I had met with in my first attempt.

My comrade, who had helped to harden me before, and who was the master's son, was now less forward than I. The first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, which was not till two or three days, for we were separated in the town to several quarters; I say, the first time he saw me, it appeared his tone was altered; and looking very melancholy, and shaking his head, asked me how I did: and telling his father who I was, and how I had come this voyage only for a trial, in order to go farther abroad; his father turning to me with a very grave and concerned tone, "Young man," says he, "you ought never to go to sea any more; you ought to take this for a plain and visible token, that you are not to be a seafaring man." "Why, sir," said I, "will you go to sea no more?" "That is another case," said he! "it is my calling, and therefore my duty; but, as you made this voyage for a trial, you see what a taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist: perhaps all this has befallen us on your account, like Jonah in the ship of Tarshish. Pray," continued he, "what are you? and on what account did you go to sea?" Upon that I told him some of my story; at the end of which he burst out with a strange kind of passion, "What had I done," says he, "that such an unhappy wretch should come into my ship? I would not set my foot in the same ship with thee again for a thousand pounds!" This indeed was, as I said, an excursion of his

spirits, which were yet agitated by the sense of his loss, and was farther than he could have authority to go. However, he afterwards talked very gravely to me, exhorting me to go back to my father, and not tempt Providence to my ruin; told me I might
5 see the visible hand of Heaven against me;—"And, young man," said he, "depend upon it, if you do not go back, wherever you go, you will meet with nothing but disasters and disappointments, till your father's words are fulfilled upon you."

We parted soon after; for I made him little answer, and I
10 saw him no more: which way he went, I know not. As for me, having some money in my pocket, I travelled to London by land; and there, as well as on the road, had many struggles with myself, what course of life I should take, and whether I should go home, or go to sea.

15 As to going home, shame opposed the best motions that offered to my thoughts; and it immediately occurred to me how I should be laughed at among the neighbours, and should be ashamed to see, not my father and mother only, but even every body else. From whence I have since often observed how incongruous
20 and irrational the common temper of mankind is, especially of youth, to that reason that ought to guide them in such cases; viz. that they are not ashamed to sin, and yet are ashamed to repent; not ashamed of the actions for which they ought justly to be esteemed fools, but are ashamed of the returning, which only
25 can make them esteemed wise men.

In this state of life, however, I remained some time, uncertain what measures to take, and what course of life to lead. An irresistible reluctance continued to going home; and, as I stayed awhile, the remembrance of the distress I had been in wore off:
30 and as that abated, the little motion I had in my desires wore off with it, till at last I quite laid aside the thoughts of it, and looked out for a voyage.

That evil influence which carried me first away from my father's house, which hurried me into the wild and indigested notion of raising my fortune, and that impressed those conceits so
35 forcibly upon me, as to make me deaf to all good advice, and to the entreaties and even the commands of my father; I say, the same influence, whatever it was, presented the most unfortunate of all enterprises to my view; and I went on board a vessel bound
40 to the coast of Africa, or, as our sailors vulgarly call it, a voyage to Guinea.

It was my great misfortune, that in all these adventures, I did not ship myself as a sailor; whereby, though I might indeed have worked a little harder than ordinary, yet at the same time
45 I had learned the duty and office of a fore-mast man, and in time

might have qualified myself for mate or lieutenant, if not for a master. But as it was always my fate to choose for the worse, so I did here; for having money in my pocket, and good clothes to my back, I would always go on board in the habit of a gentleman; and so I neither had any business in the ship, nor learned 5 to do any.

It was my lot first of all to fall into pretty good company in London, which does not always happen to such loose and unguided young fellows as I then was; the devil not omitting to lay some snare for them very early: but it was not so with me. 10 I first fell acquainted with the master of the ship, who had been on the coast of Guinea, and who, having had very good success there, was resolved to go again. This captain, taking a fancy to my conversation, which was not disagreeable at that time, hearing me say I had a mind to see the world, told me, if I would go 15 the voyage with him, I should be at no expense; I should be his messmate, and his companion: and if I could carry any thing with me, I should have all the advantage of it that the trade would admit; and perhaps I might meet with some encouragement.

I embraced the offer, and, entering into a strict friendship 20 with this captain, who was an honest plain-dealing man, went the voyage with him; and carried a small adventure with me, which, by the disinterested honesty of my friend the captain, I increased very considerably; for I carried about 40*l.* in such trifles as the captain directed me to buy. This 40*l.* I had mustered together 25 by the assistance of some of my relations whom I corresponded with, and who, I believe, got my father, or at least my mother, to contribute so much as that to my first adventure.

This was the only voyage which I may say was successful in all my adventures, and which I owe to the integrity and honesty 30 of my friend the captain: under whom I also got a competent knowledge of the mathematics, and the rules of navigation; learned how to keep an account of the ship's course, take an observation, and, in short, to understand some things that were needful to be understood by a sailor: for as he took delight to instruct me, I 35 took delight to learn; and, in a word, this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant: for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold-dust for my adventure, which yielded me in London, at my return, almost 300*l.*; and this filled me with those aspiring thoughts which have since so completed my ruin. 40

(Daniel De Foe.)

6. EXTRACTS FROM GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

- a. Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs; the manner of educating their children.

Quarrels and intrigues are so common in courts, that I need
 5 not dwell on the calumnies devised by the envious to prejudice the
 mind of the empress still further against me, and I shall therefore
 turn to a different subject. Although I intend to leave the de-
 scription of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean
 time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general
 10 ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six
 inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals,
 as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and
 oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch
 and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow,
 15 and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the
 smallest, which to my sight were almost invisible; but nature has
 adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their
 view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance.
 And to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are
 20 near, I have been much pleased with a cook pulling a lark, which
 was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an
 invisible needle with invisible silk.

Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of
 those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just
 25 reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same
 proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for
 many ages has flourished in all its branches among them: but their
 manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to
 30 the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like
 the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but aslant,
 from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, be-
 cause they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are
 35 all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to
 be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at
 their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The
 learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the
 practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

40 There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar;
 and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear
 country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification.
 It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I

shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the 5 loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence; or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through 10 the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against supe- 15 rior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with 20 the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the 25 crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for I confess I was heartily ashamed. *

Although we call rewards and punishments the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim 30 to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for 35 that use: he likewise acquires the title of *snillpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the 40 image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand,

* An act of parliament has been since passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital. — *Orig.*

and a sword sheathed in her left, to show that she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus: that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children, differ extremely from ours. Their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth, are provided

with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, 5 which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They 10 are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together, in smaller or greater numbers, to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only 15 twice a-year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like. 20

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same 25 manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old: whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated 30 much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, they are publicly whipped thrice 35 about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by 40 their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, 45

because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without the tears of the young lady
5 and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees; those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept until eleven.

10 The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, beside their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think
15 nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition: and these funds are always managed
20 with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them, are supported by hospitals; for begging
25 is a trade unknown in this empire.

b. Adventures in Brobdingnag.

Justly may I say, that I should have lived happy enough in the country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate.
30 Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together,
35 near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of
40 them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs 5 all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls: however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemonthyme; but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is that at all to be wondered at, because nature, in 10 that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same 15 garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and 20 out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By 25 good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and 30 out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who, by this time, had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his 35 dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust 40 me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures, that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop

at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up
5 the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe,
10 in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill,
15 a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day, I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down,
20 and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings, on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's-length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times
25 thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

But the greatest danger I underwent in that kingdom, was from
30 a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its
35 largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down,
40 till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box; but the monkey looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed,
45 as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping,

grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took 5 me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child he is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one 10 of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and 15 holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours.

I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar, the servants ran for ladders; the 20 monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble 25 below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out. 30

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment 35 to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had 40 crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the 45

court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

5 When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, "what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw? how I liked the victuals he gave me? his manner of feeding; and whether the
10 fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach?" He desired to know "what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country?" I told his majesty, "that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they
15 presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal, with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber,
20 perhaps, I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it, with more haste than he put it in." This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a loud laughter, which all the respect
25 due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since
30 my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

c. The grand academy of Lagado.

35 Conceiving that my readers will be anxious to know the particulars of the Laputian university, I shall now proceed to describe it. This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

40 I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several

places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, that in eight years more, he should be 5 able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine, at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with mo- 10 ney on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder; who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish. 15

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in 20 his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteem- 25 ed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground, you bury, at six inches distance and 30 eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their feed, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung; 35 it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted, that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to 40 go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me, "not to disturb his webs." He lamented "the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silkworms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin." And he proposed farther, "that by employing 45

spiders, the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved;" whereof I was fully convinced, when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us "that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them
5 of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual
10 and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being
15 appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities,
20 and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two
25 great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon
30 two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time, to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw, was in a very large room, with forty
35 pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible
40 of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books
45 in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology,

without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them: and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times; and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness; and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;" the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner: yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival."

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words
5 whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion; and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things,
10 it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on." And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened
15 to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only
20 this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their
25 packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the street would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his
30 pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that
35 it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues
40 they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This, the student was to
45 swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat

nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of the lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires. (Jonathan Swift.)

7. PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

In the first row of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress. Something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may

call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness!

5 Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak,
10 but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him. X

15 When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them:
20 not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither: for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Par-
25 tridge, did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There
30 he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

35 During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face,
40 that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than "that he might possibly see him again soon and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the
45 ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir,

now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much
 frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help
 some fears; I would not be in so bad a condition as — what's
 his name? — Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless
 me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought 5
 I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed you saw right," answered
 Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, I know it is only a play;
 and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would
 not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe,
 if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you 10
 are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces.
 If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all
 duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about
 your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet 15
 introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand,
 till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the
 spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never
 committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her,
 "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; 20
 though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide
 it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked
 man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits
 upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an
 innocent face again." 25

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Par-
 tridge who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown
 upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That it was one of
 the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder, then,"
 cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in 30
 my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk,
 that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The
 fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had
 one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing
 than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he 35
 cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are:
 I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead
 man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost,
 I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the 40
 end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had
 liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of in-
 dignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed,
 Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller; "you are not of the same opinion
 with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by 45

the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, 5 to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I 10 have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more 15 attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! 20 there it is."

(Henry Fielding.)

8. THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many, 25 after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, I say sitting, for 30 in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain), when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with 35 less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years 40 together; but this is neither here nor there — why do I mention it? Ask my pen — it governs me — I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. 'Tis for a poor gentleman — I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast; I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me. If it could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend, continued he; we are all of us concerned for him. 5 10

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good. 15

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host. And of his whole family, added the corporal; for they are all concerned for him. Step after him, said my uncle Toby; do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name. 20 25

I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; but I can ask his son again. Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days. 30

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco. 35

Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. Trim! said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. Corporal! said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe. 40

Trim, said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had
5 on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in
10 your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the
15 corporal. I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting
20 the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *ténaille* a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought
25 of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. I despaired at first, said the
30 corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant. Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby. He is, said the corporal. And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby. I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, everything straightforwards as I learned it.
35 Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it — Your honour is good. And having done that, he
40 sat down, as he was ordered; and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I
45 made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be

asked — That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby — I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. If I 5 get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the deathwatch all night long: and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is 10 broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, 15 said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my 20 hand, and instantly burst into tears. Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here.

I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so 25 great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose; but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought 30 it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar — And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby — he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very 35 low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort 40 the youth. I thought it wrong, added the corporal. I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if 45

I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

5 I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. Are you sure of it? replied the curate. A soldier, an' please
10 your reverence, said I, prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. 'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. But when a soldier, said I, an' please your
15 reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms;
20 beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe, said I — for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army — I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time
25 to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby; for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be
30 seen who has done their duties in this world and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. I hope we shall, said Trim. It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God
35 Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one. I hope not, said the corporal. But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

40 When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to
45 take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;

the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close 5 to his bedside. If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant. I told him your honour was. Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in 10 Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not, said he, a second 15 time, musing. Possibly he may my story, added he. Pray, tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent. I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his 20 handkerchief, then well may I. In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then 25 kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh — I wish, Trim, I was asleep. Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby. 30

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon. 'Tis 35 finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, 40 alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour — though I tell

it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves — that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on
 5 the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner — that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp — and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses
 10 at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve
 15 the poor lieutenant and his son. That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of
 20 my services to Le Fevre — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as
 25 welcome to it as myself. Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders. True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same
 30 excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with
 35 thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march. He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal. He will march, said
 40 my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch — he shall march to his regiment. He
 45 cannot stand it, said the corporal. He shall be supported, said

my uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the corporal; and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew 5 up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his breeches pocket; and having ordered the corporal to go 10 early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel 15 at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside; and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old 20 friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did — how he had rested in the night — what was his complaint — where was his pain — and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he 25 had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre. 30

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby — not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to 35 come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing 40 cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film 45

returned to its place; the pulse fluttered — stopped — went on — throbbed — stopped again — moved — stopped. Shall I go on? No.

(*Laurence Sterne.*)

9. THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

5 We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be
10 repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteely though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alight-
15 ing, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words — “This is hard work for such an old man as you.” So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, “Have you never a
20 son,” said he, “to ease you of this labour?” “Yes, an’ please your honour,” replied the senior, “I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way.” “Honour not me,” cried the stranger; “it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?” The ancient paviour said, his eldest
25 son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father’s debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

30 The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail; then turning short, “Tell me,” said he, “has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?” “Call him not unnatural,” replied the other, “God’s blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by
35 being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides.” At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, “Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that’s he.” “I am! I am! cried the
40 stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood

of tears; "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and 5 ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the 10 street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting 15 scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith de- 20 posited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least 25 sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in 30 the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. 35 He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland, who died before it arrived so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now pre- 40 sented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed, ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons 45

after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds to the
 5 poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour
 10 to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he
 15 made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his friend while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design,
 20 than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were
 25 still humble and plebeian! (Tobias George Smollett.)

10. FEAST IN THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS.

Our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients.
 30 Pickle struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections, which were not to be
 35 found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke
 40 the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectation with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr. Pallet, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed, at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made; but finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire, if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered, for two whole hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice, that exclaimed in French, "For the love of God! dear Sir! for the passion of Jesus Christ! spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!" Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when the doctor, entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers, to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who thought the honour of his nation was concerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling, by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor

painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was
5 sorry he could not procure the exact triclinæ of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have
10 the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but in reality with a view of profiting by the example of
15 each other; for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

20 In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations until the doctor earnestly entreated them to wave all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left-hand side,
25 laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern, (though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude), stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow in a most painful and awkward situa-
30 tion, with his head raised above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune, but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on
35 a level with the rest of his body. But the baron, who was neither so wieldy nor supple in his joints as his companions, flounced himself down with such precipitation, that his feet suddenly tilting up, came in furious contact with the head of the marquis, and demolished every curl in a twinkling, while his own skull, at the
40 same instant, descended upon the side of his couch with such violence, that his periwig was struck off, and the whole room filled with pulvilio.

The drollery of distress that attended this disaster entirely vanquished the affected gravity of our young gentleman, who was
45 obliged to suppress his laughter by cramming his handkerchief

in his mouth; for the bareheaded German asked pardon with such ridiculous confusion, and the marquis admitted his apology with such rueful complaisance, as were sufficient to awake the mirth of a quietist.

This misfortune being repaired, as well as the circumstances 5 of the occasion would permit, and every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and, with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began: — “This here, gentlemen, is a 10 boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, 15 exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the *salacacabia* of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pinetops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, 20 cucumbers, onions, and hen livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and carraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. 25 Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?” The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis, being asked by the painter which of the silly-kicaby’s he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated 30 with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of spoon meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment. 35

The Frenchman, having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause, his throat swelled as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked stedfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste, before he himself 40 would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him, that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and, for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty 45

that his complaisance could so far master his disgust, as to enable him to answer, "altogether excellent, upon my honour!" and the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his
5 taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of his mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly
10 inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company, that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing
15 in the soup but some salamoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petitmaitre, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and
20 deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended, that he was compelled to start up of a sudden, and, in the hurry of his elevation, overturned his plate into the bosom of
25 the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour; so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair, at his desire, being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive,
30 conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German got up, and was under
35 the hands of his own lacquey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in High Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who, all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him,
40 that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine, and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacacabia being removed, the places
45 were filled with two pyes, one of dormice, liquored with syrup of

white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey, as a desert; and the other composed of an hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement, 5 pronounced, "a pye made of dormice and syrup of poppies: Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!" His friend checked him for his irreverend exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate, with such encomiums to the company, that the baron resolved to 10 imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying, 15 that he would not give one slice of the roast beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hashis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those 20 dishes, which, among the ancients, had obtained the appellation of *politeles*, or magnificent. "That which smokes in the middle," said he, "is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, anniseed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and 25 belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end next Mr. Pallet are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Appicius." 30

The painter (who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation), no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble 35 of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr. Pallet tucked the table-cloth under his chin; and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder, — "Zounds! this is the essence 40 of a whole bed of garlic!" That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and, when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away, with an excla- 45

mation of, "Lord Jesus!" and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape, he was sauced with a syrup of the dormice pye, which went to pieces in the general wreck; and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably, that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

10 The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed
15 his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return, and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and assafoetida,
20 and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated *garum* of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the *scombri* which were a sort of tunny fish, and sometimes of the *silurus*, or shad fish; nay, he observed, that there was a third kind called *garum*
25 *hæmation*, made of the guts, gills, and blood, of the *thynnus*.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to reestablish the order of the banquet, by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered every thing to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the desert to be brought in.

30 Meanwhile he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the *alieus*, or fish-meals of the ancients, such as the *jus diabaton*, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the *cornuta*, or gurnard, described by Pliny in his Natural History, who says, the horns of many were a foot and a half in length;
35 the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed, that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenus was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus,

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Affertur squillos inter Murena, natantes, &c.

and told them that they were commonly eaten with the *thus Syriacum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that, though this was reckoned a

luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable, in point of expense, to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

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By this time the desert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water; but what the master of the feast valued himself upon was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the *hypotrimma* of Hesychius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied assafœtida, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumelbergius and Lister, was no other than the *laser Syriacum*, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine, that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banquetting room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English, as God was his Saviour, he had not intent to affront man, woman, or child; but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence, by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

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When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor, in consequence of our hero's intercession; so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that, in a short time, the champaign produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

(Tobias Smollett.)

11. YORICK.

CHAPTER I.

Yorick was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation), it had been

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exactly so spelt for near — I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years; — but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth — however indisputable in itself; — and, therefore, I shall content myself with only saying — it had been
 5 exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners. — Has this been owing
 10 to the pride, or to the shame, of the respective proprietors? — In honest truth, I think sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villanous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us all together that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, “That his own
 15 great-grandfather was the man who did either this or that.”

This evil has been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do farther inform us that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into
 20 England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was, this record said not — it only adds that, for near two
 25 centuries, it had been totally abolished, as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head that this post could be no other than that of the king’s chief jester; — and that Hamlet’s Yorick, in our Shakspeare, many of whose plays, you know, are
 30 founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus’s Danish history, to know the certainty of this; — but, if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

35 I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy’s eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey, performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work;
 40 I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country — namely, “that nature was neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy, in her gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants; — but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such
 45 an equal tenour in the distribution of her favours as to bring them,

in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts, but a great deal of good plain household understanding, amongst all ranks of people, of which every body has a share;" which is, I think, very right. 5

With us, you see, the case is quite different: — we are all ups and downs in this matter, — you are a great genius; — or, 'tis fifty to one, sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead; — not that there is a total want of intermediate steps; — no, we are not so irregular as that comes to; — but the two extremes are 10 more common, and in a greater degree, in this unsettled island, where nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's 15 extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis — for, instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours you would have looked for in one so extracted — he was, on the 20 contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition — as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions — with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised 25 in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspecting girl of thirteen: so that, upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-placed were 30 oftenest in his way, — you may likewise imagine it was with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas*: — for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity; — not 35 to gravity as such: — for, where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together; — but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered 40 and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add — of the most dangerous kind too, — because a sly one — and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were babbled out of their goods and 45

money by it in one twelve-month than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger — but to itself: — whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently, 5 deceit: — it was a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions, — it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, — viz. a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind; which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say de- 10 served to be written in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. 15 Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which, without impression, he would usually translate into plain English, without any periphrasis; — and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place; — so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an un- 20 generous proceeding — he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, — what his station, — or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter; — but if it was a dirty action, — without more ado, — The man was a dirty fellow, and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate 25 to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony — he had but too 30 many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests, about him.

They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

The mortgager and mortgagée differ, the one from the other, not more in length of purse than the jester and jestée do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; — which, by the bye, is 40 upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to; — namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases; — the periodical or acciden-

tal payments of it just serving to keep the money of the affair alive; till at length, in some evil hour — pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations. 5

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him that my Hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of 10 this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking that, as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy — but, on the contrary, from an thonesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of honour, they would all of them be crossed out in course. 15

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him that, one day or other, he would certainly be reckoned with; — and he would often add — in an accent of sorrowful apprehension — to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a Pshaw! — and if 20 the subject was started in the fields, — with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but, if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent — Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discre- 25 tion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together:

“Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no afterwit can extricate thee out of. — In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the 30 light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies — and dost muster up, with them, the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger — 'tis no extravagant 35 arithmetic to say that, for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

“I cannot suspect it, in the man whom I esteem, that there 40 is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies. — I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive — but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and that thou knowest not what it is either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other; — 45

whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

"Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of
 5 dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart, nor integrity of conduct shall set right. — The fortunes of thy house shall totter, — thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it, — thy faith questioned, — thy works belied, — thy wit forgotten, thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of
 10 thy tragedy, *Cruelty* and *Cowardice*, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by *Malice* in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes: — the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there; — and trust me — trust me Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless
 15 creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a
 20 promisory look attending it that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety. — But, alas, too late! — a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it. — The whole plan of attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution
 25 all at once, — with so little mercy on the side of the allies, — and so little suspicion on Yorick of what was carrying on against him — that, when he thought, good easy man! — full surely, ferment was o'ripening, — they had smote his root, — and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out, with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of war — but more so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on — he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the
 35 last — he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion, was as follows; —

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept
 40 in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand — and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would
 45 thank him again and again, — he told him he was within a few

hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke, — I hope not, Yorick, said he . . . Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all; — but it cut Eugenius to 5 his heart . . . Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad, be comforted, — let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them; — who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of GOD may yet do 10 for thee! . . . Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his hand . . . For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, — I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, — and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left 15 of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it. I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand, — his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius, — I beseech thee to take a view of my head . . . I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, 20 alas! my friend! said Yorick, let me tell you that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which **** and ****, and some others have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say, with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and "mitres there-upon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not 25 one of them would fit it." — Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this; — yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone; . . . and, as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes — faint picture of those 30 flashes of his spirit which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand — and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius 35 with his eyes to the door; — he then closed them, — and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the parish of —, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than 40 these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

Alas, poor Yorick!

Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription, read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him — a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave, —
 5 not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, — and sighing, as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

(*Laurence Sterne.*)

12. THE PASSPORT.

When I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been
 10 inquired after by the *Lieutenant de Police* . . . The deuce take it, said I, — I know the reason.

I had left London with so much precipitation that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne,
 15 before the idea presented itself, and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it; so
 20 hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his suite. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty, — only said his inclination to serve me could reach no further than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris; however when I had once passed
 25 there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself.

Let me get to Paris, *Monsieur le Comte*, said I, — and I shall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

30 When La Fleur told me the *Lieutenant de Police* had been enquiring after me — the thing instantly recurred; — and, by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: the master of
 35 the hotel concluded with saying he hoped I had one Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the Hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this; — and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement
 40 which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one: the fellow won my heart by it; from that single trait, I knew his character

as perfectly, and would rely on it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the master of the hotel; — but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it. — If *Monsieur*, said he, has not a passport, in all 5 likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference . . . Then certainly, replied he, you'll be sent to the Bastille, or the Chatelet, *au moins* . . . Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul, he'll hurt nobody *Cela n'empêche pas*, said he, you 10 will certainly be sent to the Bastille to morrow morning But I've taken your lodgings for a month, answered I; and I'll not quit them before the time for all the kings of France in the world La Fleur whispered in my ear — that nobody could oppose the king of France. 15

Pardi, said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglais sont des gens très-extraordinaires*; and, having both said and sworn it, — he went out.

I could not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the 20 reason I had treated it so cavalierly; and, to show him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropped the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris and of the *opera comique*. —

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone 25 down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.

And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us, the moment I was going to set out. — I must tell it here. 30

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for? Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine I've 35 enough, in conscience, Eugenius, said I Indeed Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius; I know France and Italy better than you . . . But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clap- 40 ped up into the Bastille, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expense I beg pardon, said Eugenius, drily; really, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity; — 45

or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

— And as for the Bastille — the terror is in the word. —
 5 Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastille is but another word for a tower: — and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. — Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. — But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he
 10 may do very well within, — at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the courtyard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down
 15 stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. — Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly — for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size
 20 and hue, she overlooks them. — 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition — the Bastille is not an evil to be despised. — But strip it of its towers — fill up the foss — unbarricade the doors — call it simple a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper — and not of a man, which holds you in it — the
 25 evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." — I look'd up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.
 30 In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. — "I can't get out — I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came
 35 through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity, — "I can't get out," said the starling. — God help thee! said I — but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with
 40 wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. — I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. — I fear, poor creature, said I,

I cannot set thee at liberty. — “No,” said the starling; “I can’t get out — I can’t get out.”

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly 5 call’d home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou 10 art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. — ’Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. 15 No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron: — with thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. — Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, 20 thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, — and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down 25 close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting 30 the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, —

I took a single captive; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to 35 take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood, — he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that 40 time; — nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice! — His children! —

But here my heart began to bleed; and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the 45

furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calender of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there: — he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, 5 he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, — shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. — He 10 gave a deep sigh — I saw the Iron enter into his soul! — I burst into tears. — I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn, — I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur — I bid him bespeak me a remise, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning — I'll go directly, said 15 I, myself to *Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul.* (Laurence Sterne.)

13. THE SONGS OF SELMA.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds 20 are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. 25 Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin, 30 with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly-whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and 35 tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: 40 but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma. — It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of

storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my friend rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! wither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around! Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friend! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steeps, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are you gone to rest! In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the streams of the sounding rock; when night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Tor-

man. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin . . . The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in
 5 Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were
 10 full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

Ryno. The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of
 15 day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his
 20 tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among
 25 the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle,
 30 as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of
 35 the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before. Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in
 40 the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed! Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white
 45 with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every

step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed: he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said? Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, o Armin! chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad I am! nor small is my cause of wo! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty! Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, o Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, o Daura! deep thy sleep in the tomb! When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise! blow along the heath! streams of the mountains, roar! roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face at intervals! bring to my mind the night when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely, on a

sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there! the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

(*Macpherson's Ossian.*)

14. THE HAPPY VALLEY.

5 Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

10 According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abissinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

15 The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abissinian princes, was a spacious valley in the Kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage, by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had been long disputed whether
20 it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy, that no man without the help of engines could open or shut them.

25 From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with
30 dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

 The side of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or brouse the shrub,
35 whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the
40 trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The Valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessities of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose what-
 ever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the
 vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every
 desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were
 called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of
 harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, 10
 in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to
 which those only were admitted whose performance was thought
 able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of secu-
 rity and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom
 it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those, 15
 on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to
 return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus
 every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors
 for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces 20
 above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares
 or courts, built with greater or less magnificence according to the
 rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turn-
 ed into arches of massy stone joined by a cement that grew har-
 der by time, and the building stood from century to century de- 25
 riding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes without need
 of reparation. This house, which was so large as to be fully
 known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inhe-
 rited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had
 dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret 30
 passage, every square had a communication with the rest, either
 from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean
 passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had
 unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had depo-
 sited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, 35
 which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of
 kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was
 itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor attended
 by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abissinia lived only to know 40
 the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that
 were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can
 enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the
 fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them
 pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed th m, 45

told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with
 5 songs the subject of which was the "happy valley." Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes
 10 had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

15 Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury,
 20 and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him: he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure: he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on
 25 the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. This singularity
 30 of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were brouzing among the rocks,
 35 began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself; he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream, his thirst
 40 and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps; he rises again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and
 45 gloomy. I long again to be hungry that I may again quicken my

attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification, or he has some desires distinct from sense which must be satisfied before he can be happy." 5 10

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye, said he, are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burthened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it: I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments." 15 20

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened. 25

On the next day his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford: "Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me, shall I never be suffered to forget these lectures which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once revered and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank. 30 35 40

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the prince, and to enquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace, to loneliness and silence. "I fly from pleasure," said the prince; "pleasure has ceased 45

to please; I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others." — "You, Sir," said the sage, "are the first that has complained of misery in the 'happy valley.' I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the emperor of Abissinia can bestow; here is neither labour to be endured, nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round, and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountain, or lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much: give me something to desire." — The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." — "Now," said the prince, "you have given me something to desire; I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration; whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long, or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured; he now rejoiced in his youth because in many years much might be done. — This first beam of hope, that had been ever darted into his mind, rekindled

youth in his cheeks, and doubled the lustre of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet with distinctness, either end or means. — He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial; but, considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could enjoy only by concealing it, 5 he affected to be busy in all schemes of diversion, and endeavoured to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary. But pleasures never can be so multiplied or continued, as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion 10 in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had 15 never seen; to place himself in various conditions; to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures: but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness. (Dr. Samuel Johnson.) 20

15. THE VICAR'S GAOL REFORMATION.

The next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. The gloomy appearance of everything about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tran- 25 quillity, and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently 30 could be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very 35 conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears." 40

"No, papa," says Dick, "I am not afraid to lie anywhere, where you are."

"And I," says Bill, who was yet but four years old, "love every place best that my papa is in."

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her sister's declining health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me: "And as for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore, once more to return, and in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service, with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did, might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane;

because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal: "For be assured, my friends," cried I, "(for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship,) though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter. 5

"If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done." 15 20

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hope of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed. 25 30 35

"Alas! doctor," cried he, "these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this." 40

"Why, Mr. Jenkinson," replied I, "thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good it matters little for the rest."

"I fancy, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner, "that it must give you a great comfort to have all this little family about you." 45

"A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!" replied I, "yes it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them."

"I am afraid then, sir," cried he, "that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. "Yet," continued he, "I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception."

"My dear sir," returned the other, "it was not your face, but your white stockings, and the black riband in your hair, that allured me. But, no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet with all my tricks the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

"I suppose," cried my son, "that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing."

"Not much of either," returned Mr. Jenkinson. "Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end."

"Indeed, I think from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor without the consolation of being honest. However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends."

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole

train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done. 5

The next morning I communicated to my wife and children the schemes I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my 10 calling.

"Excuse me," returned I, "these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will as- 15 suredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but in my opinion the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will; perhaps they will not all despise me: perhaps I may catch 20 up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol-trick to play upon the doctor. 25 Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry "Amen!" in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had 30 slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my book on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no 35 notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent and all were attentive. 40

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumult- 45

tuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacco-nists
 5 and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment
 10 of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would
 15 thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which in-
 20 close wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands, we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And
 25 this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to
 30 cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such all nature rises in arms, but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must
 35 be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And besides the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity,
 40 as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred and a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads
 45 cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that

reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarcely any crime is held capital. 5

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. 10 Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased; as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears; all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every 15 invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce 20 each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new 25 vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility, instead of 30 converting correction into vengeance; it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck 35 up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that 40 very little blood will serve to cement our security.

(*Oliver Goldsmith.*)

16. THE PUPIL, A FRAGMENT.

**** "But as to the higher part of education, Mr. Harley, the culture of the mind; — let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forth to its object, placed in the light in which
 5 nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

Will smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 and the youth, who does not suspect its deceit, will be content to smile with it. — Men will put on the most forbidding aspect
 10 in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

I have not, under these grey hairs, forgotten that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define; but I
 15 felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies. — It is impossible, said I, that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined.

I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel: I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too;
 20 but my tutor was a gentleman, which it is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

"I have a favour to ask of you, my dear Mountford, said my father, which I will not be refused: You have travelled as became
 25 a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford before he left England would have been ashamed of: my son Edward goes abroad, would you take him under your protection?" — He blushed — my father's face was scarlet, — he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said, —
 30 my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice — "I am a proud fool, said he, and you will pardon it; — there! (he sighed again) I can hear of dependance, since it is dependance on my Sedley." — "Dependance! answered my father; there can be no such word between us: what is there in 9000 l.
 35 a-year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?" — They embraced; and soon after I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

"We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend, to whom he had been of some service in England.
 40 The count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son: We lived in his palace, visited his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began

to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

"The count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition: we were [friends the first night of our acquaintance.

5

"He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness; and our meet- 10 ings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

"Sometimes in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement: it was an art in which I was a novice: I received instruction, as other novices do, by losing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford 15 foresaw would arise from the connexion I had formed; but a lecture of sour injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their warmth of friendship, and their sensi- 20 bility of heart; "And their honour, said I, laying my hand on my breast, is unquestionable." Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

"The conversation was as animated as usual; they displayed 25 all that sprightliness and good-humour which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions; when 30 we parted he made the highest eulogiums upon them: "When shall we see them again?" said he. I was delighted with the demand, and promised to reconduct him on the morrow.

"In going to their place of rendez-vous, he took me a little out of the road, to see, as he told me, the performances of a young 35 statuary. When we were near the house in which Mountford said he lived, a boy of about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Mountford he stopped, and grasping his hand, "My dearest Sir, said he, my father is likely to do well; he will live to pray for you, and to bless you: yes, he will bless you, 40 though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the monk talked of this morning which I have forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven; but he shall go to heaven, said I, for he has saved my father: come and see him, Sir, that we may be happy." — "My dear, I am engaged at 45

present with this gentleman." — "But he shall come along with you; he is an Englishman too, I fancy; he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven." — Mountfort smiled, and we followed the boy together.

5 "After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprised at the sight; our little conductor observed it. "Are you afraid, Sir; said he; I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them." He took my hand, and led me through
10 a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped; a boy, still younger than himself, opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

15 "On something like a bed, lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow; but he had a better support — the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the
20 still life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye! — the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own! — when she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground, and clasped his knees; he raised her from the
25 floor; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

"Compose yourself, my love, said the man on the bed; but he, whose goodness has caused that emotion, will pardon its effects." — "How is this, Mountford? said I; what do I see?
30 what must I do?" — "You see, replied the stranger, a wretch, sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick bed! but that is little: — there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind; in the gripe of affliction,
35 his heart swells with the pride of virtue! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr. Mountford's; come nearer and I'll tell you; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for a recital. The son of count Respino
40 (I started as if I had trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife; this her prudence had concealed from me; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour, and threatened misery, as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the
45 contempt he deserved: the consequence was, that he hired a couple

of bravoos (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction) who attempted to assassinate me in the street; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which however were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed: in the little dealings of my trade 5 I had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin; I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received; the dear woman, and these two boys, followed me, that we might starve together; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr. Mountford to our support: 10 he has relieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever, consequent on my wounds and increased by the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me."

"Inhuman villain!" I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven. 15 "Inhuman indeed! said the lovely woman who stood at my side: Alas! Sir, what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance?" — I reached a pen which stood in the inkstandish at the bed side. — "May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?" — "I was 20 able, he replied, to pay all but 500 crowns." — I wrote a draught on the banker with whom I had a credit from my father for 2500, and presenting it to the stranger's wife, "You will receive, Madam, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge; the remainder I leave 25 for his industry to improve." I would have left the room: each of them laid hold of one of my hands; the children clung to my coat: — Oh! Mr. Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment; it beats here with delight inexpressible! — "Stay, Sir, said he, I do not mean attempting to thank 30 you; (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow) let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr. Mountford? — Sedley — he wrote it down — "An Englishman too, I presume." — "He shall go to heaven notwithstanding," said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed 35 his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place to give vent to the feelings that laboured within me.

"Oh! Mountford! said I, when he had overtaken me at the door: "It is time, replied he, that we should think of our ap- 40 pointment; young Respino and his friends are waiting us." — "Damn him, damn him! said I; let us leave Milan instantly; but soft — I will be calm; Mountford, your pencil." I wrote on a slip of paper —

To Signor Respino,

When you receive this I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your family. As to the friendship with which you were
 5 pleased to honour me, the prison, which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

10

Edward Sedley.

"You may send this if you will, said Mountford coolly; but still Respino is *a man of honour*; the world will continue to call him so. — "It is probable, I answered, they may; I envy not the appellation. If this is the world's honour, if these men
 15 are the guides of its manners" ——— Tut! said Mountford. ———

(Henry Mackenzie.)

17. SCENE OF CONJURATION BY THE WANDERING JEW.

(Raymond, in "The Monk", is pursued by a spectre representing a bleeding nun, which appears at one o'clock in the morning, repeating a certain chant,
 20 and pressing her lips to his. Every succeeding visit inspires him with greater horror, and he becomes melancholy and deranged in health. His servant, Theodore, meets with a stranger, who tells him to bid his master wish for him when the clock strikes one, and the tale, as related by Raymond, proceeds. The ingenuity with which Lewis avails himself of the ancient legend of the
 25 Wandering Jew, and the fine description of the conjuration, are worthy of remark.)

He was a man of majestic presence; his countenance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black, and sparkling: yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired me with a secret awe, not to say horror.
 30 He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance wore the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn. He saluted me with politeness, and having
 35 replied to the usual compliments of introduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber. The page instantly withdrew. "I know your business," said he, without giving me time to speak. "I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor; but this cannot be done before Sunday. On the hour when the Sabbath
 40 morning breaks, spirits of darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more." "May I not

inquire," said I, "by what means you are in possession of a secret which I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?" "How can I be ignorant of your distresses, when their cause at this moment stands before you?" I started. The stranger continued: "though to you only visible for one hour in the twenty- 5 four, neither day nor night does she ever quit you; nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request." "And what is that request?" "That she must herself explain; it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with patience for the night of Saturday, all shall be then cleared up." I dared not press him further. He 10 soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many centuries, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a country, however distant, which he had not visited; nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of 15 his information. I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully. "No one," he replied, "is adequate to comprehending the misery of my lot! Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a 20 fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one. Fain would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave; but death eludes me, and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. 25 I plunge into the ocean, the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore; I rush into fire, the flames recoil at my approach; I oppose myself to the fury of banditti, their swords become blunted, and break against my breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more 30 horrible than itself. God has set his seal upon me, and all his creatures respect this fatal mark." He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. There was in his eyes an expression of fury, despair, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The 35 stranger perceived it. "Such is the curse imposed on me," he continued; I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation. You already feel the influence of the charm, and with every succeeding moment will feel it more. I will not add to your suffering by my presence. Farewell till Saturday. As 40 soon as the clock strikes twelve, expect me at your chamber."

Having said this he departed, leaving me in astonishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution. Theodore, whom I rather 45

treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was surprised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks. He congratulated me on this symptom of returning health, and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon. According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer. Saturday was still at a distance of three. Oh! with what impatience did I expect its arrival! In the interim, the bleeding nun continued her nocturnal visits; but hoping soon to be released from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before.

The wished-for night arrived. To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to bed at my usual hour; but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove. He saluted me without speaking; I returned the compliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the chest. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix; he sunk upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and cast his eyes towards heaven. He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his kneeling posture. He next drew from the chest a covered goblet; with the liquor which it contained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor; and then dipping in it one end of the crucifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thigh-bones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the forms of crosses. Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed.

"Be cautious not to utter a syllable!" whispered the stranger: "step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face." Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention. The clock struck one; as usual I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped. The stranger muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then raising his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced, in a voice distinct and solemn, "Beatrice! Beatrice! Beatrice!" "What wouldst thou?" replied the apparition in a hollow faltering tone. "What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?" "I dare not tell,

I must not tell. Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment!" "Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice! Beatrice! in his name I charge thee to answer me." "I dare not disobey my taskers." "Darest thou disobey me?" He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face: I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow. For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. 10 My senses left me for some moments; a mysterious dread overcame my courage; and had not the exorciser caught my hand, I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her countenance expressed reverence 15 and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear. "Yes," she said at length, "I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you! Know, then, that my bones lie still unburied — they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg-hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made 20 over to me his body and his soul; never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. 25 Now let me depart; those flames are scorching."

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her. The apparition bowed her head, and her form melted into air.

(*M. G. Lewis.*)

18. ST. LEON'S ESCAPE FROM THE AUTO-DA-FE.

30

Our progress to Valladolid was slow and solemn, and occupied a space of no less than four days. On the evening of the fourth day we approached that city. The king and his court came out to meet us; he saluted the inquisitor-general with all the demonstrations of the deepest submission and humility; and then having 35 yielded him the place of honour, turned round his horse, and accompanied us back to Valladolid. The cavalcade that attended the king broke into two files, and received us in the midst of them. The whole city seemed to empty itself on this memorable occasion, and the multitudes that crowded along the road, and were scattered 40 in the neighbouring fields, were innumerable. The day was now

W. P. K.
 closed, and the procession went forward amidst the light of a thousand torches. We, the condemned of the Inquisition, had been conducted from the metropolis upon tumbrils; but as we arrived at the gates of Valladolid, we were commanded, for the greater humi-
 5 miliation, to alight and proceed on foot to the place of our confinement, as many as could not walk without assistance being supported by the attendants. We were neither chained nor bound; the practice of the Inquisition being to deliver the condemned upon such occasions into the hands of two sureties each, who placed
 10 their charge in the middle between them; and men of the most respectable characters were accustomed, from religious motives, to sue for this melancholy office.

Dejected and despairing I entered the streets of the city, no object present to the eyes of my mind but that of my approaching
 15 execution. The crowd was vast, the confusion inexpressible. As we passed by the end of a narrow lane, the horse of one of the guards, who rode exactly in a line with me, plunged and reared in a violent manner, and at length threw his rider upon the pavement. Others of the horseguards attempted to catch the bridle of the
 20 enraged animal; they rushed against each other; several of the crowd were thrown down, and trampled under the horses' feet. The shrieks of these, and the loud cries and exclamations of the bystanders mingled in confused and discordant chorus; no sound, no object could be distinguished. From the excess of the tumult, a
 25 sudden thought darted into my mind, where all, an instant before, had been relaxation and despair. Two or three of the horses pushed forward in a particular direction; a moment after, they re-filed with equal violence, and left a wide but transitory gap. My project was no sooner conceived than executed. Weak as I had just now felt
 30 myself, a supernatural tide of strength seemed to come over me; I sprung away with all imaginable impetuosity, and rushed down the lane I have just mentioned. Every one amidst the confusion was attentive to his personal safety, and several minutes elapsed before I was missed.

W. P. K.
 35 On the lane everything was silent, and the darkness was extreme. Man, woman and child, were gone out to view the procession. For some time I could scarcely distinguish a single object; the doors and windows were all closed. I now chanced to come to an open door; within I saw no one but an old man, who was busy
 40 over some metallic work at a chafing dish of fire. I had no room for choice; I expected every moment to hear the myrmidons of the Inquisition at my heels. I rushed in; I impetuously closed the door, and bolted it; I then seized the old man by the collar of his shirt with a determined grasp, and swore vehemently that I would
 45 annihilate him that instant if he did not consent to afford me assi-

stance. Though for some time I had perhaps been feebler than he,
 the terror that now drove me on, rendered me comparatively a giant.
 He entreated me to permit him to breathe, and promised to do
 whatever I should desire. I looked round the apartment, and saw
 a rapier hanging against the wall, of which I instantly proceeded 5
 to make myself master. While I was doing this, my involuntary
 host, who was extremely terrified at my procedure, nimbly attempted
 to slip by me and rush into the street. With difficulty I caught
 hold of his arm, and pulling him back, put the point of my rapier
 to his breast, solemnly assuring him that no consideration on earth 10
 should save him from my fury if he attempted to escape a second
 time. He immediately dropped on his knees, and with the most
 piteous accents entreated me to spare his life. I told him I was no
 robber, that I did not intend him the slightest harm; and that, if
 he would implicitly yield to my direction, he might assure himself 15
 he never should have reason to repent his compliance. By this de-
 claration the terrors of the old man were somewhat appeased. I
 took the opportunity of his calm to go to the street-door, which I
 instantly locked, and put the key in my bosom.

We were still engaged in conversation, when I was suddenly 20
 alarmed by the noise of some one stirring in the inner apartment.
 I had looked into this room, and had perceived nothing but the
 bed upon which the old man nightly reposed himself. I sprung up,
 however, at the sound, and perceiving that the door had a bolt on
 the outside, I eagerly fastened it. I then turned to Mordecai — 25
 that was the name of my host: Wretch, said I, did not you assure
 me that there was no one but yourself in the house? Oh, cried
 Mordecai, it is my child! it is my child! she went into the inner
 apartment, and has fallen asleep on the bed. Beware, I answered:
 the slightest falsehood more shall instantly be expiated in your blood. 30
 I call Abraham to witness, rejoined the once more terrified Jew, it
 is my child! only my child! Tell me, cried I with severity of accent,
 how old is this child? Only five years, said Mordecai: my dear
 Leah died when she was a year old, and though we had several
 children, this single one has survived her. Speak to your child; 35
 let me hear her voice! He spoke to her, and she answered, Father,
 I want to come out. I was satisfied it was the voice of a little
 girl. I turned to the Jew: Take care, said I, how you deceive me
 now; is there no other person in that room? He imprecated a
 curse on himself if there were. I opened the door with caution, and 40
 the little girl came forward. As soon as I saw her, I seized her with
 a rapid motion, and returned to my chair. Man, said I, you have
 trifled with me too rashly; you have not considered what I am
 escaped from, and what I have to fear; from this moment this child



shall be the pledge of my safety; I will not part with her an instant as long as I remain in your house; and with this rapier in my hand I will pierce her to the heart the moment I am led to imagine that I am no longer in safety. The Jew trembled at my resolution; 5 the emotions of a father worked in his features and glistened in his eye. At least let me kiss her, said he. Be it so, replied I: one embrace, and then, till the dawn of the coming day, she remains with me. I released my hold; the child rushed to her father, and he caught her in his arms. My dear Leah, cried Mordecai, 10 now a sainted spirit in the bosom of our father Abraham! I call God to witness between us, that, if all my caution and vigilance can prevent it, not a hair of this child shall be injured! Stranger, you little know by how strong a motive you have now engaged me to your cause. We poor Jews, hunted on the face of the 15 earth, the abhorrence and execration of mankind, have nothing but family affections to support us under our multiplied disgraces; and family affections are entwined with our existence, the fondest and best loved part of ourselves. The God of Abraham bless you, my child! Now, sir, speak! what is it you require of me? *Defiance*

20 I told the Jew that I must have a suit of clothes conformable to the appearance of a Spanish cavalier, and certain medical ingredients that I named to him, together with his chafing-dish of coals to prepare them; and that done I would then impose on him no further trouble. Having received his instructions, he immediately set out 25 to procure what I demanded. He took with him the key of the house; and as soon as he was gone, I retired with the child into the inner apartment, and fastened the door. At first I applied myself to tranquillise the child, who had been somewhat alarmed at what she had heard and seen: this was no very difficult task. 30 She presently left me, to amuse herself with some playthings that lay scattered in a corner of the apartment. My heart was now comparatively at ease; I saw the powerful hold I had on the fidelity of the Jew, and firmly persuaded myself that I had no treachery to fear on his part. Thus circumstanced, the exertion and activity 35 with which I had lately been imbued left me, and I insensibly sunk into a sort of slumber. * * * *

Now for the first time I was at leisure to attend to the state of my strength and my health. My confinement in the Inquisition, and the treatment I had experienced, had before rendered me feeble 40 and almost helpless; but these appeared to be circumstances scarcely worthy of attention in the situation in which I was then placed. The impulse I felt in the midst of the confusion in the grand street of Valladolid, produced in me an energy and power of exertion which nothing but the actual experience of the fact could have 45 persuaded me was possible. This energy, once begun, appeared

to have the faculty of prolonging itself, and I did not relapse into imbecility till the occasion seemed to be exhausted which called for my exertion. I examined myself by a mirror with which Mordecai furnished me; I found my hair as white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows. I was now fifty-four, an age 5 which, with moderate exercise and a vigorous constitution, often appears like the prime of human existence, but whoever had looked upon me in my present condition would not have doubted to affirm that I had reached the eightieth year of my age. I examined with dispassionate remark the state of my intellect: I was persuaded 10 that it had subsided into childishness. My mind had been as much cribbed and immured as my body. I was the mere shadow of a man, of no more power and worth than that which a magic lantern produces upon a wall. These are thy works, Superstition! this the genuine and proper operation of what is called Christianity! Let the 15 reader judge of what I had passed through and known within those cursed walls by the effects; I have already refused, I continue to refuse, to tell how those effects were produced. Enough of compassion, enough of complaint; I will confine myself, as far as I am able, to simple history. * * * * 20

I was now once again alone. The little girl, who had been unusually disturbed and roused at an unseasonable hour, sunk into a profound sleep. I heard the noise which Mordecai made in undressing himself, and composing his limbs upon a mattress which he had dragged for the present occasion into the front room, and spread 25 before the hearth. I soon found by the hardness of his breathing that he also was asleep. I unfolded the papers he had brought me; they consisted of various medical ingredients I had directed him to procure; there were also two or three vials containing sirups and essences. I had near me a pair of scales with which to weigh my ingredients, 30 a vessel of water, the chafing-dish of my host in which the fire was nearly extinguished, and a small taper, with some charcoal to relight the fire in case of necessity. While I was occupied in surveying these articles and arranging my materials, a sort of torpor came suddenly over me, so as to allow me no time for 35 resistance. I sunk upon the bed. I remained thus for about half an hour, seemingly without the power of collecting my thoughts. At length I started, felt alarmed, and applied my utmost force of mind to rouse my exertions. While I drove, or attempted to drive, my animal spirits from limb to limb, and from part to part, as if 40 to inquire into the general condition of my frame, I became convinced that I was dying. Let not the reader be surprised at this; twelve years' imprisonment in a narrow and unwholesome cell may well account for so sudden a catastrophe. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I believe it will be found in the 45

experiment, that the calm and security which succeed to great internal injuries are more dangerous than the pangs and hardships that went before. I was now thoroughly alarmed; I applied myself with all vigilance and expedition to the compounding my materials.

5 The fire was gone out; the taper was glimmering in the socket: to swallow the julep, when I had prepared it, seemed to be the last effort of which my organs and muscles were capable. It was the elixir of immortality, exactly made up according to the prescription of the stranger.

10 Whether from the potency of the medicine or the effect of imagination, I felt revived the moment I had swallowed it. I placed myself deliberately in Mordecai's bed, and drew over me the bedclothes. I fell asleep almost instantly.

My sleep was not long: in a few hours I awaked. With
15 difficulty I recognised the objects about me, and recollected where I had been. It seemed to me that my heart had never beat so vigorously, nor my spirits flowed so gay. I was all elasticity and life; I could scarcely hold myself quiet; I felt impelled to bound and leap like a kid upon the mountains. I perceived that my
20 little Jewess was still asleep; she had been unusually fatigued the night before. I know not whether Mordecai's hour of rising were come; if it were, he was careful not to disturb his guest. I put on the garments he had prepared; I gazed upon the mirror he had left in my apartment. I can recollect no sensation in the
25 course of my life so unexpected and surprising as what I felt at that moment. The evening before I had seen my hair white, and my face ploughed with furrows; I looked fourscore. What I beheld now was totally different, yet altogether familiar; it was myself — myself as I had appeared on the day of my marriage
30 with Marguerite de Damville; the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the complexion, every circumstance, point by point, the same. I leaped a gulf of thirty-two years. I waked from a dream, troublesome and distressful beyond all description; but it vanished like the shades of night upon the burst of a glorious morning in
35 July, and left not a trace behind. I knew not how to take away my eyes from the mirror before me.

I soon began to consider that, if it were astonishing to me that, through all the regions of my countenance, I could discover no trace of what I had been the night before, it would be still
40 more astonishing to my host. This sort of sensation I had not the smallest ambition to produce: one of the advantages of the metamorphosis I had sustained, consisted in its tendency, in the eyes of all that saw me, to cut off every species of connexion between my present and my former self. It fortunately happened
45 that the room in which I slept, being constructed upon the model

of many others in Spain, had a stair at the further end, with a trap-door in the ceiling, for the purpose of enabling the inhabitant to ascend on the roof in the cool of the day. The roofs were flat, and so constructed that there was little difficulty in passing along them from house to house, from one end of the street to the other. I availed myself of the opportunity, and took leave of the residence of my kind host in a way perfectly unceremonious, determined, however, speedily to transmit to him the reward I had promised. It may easily be believed that Mordecai was not less rejoiced at the absence of a guest whom the vigilance of the Inquisition rendered an uncommonly dangerous one, than I was to quit his habitation. I closed the trap after me, and clambered from roof to roof to a considerable distance. At length I encountered the occasion of an open window, and fortunately descended, unseen by any human being, into the street. (William Godwin.)

19. ALEXIS.

My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and — what was better — my own pockets insured me a decent competence. The refinements of a European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds?

In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centred all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that very morning, still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement: but though playthings were repulsed, and tales

for
no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take anything except at my hands. Even when — as too soon it did — his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had
5 grown into an adoration of his equally doting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Ally
Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every
10 extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my just exultation had risen to so unusual a pitch that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of wo. Such became
15 my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How, then, did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaint, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel
20 motionless on the waters! My anguish baffled all expression.

Anguish
In truth I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid: for, while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us, on rising, in the same place where it had left us on setting, my child — my
25 darling child — was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled, unchanging, deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam
30 upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half closed; and when, roused by my address, the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful inquiries of mine, he only showed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts,
35 indeed, of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and,
40 no longer taking note of the passing hour, he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bedtime and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother on behalf of his father. If — wretched
45 to see him thus, and doubly agonized to think that I alone had

been the cause — I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished, but promised me better care when he should 5 grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour and day after day rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks, trying, but in vain, to discover some amend- 10 ment. "O for those days!" I now thought, "when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly or delayed some scheme of vice!"

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid 15 despair, the sailors rushed in one and all — for even they had felt my agony, and doted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter; and 20 presently, as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo 25 d'Istria but a few minutes: at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half hour, and every separate house became visible, and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately 30 conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray until we reached the quay. 35

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jetty, 40 there to wait his coming, and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. 45

My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. O, how I cursed this unfeeling delay! how I would have paved his way with gold to have hastened his coming! and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments! but, tranquil, composed, and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short, however, was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptom! on a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel, to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eyes, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and — putting out his little mouth — seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more. (Thomas Hope.)

ZWEITER ABSCHNITT.

Menere Antoren.

Von Sir Walter Scott bis Dickens.

20. THE SPRING-TIDE.

CHAPTER I. *The Peril.*

5

Pleased awhile to view
The watery waste, the prospect wild and new;
The now receding waters gave them space,
On either side, the growing shores to trace;
And then, returning, they contract the scene, 10
Till small and smaller grows the walk between.
Crabbe.

* The information of Davie Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Monkbarns, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal, to return 15 to Knockwinnock by the turnpike road; but, when they reached the head of the loaning, as it was called, or great lane, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Monkbarns, they discerned a little way before them Lovel, who seemed to linger on the way as if to give him an opportunity to join them. Miss 20 Wardour immediately proposed to her father that they should take another direction; and, as the weather was fine, walk home by the sands, which, stretching below a picturesque ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pleasanter passage between Knock- winnock and Monkbarns than the high-road. 25

* Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. "It would be unpleasant," he said, "to be joined by that young fellow, whom Mr. Oldbuck had taken the freedom to introduce them to." And his old-fashioned politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to *cut* the person you have associated 30 with for a week, the instant you feel or suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him. Sir Arthur only stipulated, that a little ragged boy, for the guerdon of one penny sterling, should run to meet his coachman, and turn his equipage back to Knockwinnock. 35

When this was arranged, and the emissary dispatched, the knight and his daughter left the high-road, and, following a wandering path among sandy hillocks partly grown over with furze and the

long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had computed; but this gave them no alarm; there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. 5 But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and rather 10 served, with other legends, to amuse the hamlet fireside, than to prevent any one from going between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool moist hard sand, Miss Wardour 15 could not help observing, that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual watermark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering 20 clouds through which he had travelled the live-long day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire, and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom, the show of 25 pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he 30 was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in 35 silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most 40 places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach 45 and the main land, to the height of two or three hundred feet,

afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces 5
disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time; and its effects became 10
visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder. 15

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monk-barns for the carriage." 20

Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any sign of an immediate storm. They would reach Knockwinnock, he said, long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to 25
accomplish his consolatory prediction.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began 30
to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange 35
the easy curving line, which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket-head! that person must 40
have passed it, thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension." ~~XXXX~~

"Thank God indeed!" echoed his daughter, half audibly, half internally, as expressing the gratitude which she strongly felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, 45

which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognise the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even
 5 the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might
 10 meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant, "why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought!" replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halket-head."

15 "Halket-head! The tide will be running on Halket-head, by this time, like the Fall of Fyers! It was a' I could do to get round it twenty minutes since — it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe get back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We can but try."

20 "My God, my child!" — "My father, my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavoured to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

25 "I heard ye were here, frae the bit callant ye sent to meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, "and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilka forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o'
 30 the tide, till I settled it that if I could get down time enough to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! for what mortal ee ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinning e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry — he aye held his neb abune the water in my day — but he's
 35 aneath it now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicatet by the boiling and breaking of
 40 the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man, "mak haste, and we may do yet! Take haud of my arm — an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye
 45 see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder?"

This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig — it's sma' eneugh now — but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Bally-burgh Ness, for a' that's come and gane yet."

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower edges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour, or his daughter, to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in sae awsome a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature — a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice — toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur — "My child! my child! — to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him, — and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder — at the back o' "

a dike, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing? — of no help? — I'll make you rich — I'll give you a farm —
5 I'll —"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters — — "they are sae already; for I hae nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

10 While they exchanged these words, they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of
15 the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates, and letting them lose upon the victims.

20 Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height
25 above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly
30 to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused. "I was a bauld craigsman," he said, "ance in my life, and mony a kittywake's and lungie's nest hae I harried up amang thae very black rocks; but it's lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could speel them without a rope — and if I had ane, my ee-sight, and my
35 footstep, and my hand-grip, hae a' failed mony a day sinsyne — and then how could I save *you*? — But there was a path here ance, though maybe, if we could see it, ye would rather bide where we are. — His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's ane coming down the crag e'en now!" Then, exalting
40 his voice, he hilloa'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind: — "Ye're right — ye're right! — that gate, that gate! — fasten the rope weel round Crummie's-horn, that's the muckle black stane — cast twa plies round it — that's
45 it! — now, weize yourself a wee easel-ward — a wee mair yet to

that ither stane — we ca'd it the Cat's-lug — there used to be the root o' an aik-tree there — that will do! — canny now, lad — canny now — tak tent and tak time — Lord bless ye, tak time. — Vera weel! — Now ye maun get to Bessy's Apron, that's the muckle braid flat blue stane — and then, I think, wi' 5 your help and the tow thegither, I'll win at ye, and then we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur."

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as 10 much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag — a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was 15 able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope; and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the 20 billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death, had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tem- 25 pestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings, who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the pre- 30 cipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge; and the stunning sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed as if they still demanded the fugitives in accents of thunder as their destined prey. It was a summer-night doubtless; yet the proba- 35 bility was slender, that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation. 40

"The lassie — the puir sweet lassie," said the old man; "mony such a night have I weathered at hame and abroad, but, God guide us, how can she ever win through it."

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel; for, with the sort of free-masonry by which bold and ready 45

spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence. — "I'll climb up the cliff again," said Lovel, "there's day-light enough left to see my footing; I'll climb up, and call for
5 more assistance."

"Do so, do so, for heaven's sake!" said Sir Arthur eagerly.

"Are ye mad?" said the mendicant; "Francie o' Fowlsheugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speel'd heugh, (mair by token, he brake his neck upon the Dunbuy of Slaines,) wadna hae
10 ventured upon the Halket-head craigs after sun-down. — It's God's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea wi' what ye hae done already — I didna think there was the man left alive would hae come down the craigs as you did. I question an I could hae done it mysell, at this hour
15 and in this weather, in the youngest and yaldest of my strength — But to venture up again — it's a mere and a clear tempting o' Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lovel; "I marked all the stations perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough left to
20 see them quite well — I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"Deil be in my feet then," answered the bedesman sturdily; "if ye gang, I'll gang too; for between the two o' us, we'll hae mair than wark eneugh to get to the tap o' the heugh."

25 "No, no — stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour — you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yoursell then, and I'll gae," said the old man; "let death spare the green corn and take the ripe."

„Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly, "I
30 am well, and can spend the night very well here — I feel quite refreshed." So saying, her voice failed her — she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body
35 and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel — "what is to be done? — Hark! hark! — Did I not hear a halloo?"

"The skriegh of a Tammie Norie," answered Ochiltree, "I
40 ken the skirl weel."

"No, by Heaven," replied Lovel, "it was a human voice."

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises, and the clang of the sea-mews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted
45 their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's

handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons who apparently 5 were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance. 10

CHAPTER II. *The Rescue.*

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear. 15
King Lear.

The shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above, and the 20 sufferers beneath, who were still clinging to their precarious place of safety; but the howling of the tempest limited their intercourse to cries, as inarticulate as those of the winged denizens of the crag, which shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated sound of human voices, where they had seldom been heard. 25

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. Oldbuck was the foremost and most earnest, pressing forward with unwonted desperation to the very brink of the crag, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an air of determination 30 which made his more timorous assistants tremble.

"Haud a care, haud a care, Monkbarns," cried Caxon, clinging to the skirts of his patron, and withholding him from danger as far as his strength permitted — "God's sake, haud a care. — Sir Arthur's drowned already, and an ye fa' over the cleugh too, there 35 will be but ae wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's."

"Mind the peak there," cried Mucklebackit, an old fisherman and smuggler — "mind the peak — Steenie, Steenie Wilks, bring up the tackle, — I'se warrant we'll sune heave them on board, Monkbarns, wad ye but stand out o' the gate." 40

"I see them," said Oldbuck, "I see them low down on that flat stone — Hilli-hilloa, hilli-ho-a!"

"I see them mysell weel eneugh," said Mucklebackit; they are sitting down yonder like hoodi-craws in a mist; but d'ye think
 5 ye'll help them wi' skirling that gate like an auld skart before a flaw o' weather? — Steenie, lad, bring up the mast — Odd, I'se hae them up as we used to bowse up the kegs o' gin and brandy lang sine — Get up the pick-axe, make a step for the mast — make the chair fast with the rattlin — haul taught and belay!"

10 / The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country-fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard, across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an ex-
 15 tempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle, by means of which they were to
 20 be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human
 25 being to the vacant atmosphere in such a light means of conveyance, there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seamen had let down with the chair
 30 another line, which, being attached to it, and held by the persons beneath, might serve by way of *gy*, as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render its descent in some measure steady and regular. / Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a beetling precipice above, and a raging
 35 abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden
 40 strong pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

"Let my father go first," exclaimed Isabella; "for God's sake,
 45 my friends, place him first in safety."

"It cannot be, Miss Wardour," said Lovel; "your life must be first secured — the rope which bears your weight may —"

"I will not listen to a reason so selfish!"

"But ye maun listen to it, my bonnie lassie," said Ochiltree, "for a' our lives depend on it — besides, when ye get on the tap o' the heugh yonder, ye can gie them a round guess o' what's ganging on in this Patmos o' ours — and Sir Arthur's far by that, as I am thinking." 5

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, "True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk — What shall I say to our friends above?" 10

"Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the craig, and to let the chair down, and draw it up hooly and fairly — we will halloo when we are ready."

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt, to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet. "What are ye doing wi' my bairn? — What are ye doing? — She shall not be separated from me — Isabel, stay with me, I command you." 15 20

"Lordsake, Sir Arthur, haud your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's wiser folk than you to manage this job," cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of the poor Baronet. 25

"Farewell, my father," murmured Isabella — "farewell my — my friends;" and, shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sate was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice. 30

"Canny now, lads, canny now!" exclaimed old Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore; "swerve the yard a bit — Now — there! there she sits safe on dry land!" 35

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkbarns, in his ecstasy of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waist-coat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Caxon. "Haud a care o' us, your honour will be killed wi' the hoast — ye'll not get out o' your night-cowl this fortnight — and that will suit us unco ill. — Na, na, — there's the chariot down by, let twa o' the folk carry the young leddy there." 40 45

"You're right," said the Antiquary, re-adjusting the sleeves and collar of his coat, "you're right, Caxon; this is a naughty night to swim in. — Miss Wardour, let me convey you to the chariot."

5 "Not for worlds, till I see my father safe."

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of so agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Ochiltree.

10 "Right, right, that's right too — I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself — I have a notion he would sign the abjuration oath, and the Ragman-roll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get alongside my bottle of old port that he ran away
15 from, and left scarce begun. But he's safe now, and here a' comes — (for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part) — here a' comes — bowse away, my boys — canny wi' him — a pedigree of a hundred links is hanging on a ten-penny tow — the whole barony
20 of Knockwinnock depends on three plies of hemp — *respice finem, respice funem* — look to your end — look to a rope's end. — Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land — a cord for ever against fifty fathom of water, though not in the sense of the base proverb
25 — a fico for the phrase — better *sus. per funem*, than *sus. per coll.*"

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the close embraces of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the
30 assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldbuck, as the vehicle once
35 more ascended. "What patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" Then, as the torches illumined the rough face and grey hairs of old Ochiltree, — "What! is it thou? — come, old Mocker, I must needs be friends with thee — but who the devil makes up your party besides?"

40 "Ane thats weel worth ony twa o' us, Monkbarns — it's the young stranger lad they ca' Lovel — and he's behaved this blessed night, as if he had three lives to rely on, and was willing to waste them a' rather than endanger ither folk's — Ca' hooly, sirs, as ye wad win an auld man's blessing! — mind there's naeboddy below

now to hand the gy — Hae a care o' the Cat's-lug-corner —
bide weel aff Crummie's-horn!"

"Have a care indeed," echoed Oldbuck; "What! is it my
rara avis — my black swan — my phoenix of companions in
a post-chaise? — take care of him, Mucklebackit." 5

"As muckle care as if he were a graybeard o' brandy; and I
canna take mair if his hair were like John Harlowe's. — Yo ho,
my hearts, bowse away with him!"

Lovel did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his
precursors. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady 10
amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an agitated pen-
dulum at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks. But
he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the
beggar's stout piked staff, which he had retained by advice of the
proprietor, contrived to bear himself from the face of the precipice, 15
and the yet more hazardous projecting cliffs which varied its sur-
face. Tossed in empty space, like an idle and unsubstantial feather,
with a motion that agitated the brain at once with fear and with
dizziness, he retained his alertness of exertion and presenee of mind;
and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of 20
the cliff, that he felt temporary and giddy sickness. As he recovered
from a sort of half swoon, he cast his eyes eagerly around. The
object which they would most willingly have sought, was already
in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible
as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had 25
lingered till she saw the last of their company rescued from danger,
and until she had been assured by the hoarse voice of Muckle-
backit, that "the callant had come off wi' unbrizzed banes, and
that he was but in a kind of dwam." But Lovel was not aware
that she had expressed in his fate even this degree of interest, 30
which, though nothing more than was due to a stranger who had
assisted her in such an hour of peril, he would have gladly pur-
chased by braving even more imminent danger than he had that
evening been exposed to. The beggar she had already commanded
to come to Knockwinnock that night. He made an excuse, — 35
"Then to-morrow let me see you."

The old man promised to obey. Oldbuck thrust something
into his hand — Ochiltree looked at it by the torch-light, and
returned it. — "Na, na! I never tak gowd — besides, Monkbarns,
ye wad maybe be rueing it the morn." Then turning to the 40
group of fishermen and peasants, — "Now, Sirs, wha will gie me
a supper and some clean pease-strae?"

"I," "and I," answered many a ready voice.

"Aweel, since sae it is, and I can only sleep in ae barn at
ance, I'll gae down wi' Saunders Mucklebackit — he has aye a 45

soup o' something comfortable about his bigging — and, bairns, I'll maybe live to put ilka ane o' ye in mind some ither night that ye hae promised me quarters and my awmons;" and away he went with the fisherman.

5 Oldbuck laid the hand of strong possession on Lovel — "Deil a stride ye's go to Fairport this night, young man — you must go home with me to Monkbarns. — Why, man, you have been a hero — a perfect Sir William Wallace by all accounts. — Come, my good lad, take hold of my arm — I am not a prime support in
10 such a wind — but Caxon shall help us out. — Here, you old idiot, come on the other side of me. — And how got you down to that infernal Bessy's-apron, as they call it?" —

"I have been pretty well accustomed to climbing, and I have long observed fowlers practise that pass down the cliff."

15 But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, came you to discover the danger of the pettish Baronet and his far more deserving daughter?"

"I saw them from the verge of the precipice."

20 "From the verge! — umph — and what, man, tempted ye to the verge of the craig?"

"Why — I like to see the gathering and growling of a coming storm — — but here we reach the turn to Fairport. I must wish you good night."

"Not a step, not a pace, not an inch!"

25 "But, my dear Sir, I really must go home — I am wet to the skin."

"Shalt have my night-gown, man, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian's fever as men do the plague, by wearing infected garments — nay — I know what you would be at — you are afraid
30 to put the old bachelor to charges. But is there not the remains of that glorious chicken-pie — which, *meo arbitrio*, is better cold than hot — and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-sick Baronet had just taken one glass, when his infirm noddle went a wool-gathering after Gamelyn de Guardover?"

35 So saying, he dragged Lovel forward, till the Palmer's-port of Monkbarns received them. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest; for Monkbarn's fatigue had been in a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companion had that evening undergone agitation of mind
40 which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

21. DEATH OF RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

So many formidable conspiracies quelled, the Barons nearly subdued, and three parts of the Papal territory reunited to Rome, Rienzi now deemed he might safely execute one of his favourite projects for the preservation of the liberties of his native city; and this was to raise and organize in each quarter of Rome a Roman Legion. Armed in the defence of their own institutions, he thus trusted to establish amongst her own citizens the only soldiery requisite for Rome. 5

But so base were the tools with which this great man was condemned to work out his noble schemes, that none could be found to serve their own country, without a pay equal to that demanded by foreign hirelings. With the insolence so peculiar to a race that has once been great, each Roman said, "Am I not better than a German? — Pay me, then, accordingly." 15

The Senator smothered his disgust — he had learned at last to know that the age of the Catos was no more. From a daring enthusiast, experience had converted him into a practical statesman. The Legions were necessary to Rome — they were formed — gallant their appearance and faultless their caparisons. How were they to be paid? There was but one means to maintain Rome — Rome must be taxed. A gabelle was put upon wine and salt. 20

The Proclamation ran thus: —

"Romans! raised to the rank of your Senator, my whole thought has been for your liberties and welfare; already treason defeated in the City, our banners triumphant without, attest the favour with which the Deity regards men who seek to unite liberty with law. Let us set an example to Italy and the World! Let us prove that the Roman sword can guard the Roman Forum! In each Rione of the City is provided a Legion of the Citizens, collected from the traders and artisans of the town; they allege that they cannot leave their callings without remuneration. Your Senator calls upon you willingly to assist in your own defence. He has given you liberty; he has restored to you peace: your oppressors are scattered over the earth. He asks you now to preserve the treasures you have gained. To be free, you must sacrifice something; for freedom, what sacrifice too great? Confident of your support, I at length, for the first time, exert the right entrusted to me by office — and for Rome's salvation I tax the Romans!" 35

Then followed the announcement of the gabelle. 40

The Proclamation was set up in the public thoroughfares. Round one of the placards a crowd was assembled. Their gestures were vehement and unguarded — their eyes sparkled — they conversed low, but eagerly.

"He dares to tax us, then! Why, the Barons or the Pope could only do that!"

"Shame! shame!" cried a gaunt female; "we, who were his friends! How are our little ones to get bread?"

5 "He should have seized the Pope's money!" quoth an honest wine-vender.

"Ah! Pandulfo di Guido would have maintained an army at his own cost. He was a rich man. What insolence in the inn-keeper's son to be a Senator!"

10 "We are not Romans if we suffer this!" said a deserter from Palestrina.

"Fellow-citizens!" exclaimed gruffly a tall man, who had hitherto been making a clerk read to him the particulars of the tax imposed, and whose heavy brain at length understood that
15 wine was to be made dearer — "Fellow-citizens, we must have a new revolution! This is indeed gratitude! What have we benefited by restoring this man? Are we always to be ground to the dust? To pay — pay — pay! Is that all we are fit for?"

"Hark to Cecco del Vecchio!"

20 "No, no; not now," growled the smith. "To-night the artificers have a special meeting. We'll see — we'll see!"

A young man muffled in a cloak, who had not been before observed, touched the smith.

"Whoever storms the Capitol the day after to-morrow at the
25 dawn," he whispered, "shall find the guards absent!"

He was gone before the smith could look round.

The same night Rienzi, retiring to rest, said to Angelo Villani — "A bold but necessary measure this of mine! How do the people take it?"

30 "They murmur a little, but seem to recognise the necessity. Cecco del Vecchio *was* the loudest grumbler, but is now the loudest approver."

"The man is rough; he once deserted me; — but then that fatal excommunication! He and the Romans learned a bitter lesson
35 in that desertion, and experience has, I trust, taught them to be honest. Well, if this tax be raised quietly, in two years Rome will be again the Queen of Italy; — her army manned — her Republic formed; and then — then —"

"Then what, Senator?"

40 "Why then, my Angelo, Cola di Rienzi may die in peace! There is a want which a profound experience of power and pomp brings at last to us — a want gnawing as that of hunger, wearying as that of sleep! — *my Angelo, it is the want to die!*"

"My Lord, I would give this right hand," cried Villani
45 earnestly, "to hear you say you were attached to life!"

"You are a good youth, Angelo!" said Rienzi, as he passed to Nina's chamber; and in her smile and wistful tenderness forgot for a while — that he was a great man!

The next morning the Senator of Rome held high Court in the Capitol. From Florence, from Padua, from Pisa, even from Milan (the dominion of the Visconti), from Genua, from Naples, — came Ambassadors to welcome his return, or to thank him for having freed Italy from the freebooter De Montreal. Venice alone, who held in her pay the Grand Company, stood aloof. Never had Rienzi seemed more prosperous and more powerful, and never had he exhibited a more easy and cheerful majesty of demeanour. 5 10

Scarce was the audience over, when a messenger arrived from Palestrina. The town had surrendered, the Colonna had departed, and the standard of the Senator waved from the walls of the last hold of the rebellious Barons. Rome might now at length consider herself free, and not a foe seemed left to menace the repose of Rienzi. 15

The court dissolved. The Senator, elated and joyous, repaired towards his private apartments, previous to the banquet given to the Ambassadors. Villani met him with his wonted sombre aspect. 20

"No sadness to-day, my Angelo," said the Senator, gaily; "Palestrina is ours!"

"I am glad to hear such news, and to see my Lord of so fair a mien," answered Angelo. "Does he not now desire life?"

"Till Roman virtue revives, perhaps — yes! But thus are we fools of Fortune; — to-day glad — to-morrow dejected!" 25

"To-morrow," repeated Villani, mechanically: "Ay, — to-morrow perhaps dejected!"

"Thou playest with my words, boy," said Rienzi, half angrily, as he turned away. 30

But Villani heeded not the displeasure of his Lord.

The banquet was thronged and brilliant; and Rienzi that day, without an effort, played the courteous host.

Milanese, Paduan, Pisan, Neapolitan, vied with each other in attracting the smiles of the potent Senator. Prodigal were their compliments — humble their promises of support. No monarch in Italy seemed more securely throned. 35

The banquet was over (as usual on state occasions) at an early hour; and Rienzi, somewhat heated with wine, strolled forth alone from the Capitol. Bending his solitary steps towards the Palatine, he saw the pale and veil-like mists that succeed the sunset, gather over the wild grass which waves above the Palace 40

of the Cæsars. On a mound of ruins (column and arch overthrown) he stood, with folded arms, musing and intent. In the distance lay the melancholy tombs of the Campagna, and the circling hills, crested with the purple hues soon to melt beneath the starlight. 5 Not a breeze stirred the dark cypress and unwavering pine. There was something awful in the stillness of the skies, hushing the desolate grandeur of the earth below. Many and mingled were the thoughts that swept over Rienzi's breast: memory was busy at his heart. How often, in his youth, had he trodden the same spot! — 10 what visions had he nursed! — what hopes conceived! In the turbulence of his later life, Memory had long slept; but at that hour, she re-asserted her shadowy reign with a despotism that seemed prophetic. He was wandering — a boy, with his young brother, hand in hand, by the river side at eve: anon he saw a 15 pale face and gory side, and once more uttered his imprecations of revenge! His first successes, his virgin triumphs, his secret love, his fame, his power, his reverses, the hermitage of Maiella, the dungeon of Avignon, the triumphal return to Rome, — all swept across his breast with a distinctness as if he were living 20 those scenes again! — and *now*! — he shrunk from the *present*, and descended the hill. The moon, already risen, shed her light over the Forum, as he passed through its mingled ruins. By the Temple of Jupiter, two figures suddenly emerged; the moonlight fell upon their faces, and Rienzi recognised Cecco del Vecchio and 25 Angelo Villani. They saw him not; but, eagerly conversing, disappeared by the Arch of Trajan.

"Villani! ever active in my service!" thought the Senator; "methinks this morning I spoke to him harshly — it was churlish in me!"

30 He re-entered the Place of the Capitol — he stood by the staircase of the Lion; there was a red stain upon the pavement, unobliterated since Montreal's execution, and the Senator drew himself aside with an inward shudder. Was it the ghastly and spectral light of the moon, or did the face of that old Egyptian sculpture 35 wear an aspect that was as of life? The stony eyeballs seemed bent upon him with a malignant scowl; and as he passed on, and looked behind, they appeared almost preternaturally to follow his steps. A chill, he knew not why, sunk into his heart. He hastened to regain his palace. The sentinels made way for him.

40 "Senator," said one of them, doubtingly, "Messere Angelo Villani is our new captain — we are to obey his orders?"

"Assuredly," returned the Senator, passing on. The man lingered uneasily, as if he would have spoken, but Rienzi observed it not. Seeking his chamber, he found Nina and Irene waiting 45 for him. His heart yearned to his wife. Care and toil had of late

driven her from his thoughts, and he felt it remorsefully, as he gazed upon her noble face, softened by the solicitude of untiring and anxious love.

"Sweetest," said he, winding his arms around her tenderly; "thy lips never chide me, but thine eyes sometimes do! We have 5
been apart too long. Brighter days dawn upon us, when I shall have leisure to thank thee for all thy care. And you, my fair sister, you smile on me! — ah, you have heard that your lover, ere this, is released by the cession of Palestrina, and to-morrow's sun will see him at your feet. Despite all the cares of the day, I 10
remembered thee, my Irene, and sent a messenger to bring back the blush to that pale cheek. Come, come, we shall be happy again!" And with that domestic fondness common to him, when harsher thoughts permitted, he sate himself beside the two dearest to his hearth and heart. 15

"So happy — if we could have many hours like this!" murmured Nina, sinking on his breast. "Yet sometimes I wish —"

"And I too," interrupted Rienzi; "for I read thy woman's thought — I too sometimes wish that fate had placed us in the lowlier valleys of life! But it may come yet! Irene wedded to 20
Adrian — Rome married to Liberty — and then, Nina, methinks you and I would find some quiet hermitage, and talk over old gauds and triumphs, as of a summer's dream. Beautiful, kiss me! Couldst thou resign these pomps?"

"For a desert with *thee*, Cola!" 25

"Let me reflect," resumed Rienzi; "is not to-day the seventh of October? Yes! on the seventh, be it noted, my foes yielded to my power! Seven! my fated number, whether ominous of good or evil! Seven months did I reign as Tribune — seven years was I absent as an exile; to-morrow, that sees me without an enemy, 30
completes my seventh week of return!"

"And seven was the number of the crowns the Roman Convents and the Roman Council awarded thee, after the ceremony which gave thee the knighthood of the *Santo Spirito*!" said Nina, adding, with woman's tender wit, the brightest association of all! 35

"Follies seem these thoughts to others, and to philosophy, in truth, they are so," said Rienzi; "but all my life long, omen and type and shadow have linked themselves to action and event: and the atmosphere of other men hath not been mine. Life itself a riddle, why should riddles amaze us? *The Future!* — what 40
mystery in the very word! Had we lived all *through* the Past, since Time was, our profoundest experience of a thousand ages could not give us a guess of the events that wait the very moment we are about to enter! Thus deserted by Reason, what wonder that we recur to the Imagination, on which, by dream and symbol, God 45

sometimes paints the likeness of things to come? Who can endure to leave the Future all unguessed, and sit tamely down to groan under the fardel of the Present? No, no! that which the foolish-wise call Fanaticism, belongs to the same part of us as Hope. 5 Each but carries us onward — from a barren strand to a glorious, if unbounded sea. Each is the yearning for the *Great Beyond*, which attests our immortality. Each has its visions and chimeras — some false, but *some* true! Verily, a man who becomes great is often but made so by a kind of sorcery in his own soul — a 10 Pythia which prophesies that he *shall* be great — and so renders the life one effort to fulfil the warning! Is this folly? — it were so, if all things stopped at the grave! But perhaps the very sharpening, and exercising, and elevating the faculties here — though but for a bootless end *on* earth — may be designed to fit the soul, thus 15 quickened and ennobled, to some high destiny *beyond* the earth! Who can tell? not I! — Let us pray!”

While the Senator was thus employed, Rome in her various quarters presented less holy and quiet scenes.

In the fortress of the Orsini lights flitted to and fro, through 20 the gratings of the great court. Angelo Villani might be seen stealing from the postern-gate. Another hour, and the Moon was high in heaven; toward the ruins of the Colosseum, men, whose dress bespoke them of the lowest rank, were seen creeping from lanes and alleys, two by two; from these ruins glided again the 25 form of the son of Montreal. Later yet — the Moon is sinking — a grey light breaking in the East — and the gates of Rome, by St. John of Lateran, are open! Villani is conversing with the sentries! The Moon has set — the mountains are dim with a mournful and chilling haze — Villani is before the palace of the Capitol 30 — the *only* soldier there! Where are the Roman legions that were to guard alike the freedom and the deliverer of Rome?

It was the morning of the 8th of October, 1354. Rienzi, who rose betimes, stirred restlessly in his bed. “It is yet early,” he said to Nina; “none of my people seem to be astir. Howbeit, 35 *my* day begins before *theirs*.”

“Rest, yet, my Cola; you want sleep.”

“No; I feel feverish, and this old pain in the side torments me. I have letters to write.”

“Let me be your secretary, dearest,” said Nina.

40 Rienzi smiled affectionately as he rose: he repaired to his closet adjoining his sleeping apartment, and used the bath, as was his wont. Then dressing himself, he returned to Nina, who, already loosely robed, sate by the writing-table, ready for her office of love.

"How still are all things!" said Rienzi. "What a cool and delicious prelude, in these early hours, to the toilsome day."

Leaning over his wife, he then dictated different letters, interrupting the task at times by such observations as crossed his mind.

"So, now to Annibaldi! By the way, young Adrian should join us to-day; how I rejoice for Irene's sake!"

"Dear sister — yes! she loves, — if any, Cola, can love, — as we do."

"Well, but to your task, my fair scribe. Ha! what noise is that? I hear an armed step — the stairs creak — some one shouts my name."

Rienzi flew to his sword; the door was thrown rudely open, and a figure in complete armour appeared within the chamber.

"How! what means this?" said Rienzi, standing before Nina with his drawn sword. 15

The intruder lifted his visor — it was Adrian Colonna.

"Fly, Rienzi! — hasten, Signora! Thank Heaven, I can save ye yet! Myself and train released by the capture of Palestrina, the pain of my wound detained me last night at Tivoli. The town was filled with armed men — not *thine*, Senator. I heard rumours that alarmed me. I resolved to proceed onward — I reached Rome, the gates of the city were wide open!" 20

"How!"

"Your guard gone. Presently I came upon a band of the retainers of the Savelli. My insignia, as a Colonna, misled them. I learned that this very hour some of your enemies are within the city, the rest are on their march — the people themselves arm against you. In the obscurer streets I passed through, the mob were already forming. They took me for thy foe, and shouted. I came hither — thy sentries have vanished. The private door below is unbarred and open. Not a soul seems left in thy palace. Haste — fly — save thyself! — Where is Irene?" 25

"The Capitol deserted! — impossible!" cried Rienzi. He strode across the chambers to the ante-room, where his night-guard waited — it was empty! He passed hastily to Villani's room — it was untenanted! He would have passed farther, but the doors were secured without. It was evident that all egress had been cut off, save by the private door below, — and that had been left open to admit his murderers! 35

He returned to his room — Nina had already gone to rouse and prepare Irene, whose chamber was on the other side, within one of their own. 40

"Quick, Senator!" said Adrian. "Methinks there is yet time. We must make across to the Tiber. I have stationed my faithful squires and Northmen there. A boat waits us." 45

"Hark!" interrupted Rienzi, whose senses had of late been preternaturally quickened. "I hear a distant shout — a familiar shout, 'Viva 'l Popolo!' Why, so say I! These must be friends."

"Deceive not thyself; thou hast scarce a friend at Rome."

5 "Hist!" said Rienzi in a whisper; "save Nina — save Irene. I cannot accompany thee."

"Art thou mad?"

"No! but fearless. Besides, did I accompany, I might but destroy you all. Were I found with you, you would be massacred
10 with me. Without me ye are safe. Yes, even the Senator's wife and sister have provoked no revenge. Save them, noble Colonna! Cola di Rienzi puts his trust in God alone!"

By this time Nina had returned; Irene with her. Afar was heard the tramp — steady — slow — gathering — of the fatal
15 multitude.

"Now, Cola," said Nina, with a bold and cheerful air, and she took her husband's arm, while Adrian had already found his charge in Irene.

"Yes, *now*, Nina!" said Rienzi; "at length we part! If this
20 is my last hour — *in* my last hour I pray God to bless and shield thee! for verily, thou hast been my exceeding solace — provident as a parent, tender as a child, the smile of my hearth, the — the"

Rienzi was almost unmanned. Emotions, deep, conflicting,
25 unspeakably fond and grateful, literally choked his speech.

"What!" cried Nina, clinging to his breast, and parting her hair from her eyes, as she sought his averted face. "Part! — never! This is my place — all Rome shall not tear me from it!"

Adrian, in despair, seized her hand, and attempted to drag
30 her thence.

"Touch me not, Sir!" said Nina, waving her arm with angry majesty, while her eyes sparkled as a lioness, whom the huntsmen would sever from her young. "I am the wife of Cola di Rienzi, the Great Senator of Rome, and by his side will I live and die!"

35 "Take her hence: quick! — quick! I hear the crowd advancing."

Irene tore herself from Adrian, and fell at the feet of Rienzi — she clasped his knees.

"Come, my brother, come! Why lose these precious mo-
40 ments? Rome forbids you to cast away a life in which her very self is bound up."

"Right, Irene; Rome is bound up with me, and we will rise or fall together! — no more!"

"You destroy us all!" said Adrian, with generous and im-
45 patient warmth. "A few minutes more, and we are lost. Rash

man! it is not to fall by an infuriate mob that you have been preserved from so many dangers."

"I believe it," said the Senator, as his tall form seemed to dilate as with the greatness of his own soul. "I shall triumph yet! Never shall mine enemies — never shall posterity say that a *second* 5 time Rienzi abandoned Rome! Hark! 'Viva 'l Popolo!' still the cry of '*The People*.' That cry scares none but tyrants! I shall triumph and survive!"

"And I with thee!" said Nina, firmly. Rienzi paused a moment, gazed on his wife, passionately clasped her to his heart, 10 kissed her again and again, and then said, "Nina, I command thee, — Go!"

"Never!"

He paused. Irene's face, drowned in tears, met his eyes.

"We will all perish with you," said his sister; "you only, 15 Adrian, *you* leave us.

"Be it so," said the Knight, sadly; "we will *all* remain," and he desisted at once from further effort.

There was a dead but short pause, broken but by a convulsive sob from Irene. The tramp of the raging thousands sounded fear- 20 fully distinct. Rienzi seemed lost in thought — then lifting his head, he said calmly, "Ye have triumphed — I join ye — I but collect these papers, and follow you. Quick, Adrian — save them!" and he pointed meaningly to Nina.

Waiting no other hint, the young Colonna seized Nina in his 25 strong grasp — with his left hand he supported Irene, who with terror and excitement was almost insensible. Rienzi relieved him of the lighter load — he took his sister in his arms, and descended the winding stairs. Nina remained passive — she heard her husband's step behind, it was enough for her — she but turned once 30 at the open door. Rienzi placed Irene, now perfectly lifeless, in the soldier's arms, and kissed her pale cheek in silence.

"Quick, my Lord," said the Northman, "on all sides they come!" So saying, he bounded down the descent with his bur- then. Adrian followed with Nina; the Senator paused one mo- 35 ment, turned back, and was in his room ere Adrian was aware that he had vanished.

Hastily he drew the coverlid from his bed, fastened it to the casement bars, and by its aid dropped (at a distance of several feet) into the balcony below. "I will not die like a rat," said 40 he, "in the trap they have set for me! The whole crowd shall at least see and hear me."

This was the work of a moment.

Meanwhile, Nina had scarcely proceeded six paces, before she discovered that she was alone with Adrian.

"Ha! Cola!" she cried, "where is he? he has gone!"

"Take heart, Lady, he has returned but for some secret papers he has forgotten. He will follow us anon."

"Let us wait, then."

5 "Lady," said Adrian, grinding his teeth, "hear you not the crowd? — on, on!" and he flew with a swifter step. Nina struggled in his grasp — Love gave her the strength of despair. With a wild laugh she broke from him. She flew back — the door was closed — but unbarred — her trembling hands lingered a mo-
10 ment round the spring. She opened it, drew the heavy bolt across the panels, and frustrated all attempt from Adrian to regain her. She was on the stairs, — she was in the room. Rienzi was gone! She fled, shrieking his name, through the State Chambers — all was desolate. She found the doors opening on the various pas-
15 sages that admitted to the rooms below barred without. Breathless and gasping, she returned to the chamber. She hurried to the casement — she perceived the method by which he had descended below — her brave heart told her of his brave design; — she saw they were separated, — "But the same roof holds us," she cried
20 joyously, "and our fate shall be the same!" With that thought she sank in mute patience on the floor.

+ x x Forming the generous resolve not to abandon the faithful and devoted pair without another effort, Adrian had followed Nina, but too late — the door was closed against his efforts. The crowd
25 marched on — he heard their cry change on a sudden — it was no longer "*Live the People!*" but "*Death to the Traitor!*" His attendant had already disappeared, and waking now only to the danger of Irene, the Colonna in bitter grief turned away, lightly sped down the descent, and hastened to the river side, where the
30 boat and his band awaited him.

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people — it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals — and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated case-
35 ments looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighbourhood!

40 The windows of the Hall were yet open — and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony — the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there — the wine, yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits that
45 which he himself had worn when, nearly eight years ago, he had

chased the Barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoners, and one faithful heart whose presence he knew not of — the Senator was alone. 5

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream — from lane, from alley, from palace and from hovel — the raging sea received new additions. On they came — their passions excited by their numbers — women and men, children and 10 malignant age — in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath; "Death to the traitor — death to the tyrant — death to him who has taxed the people!" — "*Mora il traditore che ha fatta la gabella! — Mora!*" — Such was the cry of the people — such the crime of the Senator! They 15 broke over the low palisades of the Capitol — they filled with one sudden rush the vast space — a moment before so desolate, — now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi — his head was bared and the morning sun shone over 20 that lordly brow, and the hair grown grey before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood — neither fear, nor anger, nor menace — but deep grief and high resolve upon his features! A momentary shame — a momentary awe seized the crowd. 25

He pointed to the Gonfalon, wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began: —

"I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!"

"Hear him not! hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!" cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi 30 recognised Cecco del Vecchio.

"Hear him not! down with the tyrant!" cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not! death to the death-giver!" cried a voice close 35 at hand, and from the grating of the neighboring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from earth to Heaven rose the roar — "Down with the tyrant — down with him who taxed the people!" 40

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator — still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant, but determined thoughts; — but the knowledge of that 45

very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard: "*and doubtless,*" says the contemporaneous biographer, "*had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!*"

5 The soldiers of the Barons had already mixed themselves with the throng — more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude — darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking — "Way for the torches!" Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above
10 the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

15 Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand — the right hand that supported the flag of Rome — the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall.

He sat down; — and tears, springing from no weak and woman
20 source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion — tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him — a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom — a father when his children rebel against his love, — tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved, — but *they changed*, his heart!

25 "Enough, enough," he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice — I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish! — I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!
30 — she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

Whit that feeling, Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms;
35 his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise — of escape; — he left the hall — passed through the humbler rooms, devoted to the servitors and menials — found in one of them a coarse working garb — induced himself with it — placed upon his head some of the dra-
40 peries and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old "*fantastico riso*" — "When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!" With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burned fierce and fast; the outer door
45 below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted

the fire burst out in volleys of smoke — the wood crackled — the lead melted — with a crash fell the severed gates — the dreadful entrance was opened to all the multitude — the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! — Now was the time! — he passed the flaming door — the smouldering threshold; 5 — he passed the outer gate unscathed — he was in the middle of the crowd. "Plenty of pillage within," he said to the by-standers in the Roman *patois*, his face concealed by his load — "*Suso suso a gliu traditore!*" The mob rushed past him — he went on — he gained the last stair descending into the open streets — he 10 was at the last gate — liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. "Pass not — where goest thou?"

"Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!" cried a voice behind — it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his 15 head — Rienzi stood revealed!

"I *am* the Senator!" he said, in a loud voice. "Who dare touch the Representative of the People?"

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the 20 Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed — (that grim and solemn monument!) — as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor 25 could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing round him. The whole Capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended 30 the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna — the Orsini — the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; 35 his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"Die, tyrant!" cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the Senator's breast.

"Die, executioner of Montreal!" muttered Villani: "thus the trust is fulfilled!" and his was the second stroke. Then as he 40 drew back, and saw the artisan in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion, — the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd. 45

"Fool, miserable fool! *thou* and *these* at least had no *blood of kindred to avenge!*"

They heeded not his words — they saw him not depart; for as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth, —
 5 as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him, — a voice, shrill, sharp, and wild, was heard above all the clamour. At the casement of the Palace (the casement of her bridal chamber), Nina stood! — through the flames that burst below and around, her face and out-stretched arms alone visible! Ere yet the sound of
 10 that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol, — a blackened and smouldering mass.

At that hour, a solitary boat was sailing swiftly along the Tiber. Rome was at a distance, but the lurid glow of the con-
 15 flagration cast its reflection upon the placid and glassy stream: fair beyond description was the landscape; soft beyond all art of Painter and of Poet, the sunlight quivering over the autumnal herbage, and hushing into tender calm the waves of the golden River!

20 Adrian's eyes were strained towards the towers of the Capitol, distinguished by the flames from the spires and domes around; — senseless, and clasped to his guardian breast, Irene was happily unconscious of the horrors of the time.

"They dare not — they dare not," said the brave Colonna,
 25 "touch a hair of that sacred head! — if Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall for ever! As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem!"

30 Scarce had he spoken, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off, a dull crash (deadened by the distance) travelled to his ear, and the next moment, the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere, — making all Rome itself
 35 the funeral pyre of *the last of the Roman Tribunes!*

(*Sir E. L. Bulwer.*)

22. THE PEDESTRIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

"More exercise, my dear Sir — you should really take much
 40 more exercise; for, with a constitution such as yours, I know no other way of preserving health."

"Just so, doctor; and that's the reason why I always make a point of walking five or six times up and down my study before breakfast, and the same number of times before dinner; to say nothing of an occasional stroll down the lane, and a ten minutes' turn in my garden before lunch. If this be not exercise, I know 5 not what the word means; unless, indeed, you would have me jump over the chairs and tables, or play at leap-frog or hop-scotch with my housekeeper!"

"My dear Mr. Waddilove, when I talk of exercise, I mean that you should take a good long walk every day — say three or 10 four miles — so that you may feel something like a wholesome moderate fatigue."

"Three or four miles! You're joking — why, such an exertion would be my death! No, Thomson, prescribe any remedy but that. It is the very worst form in which martyrdom can deve- 15 lope itself."

"Well, if you will not be advised by me in this respect, at least, go out more into society than you are in the habit of doing, which is in itself a sort of exercise, by the stimulus it gives to — —" 20

"Right, doctor, so it is; and it is this conviction which has induced me to accept our mutual friend Captain Capulet's invitation for to-morrow. He is going to leave Caversham in a day or two for the sea-side, and has asked me to a farewell dinner. I doubt, however, whether I shall be able to go, so very indifferent 25 is my health. The symptoms that I spoke to you of last week have — —"

"Like all your other maladies, real or imaginary, their origin in want of exercise."

"Pshaw, doctor! you're a man of one idea — always harping 30 on the same string!"

Finding further remonstrance useless, at least for the present, the apothecary, who was a shrewd man of the world, contented himself with giving his patient a few common-place directions with regard to regimen, in order to keep up the appearance of paying 35 attention to his case, and then took his leave, with a promise that he would look in again in a day or two.

Mr. Miles Waddilove, as may be inferred from the above conversation, was a gentleman of lethargic, and somewhat hypochondrical, temperament, and of studious and secluded habits. He was a 40 bachelor, about forty-five years of age; was tolerably independent in circumstances; and resided in an old-fashioned red brick building, with two clipped yews in front, which stood half-way down a shady lane that terminated in the London road, on the outskirts of the town of Reading. In person, Waddilove was of the middle 45

height; he had a goodly, though not a preposterous, paunch, and legs as sturdy as those which we so often see in the possession of a drayman. His face was a dead white, like plaster of Paris; he was bald as a turnip, and wore a wig; and had a thick under-
 5 lip, which drooped over an expansive chin, one-half of which was always imbedded in a padded neckcloth.

All men have their peculiarities, and the one prominent feature in Miles's idiosyncrasy was his abhorrence of pedestrian exercise. For days together he never stirred outside his gates. Even to talk
 10 of walking roused his spleen, for it brought to his mind a rash peripatetic experiment which he had been prevailed on to make in the year 1814, when he crawled upwards of four miles along the dusty high road, under a blistering sun, in order to get a peep at the Allied Sovereigns on their way back to London from Ox-
 15 ford; and returned home with a face scorching hot, fingers swollen to the size of sausages, the stitch in his side, and the cramp in both legs! When, in addition to this peculiarity, I observe that Waddilove was a bit of an epicure, and addicted at times to ab-
 20 sence of mind, I have said all that is necessary to prove that he was one of those quiet homespun characters, whom we are apt to look on as oddities, and quiz as such.

Immediately on the apothecary quitting him, Miles rang the bell for his housekeeper, and told her to hasten instantly into the town, and desire Toulmin's coach to be ready at the door next day at
 25 five o'clock, in order to convey him to Caversham, where his friend Capulet resided. As this vehicle was something of a curiosity, a passing mention of it may not be amiss. It was a sort of cross between a carriage and a hackney-coach of the olden time; its box was low and spacious; its ill-conditioned wheels stood out
 30 afar from its sides, like the red ears of a Yorkshire ostler; and its two ends, back and front, came down with a gradual slant inwards from the roof, which, instead of being flat, bellied out like the top-crust of a gooseberry-pie. Being the only coach in Rea-
 35 dington that was let out on hire on the principle of the London hackney-coach, it was generally known by the name of the *town-tub*; and in its rickety motion, and, above all, in its extraordinary genius for upsetting, it had the rare merit of rivalling even an Irish postchaise!

CHAPTER II.

40 Punctual to the hour appointed, this eccentric vehicle drew up at Waddilove's door, who in a few minutes made his appearance, attired in all the finery of black shorts and silks, with his best bobwig newly frizzed and powdered. He was in high glee at the

idea of having escaped a hot dusty walk; and as the *town-tub* went clattering down Friar street on its way to the neighbouring little village of Caversham, he kept humming the tune of "Old King Cole," which he always did when in good humour, and glancing every now and then, with visible satisfaction, at the 5 magnificent clocks which ran halfway up his silk stockings.

He was thus pleasantly occupied, when suddenly, just as he had accomplished about a third of his journey, a loud crash was heard — off flew one of the wheels, and down came the coach on its side, right in the middle of the road! Fortunately Mr. Waddi- 10 love, though not a little alarmed, sustained no injury from the catastrophe, and was promptly extricated by the cool and collected coachman, whom long experience had taught to look on an upset quite as a matter of course. On examining into the nature of the injuries sustained by the town-tub, it was found that it would 15 take upwards of an hour to remedy them; and, as such a delay was not to be thought of under the circumstances, poor Miles, groaning bitterly, as a recollection of his walk in 1814 flashed across his mind, proceeded on his road on foot, this being the only chance he had left of reaching Caversham in time for dinner. 20

It was a dry, warm, autumn evening, with just enough wind to put the dust into a state of brisk activity — a special annoyance when one happens to be walking in full dress, and is anxious to wear a becoming aspect, as was just now the case with Waddilove, who lost much time in his various tackings and manoeuvrings to 25 avoid the whirling clouds that beset him at certain turns and angles of the road.

After plodding straight on for nearly half-an-hour, he reached that long, irregular, picturesque bridge which spans the Thames, there of imposing breadth, and leads direct into the village of 30 Caversham. Arrived at this spot, he might have admired — for few can behold it without admiration — the singular sylvan beauty of the landscape about him; the flowery meadows stretching for miles along the nearest bank of the river; the wooded uplands of the distant Mapledurham; and the rich autumn-tinted foliage of 35 Caversham park, which shone with a thousand gorgeous colours in the setting sun; the broad reaches of the lake-like Thames, with the numerous cottage lawns and flower-gardens sloping down its edge; the straggling village at the foot of the bridge, and the high chalk cliffs immediately beyond it, planting their white feet in the stream, 40 and redeeming, by their bold precipitous character, what might otherwise have seemed too tame in the landscape; — all this, Miles, had he been so disposed, might have regarded with just admiration; but his thoughts were otherwise occupied, dwelling with more complacency on the rich soups, juicy meats, and luscious wines that 45

awaited him at his journey's end, and alone reconciled him to his unforeseen walk. The clock struck six as he turned off the bridge into the village. He halted. The last stroke rung like a knell in his ear. At that very moment the servants were bringing in the first course.
5 He should then be too late for the soup and fish! Horrid anticipation! Nevertheless, there was still a faint chance; and, buoyed up by this reflection, he quickened his pace almost to a trot, but had yet to toil through the village and up the hill that rises beyond it, ere he could reach the desired haven.

10 At length he arrived at his friend's house, and the first agreeable moment he had known since his ejection from the town-tub was, when he rang the garden-bell, and saw an old female servant hurrying down the gravel-walk to answer the summons.

"Is dinner on table?" he enquired in tremulous accents, that
15 betrayed the great interest he took in the question.

"Dinner!" replied the old dame, who was rather hard of hearing — "did you say dinner, Sir?"

"Why, how the woman stares! To be sure I did. I'm one of your master's guests; so, let me in — quick; I'm quite late
20 enough as it is. Do you hear, woman? — Let me in, I say!"

"Bless your heart, I daren't do no such a thing, for it's directly against orders. Says my master to me, no later ago than yesterday — Betty, says he —"

"I tell you again, woman, I'm one of the party engaged to
25 dine here to-day!" exclaimed Miles, in a loud tone of voice intended to bear down all opposition.

"I know nothing about that," replied Betty; all I know is that master had a large dinner-party yesterday, and that this morning all the family set out for Southampton, where they mean
30 to spend the autumn."

Poor Waddilove looked the very picture of despair as he heard these words; and hastily fumbling about in his pockets, drew forth, after a close search, his friend's note of invitation, read it, and found his worst suspicions confirmed. True, he had been invited
35 to a dinner-party at Captain Capulet's, but he had mistaken the day, and arrived just twenty-four hours too late!

When he had somewhat recovered the shock of this discovery, he entreated, in most moving terms, that Betty would at least let him in, and allow him to rest for a few minutes while he collected
40 his scattered thoughts. But the old woman would not hear of such a proposal; she had received strict orders, she said, to let no strangers in whatsoever, and it was as much as her place was worth to act "contrarywise."

"But I am no stranger, but, on the contrary, one of your
45 master's oldest friends," insisted Miles.

"That's not my look-out," rejoined the unmoved Betty; "my order is positive, to let no strangers in while the family's away; and you're a stranger to me, sir — uncommon strange, to be sure!" she added in an undertone, at the same time casting a sly suspicious glance at Waddilove's sullen visage and dust-soiled habiliments; 5 after which she gave a brisk tug at the garden-gate, to assure herself that it was fast locked, and then made the best of her way back into the house.

CHAPTER III.

Miles was now in a very grievous state of perplexity; for not 10 only had he lost his dinner, but his bed also, on which he always reckoned when invited to a party at the captain's. His first impulse was to return home immediately; but as this involved the necessity of a walk of upwards of four miles — there being no suitable conveyance to be procured at Caversham — he shrunk with dismay 15 from the idea. Next he thought of taking his chance of a meal and a bed at the village alehouse; but as he passed it, the fumes of mingled gin, beer, and tobacco, issuing from the open window of the low-roofed parlour, assailed him so powerfully, that hot, jaded, and hungry as he was, he had not the heart to venture in. At 20 last he recollected that about a mile or two further on, past Caversham park, there dwelt a rich, elderly, single lady, whom he had occasionally met at Captain Capulet's and who had shown no unwillingness to cultivate his acquaintance. He had not seen this ancient dame for two years, nor would he have remembered her 25 address — perhaps not even her name — had not his memory just now been quickened by his necessities. Hoping that here at length he might get a dinner and a ride home in the lady's carriage, Waddilove trudged on with renewed spirit, just halting for a few minutes when he reached the great gates of the park, 30 in order to brush the dust from his shoes and stockings with some large dock-leaves that grew under the palings.

By this time the sun had set; a silver mist began to steam up from the broad valley of the Thames, the gnats rose by thousands, forming a sort of cloud just above the hedges, and the humming 35 cockchafer made wing for the elms and horse-chesnut trees that flung their shadows far beyond the footpath, imparting a refreshing coolness to Miles's fevered frame, who, considering his sedentary habits, held up with remarkable perseverance, in the hope that he might reach his fair friend's house before nightfall. 40 But he toiled on in vain; for not a single habitation of any sort was visible, the road — which, so far as he could see, ran straight as an arrow — being bordered on one side by hedges, and on

the other by the long range of the park palings. Here was a dilemma! How should he act? Ask his way? There was not a human being in sight to whom he could apply for information. Go back? In that case he would lose his last chance of procur-
 5 ing refreshment and a ride home. Go forward? Yes, this was his sole remaining alternative, to which he was the more disposed from the incessant promptings of the gastric juice, whose hints became every moment more significant, till at last he was compelled, as his only means of satisfying hunger, to halt and pluck the
 10 blackberries that grew thickly in the hedge, and those well-known Berkshire sloes, from which so much of our "old crusted port wine" is manufactured. Striking illustration of the caprice of fortune! A middle-aged epicure standing on tip-toe, like a school-boy, to snatch an *impromptu* meal from some dusty shrubs in a highroad!
 15 When miles had gathered a handful or more of this unsophisticated fruit, he sat down on a hillock that jutted out on the pathway, to eat, and if possible digest it; but had scarcely finished his meal, when he was annoyed by an intolerable itching in his legs, and hastily jumping up, found — unhappy wretch! — that he had
 20 been sitting down upon an ants' nest.

While he was brushing off these pestilent insects, who evinced a keen sense of injury by stinging him in a hundred places, a man came jogging along the road on a cart-horse, and humming the plaintive air of "Bob and Joan". On enquiring of this warbling
 25 clodhopper the nearest way to Myrtle Lodge — the name of the ancient spinster's residence — Miles was told that he must go straight on for about a quarter of a mile, and then take the first turning on the right, which was a by-path leading up to the lodge. Having walked what he conceived to be this distance, he came,
 30 not to the path in question, but to an isolated cottage; and on making a second enquiry of a young woman who was standing in the doorway, received for answer that he had still half a mile further to go! Delightful intelligence to a man whose tight shoes are constantly impressing his nervous system with an acute conscious-
 35 ness of corns! Perseverance, however, be the difficulties what they may, never fails to carry its point; and, in the fulness of time Waddilove reached the lodge; but what words shall express his consternation and disgust when he saw, posted in large printed letters in the unfurnished front parlour, "THIS HOUSE TO LET!"

Heart-stricken by this last calamity, Miles slowly and abstractedly set out on his return to Caversham, determined no longer to give in to the prejudices of his fastidious olfactories, but halt at the

public-house, which he now regretted having passed with such disdain, make the most of whatever fare might be placed before him, and even pass the night there — so effectually had fatigue and hunger subdued his sense of gentility. But even this last sorry resource was denied him; for, on turning again into the high-road, absorbed in painful reverie, he took the wrong direction, so that, instead of retracing his course back to Caversham, he was momentarily placing himself at a greater distance from it. He did not discover his error, his notions of locality being of a very confused character — till he found himself advanced upwards of a hundred yards upon a large tract of moorland. He instantly hurried back, but was again doomed to disappointment; for, just at the commencement of the common, three roads met, and for the life of him he could not make out which was the one he had just left. As well, however, as he could judge by the faint glimmer that still lingered in the west, the three ran in nearly parallel lines; so, concluding that each would lead to Caversham with but little difference in point of distance, he took the central road, and followed its course for nearly a mile, when, darkness coming on, he soon got off the track, and stumbled upon some marshy ground which sucked in his pumps at every third or fourth step he took, occasioning him as much annoyance as if he had been walking in damp weather over a ploughed field.

Waddilove was now quite desperate; and as he went floundering on, cursing the inexorable destiny that thus forced him, like M. Von Wodenblock in the tale, to “keep moving,” whether he would or not, the cramp, brought on by fatigue, began to tie double-knots in the calf of each leg, while his stomach rumbled so exceedingly, from the joint effects of hunger and the tart fruit which he had swallowed, as to impress him with the humiliating conviction that he was just becoming a — *roarer*! Miserable man! His walk to see the allied sovereigns was a mere lounge compared to this. All sorts of grim imaginings beset him. Apoplexy haunted him like a spectre; and the freshening wind as it swept across the unsheltered moor, seemed redolent of agues and rheumatisms. What enormous sin had he committed, that he should be thus visited with a severer punishment than if he had been sent to pick oakum at the treadmill! Had he violated all the decencies of social life, or so far sported with the sacred interest of truth as to call Joseph Hume a statesman, then, indeed, he might have anticipated a stern retributive visitation. But he had done nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, had always strictly fulfilled his duties as a man and a citizen, and held it as an axiom that Joseph was by no means a Solon. And yet here he was — he whose antiperipatetic prejudices were the strongest in his nature, and the constant theme

of remark among his friends — wandering alone at nightfall on a moor, in silk stockings and pumps, thawing like a prize-ox in the dog-days, and with no chance of bettering his condition until daybreak, supposing he should survive till then — or, at any rate, till the
 5 moon should rise, supposing that there was a moon! It was a cruel, an unprecedented case, and might have given a serious shock to his faith in a superintending Providence, had not his train of indignant meditation been seasonably diverted by his making a false step, and plumping down upon a smooth dry mound. Too
 10 tired to get up again, and more than half persuaded that it was all over with him, and that he should be found a corpse before the morning, Miles threw himself at full length along this mound, and in a few minutes was fast asleep, and wandering through the land of dreams; now fancying that he was Captain Barclay, and
 15 walking for a wager a thousand miles in a thousand hours; and now, that he was Harlequin, and as such, compelled not only to walk but to frisk through a pantomime, without stopping, for three mortal hours!

CHAPTER V.

20 It was now nearly nine o' clock; the risen moon shone like a tempered sun, except when the clouds, driven by a fresh southwind, swept across her orb; and by her light two men might be seen making their way over the common towards the mound whereon Miles lay sleeping. From their dress, and still more from the
 25 hang-dog expression of their faces, it was evident that they were confirmed scapegoats — choice samples of a breed such as may be found in almost every country village; fellows who get drunk whenever they can; steal whatever they can lay their hands on; are at home in the stocks; familiar with the flavour of horse-ponds
 30 and the sharp discipline of the cat's tail; and want nothing but opportunity to ensure their promotion to the gallows. Both these vagrant geniuses were attired in a costume whose uncommon raggedness approached to the picturesque. One wore a grey beaver hat, and a great-coat which reached to his ankles, and was patched
 35 in twenty different places; the other had no hat at all. As this precious couple drew near the slumbering Waddilove, whose nap had by this time lasted upwards of an hour, a sudden movement that he made with his legs, accompanied by a deep groan (as if, in the character of Harlequin, he was just going to take a reluctant
 40 leap head foremost through a window), attracted their notice, and, hastening up, they gazed for a minute or so, in expressive silence, on the sleeper, who lay on his side with his head buried in his arms.

At length one whispered the other, "I say, Jack, this is very queer; there's been some of the family at work here, I take it."

"No, no," replied his com-rogue, stooping down and gently turning Miles on his back — "it's no affair of that nature, he's only drunk and as fast as a church" — I'm blest if he ain't. 5

"Why, then, I'm thinking, Jack," resumed the first speaker, laying his forefinger beside his nose, "that it would be but right and proper in us to take care of the gentleman's watch and seals for him, for it's very clear that he can't take care of them himself."

"No more he can, Bill," replied the other, with a grin of 10 intelligence, "he's as helpless as a baby."

"Why, then, here it goes, Jack: "and so saying, the one scamp knelt down and dexterously drew out Miles's gold watch, with its massive chain and seals; while the other ransacked his breeches-pockets, whence he presently extracted, with an air of 15 modest triumph, a well-stored silk-net purse.

This done, they next proceeded to make free with Waddilove's hat and wig, and would even have taken off his clothes, had not their intentions been frustrated by a loud trumpet-like snore from the sleeper, which startled their delicate nerves to such a degree, 20 that they flew off across the common, as if, to quote Byron's wellknown words, "the speed of thought were in their limbs."

Miles, weanwhile, continued buried in profound repose, but about eleven o' clock he awoke, and, starting to his feet, looked about him with a countenance of as much wonder as Abou Hassam 25 showed, when he found himself sitting up, broad awake, in the Caliph Haroun's state-bed. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and, being refreshed by his nap, and goaded to further peripatetic exertions by an appetite of wondrous potency, he gave a preliminary jump or so, by way of taking the starch-like stiffness 30 out of his knees, and then set out on his return to Caversham, no longer apprehensive of losing his way, for the moon shed down a steady radiance on the common, and enabled him to see that he was only separated from the right track by a patch of marshy ground, on the edge of which rose the grassy tumulus whereon he 35 had made his bed.

Just as he was about to start, feeling an uncommon coolness, say rather, a decided chill — in his upper story, he put his hand to his forehead, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, he discovered that he was *minus* hat and wig. How was this? Was 40 there witchcraft in the case? Had Puck or Robin Goodfellow been trying their hands at petty larceny, or some vagabond zephyr taken a fancy to the articles in question? No, no; there had been no agency of this sort at work, as the bereaved Waddilove soon found to his cost, when on feeling for his watch, in order to see what 45

o' clock it was, he ascertained that this too had gone, most likely to keep company with his hat and wig; and that his purse also had taken the opportunity of playing truant! I forbear, from conscious incapacity, to describe the paroxysms of rage into which
 5 Miles was thrown on making these untoward discoveries; suffice it to say, that after firing off volleys of oaths, like minute-guns, till he was nearly black in his face with the effort, he took out his pockethandkerchief, tied it about his bald shiny head, after the fashion of an old Irish applewoman, and then hurried along
 10 his road, taking those fidgety, petulant, and irregular steps, which men are wont to take when labouring under usual nervous excitement.

CHAPTER VI.

Nearly opposite the cross-road to Myrtle Lodge, there was a swing-gate, from which ran a winding public footpath through
 15 Caversham park. This path terminated in a stile not far from the entrance to the village, and as it cut off a considerable elbow of the road, Miles, who had missed it on his way out to the Lodge, now determined to avail himself of it, it being a matter of infinite consequence to him to reach the public-house, and secure
 20 supper and a bed, before they should shut up for the night. As he maintained a smart pace and was no longer incommoded by the heat, the night being cool and the wind fresh, he made very satisfactory progress, and had already got as far as the park preserves, which the footpath skirted, descending thence into a gradual
 25 bushy hollow, when he was startled by the sound of whispers at no great distance from him; which was almost immediately followed by the discharge of a gun. Now, it happened that the pacific Waddilove had the same invincible horror of fire-arms that King James had of a drawn sword; he could not even look a gun
 30 in the face without a shudder; judge, then, of his consternation when he heard this sudden discharge, together with a rustling among the preserves, as though a gang of poachers were emerging upon the footpath! Overmastered by his apprehensions, and taking for granted that, if he should be seen, he would instantly be shot
 35 for a gamekeeper, and not have the mistake cleared up till he lay stretched like a cock-partridge on the ground, with a score or so of small shot buried in his body, he abruptly quitted the path, and plunging down into the thick copse near it, doubled himself up, hedge-hog fashion, heedless of the brambles and stinging-
 40 nettles, which gave him any thing but a gracious reception.

The noise he made, as he went crashing into the heart of the thicket, caught the quick ears of the poachers, who, darting out from the preserves on the other side of the footpath, stood looking anxiously about them, and whispering to each other, as though

doubtful whether the sound of their gun had started a spy or a hare. Intense was Miles's agitation while he heard these scamps, among other equally significant threats, announce their intention, when once they got a glimpse of him, to bring him down at a long shot or to throw him into the Thames with a big stone tied 5 about his neck, etc.; and he inwardly vowed that, should he but escape the perils of this memorable night, he would never again venture so far from home — not even in a coach, much less the accursed town-tub — were he to be bribed by the daintiest dinner that epicure ever sat down to. No, he would cut the acquaintance 10 of every one who lived more than a hundred yards from Reading. While he was thus settling the course of conduct he would adopt, in the event of his getting safely out of his present ticklish scrape, the moon became suddenly overcast; whereupon the poachers, eager to avail themselves of the favouring gloom to pursue their 15 vocation in the preserves, and satisfied by this time that the noise they had heard was merely occasioned by the starting of a hare, withdrew again to the spot which they had so lately quitted.

Miles waited till they had all left the footpath, and were lost to sight in the leafy and tangled preserves, and then stealing cautiously 20 back into the road, like a shy old badger out of his hole, he stood listening for a few seconds, after which he flew at his utmost speed along the road, with outstretched neck, insensible alike to fatigue and hunger, so completely fear had got the better of every other sensation. As the wind rose and fell, sighing among the pines and 25 beeches, and whirling the dead leaves by hundreds into the air, he fancied he heard the quick tramp of footsteps behind him; mistook the hooting of the owl for the yells of his pursuers; and, in the spectral moving shadows flung by the stirred trees across his path, beheld the signs of a lurking enemy. 30

It must have been a rare treat to a lover of the grotesque, to have seen this fugitive scouring along in a steeple-chase style, and taking big bouncing leaps like a ram, while the broad flaps of his black coat streamed in the wind, and his mouth stood ajar like the shell of a dead oyster. What cares he for distance or difficulty? 35 The trunk of a fallen elm lies across his road; he is over it in a moment, and comes down on the other side with all the agility of a dancing-master. Further on, a brawling brooklet threatens to impede his progress; in he plunges, half-way up to his knees, and scrambles out again, refreshed rather than incommoded by his partial 40 bath. Thus, copse after copse, slope after slope, are passed; now he descends into a shady dell; now he winds round the brow of a verdant hill, whence he may catch a fine view of the park that extends to the bank of the Thames, affording shelter to large herds of deer, and magnificently timbered with giant oaks, who have 45

bid defiance to the storms of centuries, and heard the roar of Cromwell's cannon against the walls of Reading Abbey; and now, all danger passed, he halts to rest himself on the stile which, as I have before observed, abuts on the main road, just at the entrance of
5 Caversham.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Waddilove reached the village as the church clock was striking the last chime of midnight. As he passed along the main street, its irregular rows of houses wore a cold, staring, and even ghastly aspect
10 in the imperfect moonlight, and nothing was audible but the rippling of the near Thames against the arches of the bridge, or the occasional growl of some drowsy watch-dog. Under other circumstances, Miles's imagination would have been forcibly impressed by the dead solitude of this hushed hamlet through which he moved,
15 the only living being, startling the echoes of night by his tread; but his late adventures had, for the time being, given him quite a surfeit of romance.

On coming to the public-house, he found, as might have been anticipated, that it was shut up, and that not the slightest glimmer
20 of a light was to be seen in any of the rooms. Determined, nevertheless, on gaining admittance, he banged away at the door for full ten minutes; but finding this of no avail, he bawled out the landlord's name, and then let fly a handful of small stones and gravel against his bedroom windows. This had the desired effect,
25 for presently the lattice was cautiously thrown open, and a man's head, enveloped in a worsted nightcap, thrust through the aperture.

"Who's there?" enquired the landlord, in a peevish tone of voice full of sleep.

"'Tis I," replied Miles.

30 "And who the deuce is I?"

"A friend of Captain Capulet, Mr. Waddilove, of Wellington Lane, near Reading. I've been unexpectedly detained in the neighbourhood, and want some supper and a bed, for it's too late to think of returning home to-night."

35 "Humph! — supper and a bed! You'll get neither the one nor the other here, so be off with you — I an't going to open my door at this hour to fellows without a hat; you may be a thief for aught I know; — and with these words the landlord shut to the window.

40 Nothing daunted by this repulse, Miles discharged a second shower of gravel against the window, hoping by such means to bully the churl into a surrender. But he knew not the man he had to deal with; for no sooner had he taken aim for the third time against the casement, than it was again opened, and

down came the saponaceous contents of a washhandbasin on his head!

It was past one o' clock when a market-cart, laden with fruit and vegetables, stopped at Waddilove's door, and a gentleman descended from it, pale as the turnips among which he had been seated, shaking in every joint from excessive jolting, his clothes begrimed with dust, and a handkerchief tied about his head, looking as rumpled as though a quart of water had been but just wrung out of it. And this pitiable sample of humanity was Miles Waddilove, Esquire! Alas, how changed from that Miles! — who but eight hours before had left his home, smiling and sunny, in all the consciousness of a captivating costume! He had met the cart as he was crawling, snail-like, along the main road, after leaving Caversham bridge, and had bargained with the driver — who was on his way to Reading, to be in time for the morrow's market — for a seat among his vegetables, by way of a dignified finale to his walk of upwards of ten miles, and the mishaps consequent upon it.

After his recognition by his housekeeper, which was a task of no ordinary difficulty, Miles hurried into his study, and, throwing himself on a sofa, ordered up all the cold meat in the pantry, made a prodigious supper which he washed down with a bottle of his very oldest Madeira, and then plunged into bed, where he soon fell into the soundest sleep ever perhaps enjoyed by a sedentary gentleman on the shady side of forty. Had he taken laudanum, or, what is equivalent to laudanum, subjected himself to the perusal of Doctor Bowring's edition of Bentham, his slumber could not possibly have been more profound. When he rose at a late hour next day, in a state of more vigorous health, bating a slight stiffness in his limbs, than he had known for some months, he found his medical man waiting for him in the breakfast-parlour, whom he instantly acquainted with all the sufferings he had undergone on the preceding night. To his great astonishment, the apothecary, so far from condoling with him on his involuntary peripatetic achievements, had actually the hardihood to congratulate him: and even went the length of assuring him, that — notwithstanding his fatigues and vexations — he might consider himself a very lucky fellow, inasmuch as the walk, by giving a wholesome stimulus to his nervous system, and producing a corresponding energy of action in the blood, had most likely saved him from an attack of hypochondriacism, thereby exemplifying the truth of the old adage — "out of evil cometh good."

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

23. THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

I'll cross it, though it blast me!
Hamlet.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November.
 5 I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering: but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can only judge of my situation.
 10 The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of
 15 chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of
 20 water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit: his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-
 25 dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab
 30 of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle,
 35 making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers,
 40 called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of, at the present day, on the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of

roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name: it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats. 5 10

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass: they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word. 15 20

I sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me. 25 30

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco-smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good-for-nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world. 35 40

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was not variety even 45

in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

5 It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day), when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats
10 and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle
15 was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire
20 washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the Almanack, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "Expect — much — rain — about — this — time!"

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would
25 never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The Stout Gentleman in No. 13. wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be
30 too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon.
35 Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 13.," it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The Stout Gentleman!" — the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once
40 gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room,
45 he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above

the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly waited upon; 5 of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was 10 a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were over-done, the ham was too salt: — the Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat 15 and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state-militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal: with a nincompoop for a 20 husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and 25 ham, and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers' room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The Stout Gentleman wanted 30 the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?" 35

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir, but I could get no information; nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The colour 40 of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman. A

designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain — rain — rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking overhead. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantelpiece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighbouring bed-room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her!

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman: for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible high dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She'd have no such doing in her house, she'd warrant! If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant-maids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work; that's what she wouldn't!"

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm; the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high windy clamour for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh: then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was

the matter; she said, "Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool." — I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either. 5

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have 10 seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea: who call all the waiters by name, touzle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, 15 and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations 20 of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concern of this invisible personage began to have its effect: — I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine 25 in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no — he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and con- 30 demning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good-living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished 35 his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could 40 he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some person of distinction travelling incog? "God knows," said I, at my wits' end; "it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept 45

his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the meantime, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who
5 had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and versed in all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a
10 thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during
15 a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of
20 different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids, and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after
25 which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by him-
30 self, with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged
35 at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleepy
40 toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop, drop, drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves — these ghastly
45 great coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps

of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated — I entered; the room was deserted. There stood a large broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese. 5

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots. 10 15 20

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!" I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!" 25

The mysterious stranger was then on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed — "All right!" was the word — the coach whirled off: — and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman! 30 35

(Washington Irving.)

24. A TRIAL FOR MURDER.

At length arrived the day of the great Murder trial, which the Judges of Assize had fixed for Friday — a day always, in those times, when practicable, named for capital cases, with the humane 40

view of giving, in the event of conviction, as long an interval as possible for carrying into effect the dreadful sentence of the law. There were two other capital cases fixed for the same day, but of no public interest; being only those of a farmer's man, for stealing
5 a pair of shoes from a booth in a fair, and another for taking a cheese, in the night-time, out of a dairy; both the offenders being found with the stolen property upon them. These were simple cases, and could be quickly disposed of. But the great Murder trial
10 town, besides many persons of quality from very distant parts of the country. The case was to be tried before the Lord Chief Justice, who was a very humane man, and a great lawyer; and the Solicitor-General had come down, on the part of the Crown, to conduct a case of such public interest and importance. The town
15 was astir from four o'clock in the morning; since which time a great number of country-folk, who had walked five, ten, and even fifteen miles, had been standing outside the gaol till the doors were opened. There were upwards of a thousand people, collected round those doors, more than by any means could be got into the gallery;
20 and as for the body of the Court, and the bench, all that part had been allotted to persons of distinction, long before, by favour of the Sheriff. At a few minutes before nine o'clock, the Judge was to be seen, sitting in his scarlet and ermine robes, in the Sheriff's coach, preceded by a troop of javelin-men and trumpeters;
25 and so excited was the crowd through which they slowly passed, that many of them thought there was something very startling and dismal in the sounds of the trumpets on that morning. The Judge took his seat while the clock was striking nine. On sitting down he seemed for a moment to be adjusting his robes; but he was also
30 secretly disposing *his black cap*, so as to have it in readiness against a sad event which, having read what had been deposed to before the Coroner's jury, and the magistrates who had committed the prisoner, his Lordship foresaw was but too likely to happen. This done, he leaned back for a moment, and while the stir raised
35 by his entrance was subsiding, he looked around him, with great composure, not at all surprised at the prodigious number of people who were present. On the bench near him were noblemen and gentlemen of high rank (but no ladies, as now-a-days happens), whom he knew well, but then took no notice of whatever. The
40 seats round and beneath him were densely crowded by counsel: among whom, facing the jury-box, was Mr. Solicitor-General, who had a grave care-worn face; and a little to his right was the counsellor engaged on behalf of the prisoner, but only to cross-examine the witnesses, or (if he could) detect an objection to the
45 proceedings in point of law: not being permitted to say one word

for his client, to the jury. Next to him sat his attorney; and both of them looked very anxious. Beside the attorney who conducted the case for the Crown, sat the Earl's solicitor, and Mr. Oxley. In the magistrate's box sate Mr. Hylton, looking pale and harassed. Just before taking his seat, he had quitted poor old Ayliffe; whom, with infinite effort, he had at length prevailed upon to remain out of Court, in a room close by, with every comfort provided for him by the High Sheriff. From the moment that Mr. Hylton sat down, he seemed buried in his own thoughts; his head leaning on his hands, which quite covered his agitated face. "Put the prisoner to the bar," said the officer of the Court to the gaoler; and there was instantly a solemn silence, broken presently by the clanking sound of irons: and amidst beating hearts, hurried breathing, and eyes intently fixed on the dock, there slowly approached it, accompanied by two gaolers, and walking not without difficulty in his heavy irons, a tall marvellously well-proportioned man, apparently about thirty years old, with a countenance that, especially irradiated just then by a transient gleam of sunshine, said instantly to all present — that it could never be that of a *murderer*. All were struck by it. 'T was a frank manly face, of a dauntless English cast, yet looked somewhat emaciated from illness and confinement. But for this, there was not among the gentle or simple who beheld him, a finer specimen of the Saxon countenance, including even the colour and disposition of his hair, somewhat disordered though it seemed. He stood straight up at the bar, with an air of manly and somewhat indignant confidence; having bowed respectfully to the Judge, who was watching him with searching scrutiny. Ayliffe's pale face had reddened a little, as he first encountered so exciting a scene, on an occasion to him so unspeakably awful and momentous. His light blue eyes spoke eloquently in his favour, being full of intelligence and spirit, and indicative of goodness; but there was much of suffering in them. As the Judge gazed at him, this favourable impression was deepening, but was effaced, in a moment, by habitual caution, and a recollection of what he had read concerning the case, in the depositions.

"Adam Ayliffe," said the Clerk of the Peace, "hold up thy hand." The prisoner obeyed; holding up his right hand, which was observed to quiver a little. "Thou standest indicted by the name of Adam Ayliffe, late of the Parish of Milverstoke, in this County, labourer, for that thou, not having the fear of God before thine eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the 31st day of December last, in the Parish of Milverstoke, in this County, in and upon one Fitz Stephen Geoffry Lionel Beville, Esquire, commonly called Viscount Alkmond, in the peace of God and of our Lord the King then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of

thy malice aforethought, didst make an assault, and then and there with a certain bludgeon, in thy right hand then and there held, in and upon the head of him, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and with malice aforethought, with the bludgeon aforesaid, didst give him
 5 a mortal wound, whereof he then and there instantly died. How sayest thou, Adam Ayliffe, art thou guilty of the murder and felony with which thou standest indicted, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty! Not guilty!" said the prisoner quickly, and with great energy, and his chest heaved.

10 "How wilt thou be tried?"

"By God and my country," replied the prisoner, prompted by two of the turnkeys near him.

"God send thee a good deliverance," quoth the officer.

"Let the prisoner's irons be removed," said the Judge, after
 15 having spoken privately to the Sheriff, who told him the prisoner's recent severe illness; that no rescue had ever been attempted; and that no violence was to be apprehended.

On this the irons were knocked off; during which process the officer of the Court thus addressed him; — "Prisoner at the bar;
 20 those good men whose names thou wilt now hear called over, are *the Jury*, who are to pass between our Sovereign Lord the King and thee upon thy trial. If, therefore, thou wouldst challenge them, or any of them, thou must do so when each comes to the book to be sworn, and before he is sworn, and thou shalt be heard."

25 The prisoner listened to this brief but significant address so intently, as to be apparently unaware of the act by which he was being liberated from his irons.

Every juryman was then thus publicly and separately sworn: — "Thou shalt well and truly try, and true deliverance make
 30 between our Sovereign Lord the King, and the prisoner at the bar, whom thou shalt have in charge; and a true verdict give, according to the evidence. So help thee God!"

When the twelve had been counted aloud, one by one, and their names called over, the crier thus made proclamation: "If any
 35 one can inform my Lords the King's Justices, the King's Serjeant, or Attorney-General, on this inquest to be now taken between our Sovereign Lord the King, and the prisoner at the bar, of any treason, murders, felonies, or misdemeanours done or committed by the prisoner at the bar, let him come forth, and he shall be heard;
 40 for the prisoner now stands upon his deliverance: and let all persons bound, by their recognizance, to prosecute or give evidence against the prisoner at the bar, come forth, and give their evidence, or they will forfeit their recognizances." After a moment's pause, the officer of the Court said to the prisoner, "Adam Ayliffe, hold up
 45 thy hand." When this had been done, the officer thus addressed

the jury, "Gentlemen of the Jury, look upon the prisoner, and hearken to his charge." Then he read the substance of the indictment, and proceeded, "Upon this indictment the prisoner hath been arraigned: upon his arraignment he had pleaded Not guilty. Your charge, therefore, is to inquire whether he be guilty or not 5 guilty, and to hearken to the evidence."

The Solicitor-General was rising to state the case to the jury, when he turned to the Judge, and whispered; on which, "Prisoner," said the Judge, with a kind and dignified air, "I hear that you have been ill, and may be unable, with comfort, to stand: you 10 may therefore be seated, if you choose."

"I would rather stand, my Lord, till I cannot, with thanks to your Lordship," replied Ayliffe; and the next moment Mr. Solicitor-General had commenced his speech to the jury; speaking with a directness and cogency that were utterly sickening to all who felt 15 any interest in him whose life depended on the proof, or disproof, of what was stated in that speech. Mr. Solicitor made, indeed, a very plain case of it.

"That a foul and bloody murder (it signified nought that it had been done upon a young nobleman, more than upon any other person, 20 high or low, man, woman, or child) had been committed, was beyond all doubt whatever; and the only question that day to be tried, was, whether the prisoner had done that murder. He is found," continued Mr. Solicitor, "within a few yards of the place where lay the newly murdered body; his clothes have a great stain of blood on them; 25 he has a club with him, which, marked with blood, is found in his house; he flies, as for his life, from the spot where the body lay, and, being hotly pursued, reaches home with this blood on him, and this stick with him; and while panting and affrighted, is arrested. This, of itself, surely is the very case put by my Lord Coke, as 30 that of a most violent presumption of guilt; and his words are these; "It is if one be run through the body with a sword in a house, whereof he instantly dieth, and a man is seen to come out of that house with a bloody sword, and no other man was at that time in the house." If the prisoner answer not; nor explain away 35 what will be proved against him; nor show how he came to be in my Lord Milverstoke's wood that evening, at that very time, and to be running away bloody, and with a bloody weapon capable of doing the deed, and yet quite unconcerned in, and ignorant of, this most barbarous and horrid murder — why, gentlemen, what shall 40 be said? Whatever must in such case be said, it is for you alone to say. But the Crown will, as I am instructed, carry this matter much further than even all this; and will show an evil will and malice aforethought of the man at the bar, towards my Lord Milverstoke and his late son, the murdered person; arising, so I am told, out 45

of some angry feeling at the desire of my Lord Milverstoke to become the purchaser of some cottage property of his father's; but more especially because of a poaching affair, which had occurred only some week or so previously to the murder: and on that occasion
5 the prisoner was convicted of poaching on my Lord Milverstoke's land;" — here the prisoner made some eager gesture of dissent, but was anxiously motioned to silence by his advisers — "and then let fall some expressions which I shall leave to a witness to tell you; and which will, I fear, be thought by you to have a serious bearing
10 on this case. These, gentlemen, are the facts which, I am told, we shall prove most clearly before you: so that, you see, however dreadful the consequences of this crime, and exalted the position in society of the victim and his bereaved relatives — with whom there is, as there surely ought to be, a universal sympathy — the case
15 is short and simple on the part of the Crown, who have no wish (God forbid that they should have) to press on the prisoner. He may not make his defence before you by counsel: such is the law of the land, be it good, be it bad: but this I know, it secures the prisoner a counsel in the Judge that tries him, and who will take
20 all fitting care of his interests, as well as those of the public."

With this Mr. Solicitor-General sat down; and the case was not long in being proved, much as the reader has it already. The head keeper and two underkeepers were called as witnesses: and explained that, as they were going their customary rounds, they
25 heard, some twenty or thirty yards off from a particular spot where they were, a dull heavy sound; followed by a fall; then something like a faint groan or sigh; and footsteps. "Halloo!" cried the head keeper, "what is that?" Then all three pushed on, spreading a few yards from each other; when, just as they had got into a
30 pathway, one of them stumbled over the body of Lord Alkmond, and cried Murder; while the two others, hearing running footsteps, followed in their direction till they caught sight of the prisoner; fired after him ineffectually; and finally succeeded in arresting him. His Lordship was in dinner, or evening dress; but had put on a
35 dark great-coat before quitting the Castle; and nothing about his person had been taken away, or disturbed.

The doctor who had been called in, described the blow which Lord Alkmond had been struck, to have been most tremendous, and death to have followed almost instantly; that it had been given
40 by some heavy blunt instrument from behind; and then was produced the stick which was proved to have been taken from the prisoner's house, a day or two after the murder, and which still bore blood-stains on it. (At all this the prisoner was much agitated, using vehement gestures, which were with difficulty restrained
45 by his advisers beneath.) The doctor said that such an instrument

was quite sufficient to occasion the blow which Lord Alkmond had received; and from which he had died.

"It is not true! — it cannot be! — it is not so!" exclaimed the prisoner, with agitation; but he was temperately checked by the Judge.

Then were produced, by the constable, the clothes which the prisoner had worn, when arrested. The left sleeve of the coat must, on that night, have been almost soaked in blood; and other parts of his dress had also marks of blood on them. The prisoner turned ghastly white as these dumb witnesses were arrayed before him and the jury; there was agony in his averted eye; and he shuddered — so indeed did most of those in Court: and his agitation at that moment did him mischief, perhaps irreparable, in the minds of the jury.

Then was called Mr. Oxley — and the prisoner changed colour on hearing the name. This proved to be, indeed, a terrible witness: for speaking in a mild and somewhat prepossessing way, and with a show of reluctance, he yet mentioned expressions used by the prisoner, which, in the judgment of everybody present, established great ill-will towards the noble owner of Milverstoke. He said that he feared the beginning of the son's grudge was the Earl's having bought, on several occasions, parts of a little property owned by the prisoner's father; and showing a desire, through the witness, to purchase the remainder, but at a price infinitely beyond its value. That on one occasion the prisoner had said to the witness, in a sullen way, "Those that live in the cottage may outlive those that live in the Castle!"

The prisoner, on hearing this, gave a prodigious start.

"Was any one present when this was said?" interposed the Judge.

"No, my Lord; we were alone," said the witness.

"Never said I such words — no, nor any like them — nor ever thought them," said the prisoner, vehemently.

Mr. Oxley looked sadly towards the jury, and shook his head. Then he spoke of the conviction for poaching — of which, as then concerned the prisoner, the witness made a far blacker business than the other. He said that the prisoner, observing Mr. Oxley to be present, and knowing the hare to have come from Lord Milverstoke's land, muttered, thinking himself unheard by any, and no one *did* hear him but the witness — "*They shall rue it that own that hare.*"

With this answer sat down, very gravely, the counsel for the Crown: but the prisoner became deadly pale, and said aloud, in a kind of agony, to the counsellor beneath him — "I said not so!"

I never had a thought to say so! O! that my life should thus be sworn away!"

On this his attorney got up, and whispered to him earnestly; so did he to the attorney; and the last to the counsellor, who there-
 5 upon rose, and was going to ask the witness a question, when a piece of paper was handed to him from the magistrate's box, written by Mr. Hylton in some agitation; it was this — "Ask Mr. Oxley whether the words did not apply to another, who had got him into trouble by giving him the hare; and whether the
 10 words were not — "*he shall rue it, that brought me here!*" Tell him that this is written by one who was there that day."

This question was closely pressed on Mr. Oxley; but he said, with great firmness — "No; the words were as I have sworn to them, and closely noted at the time, not liking the prisoner's looks.
 15 I thought of them often afterwards, before this murder was committed; but never dreamed of anything so bloody as this coming of it, or would have had him bound in sureties of the peace, I warrant you."

"And will you say this, when those are present who were
 20 then there?"

"Yes, I will; whether they heard it or not, I cannot tell; but I did. If they heard differently, let them say so."

Mr. Oxley happened to know that Sir Henry Harrington, the magistrate who had convicted poor Ayliffe, was ill at home, of
 25 the gout.

"Did the magistrate's clerk hear it?" inquired the counsel for the prisoner, after much hesitation.

"I cannot say: being busy, he might, or might not. I have not spoken to him on the matter."

30 Several other questions the counsel was disposed to have put, but refrained — perceiving, and having, indeed, been assured, what sort of person the witness was, and how disposed towards the prisoner; so he sat down, and Mr. Solicitor-General asked no questions.

35 "But," said the Judge, in a calm and scrutinizing way, "Mr. Oxley, you will be pleased to repeat the very self-same words which you allege the prisoner to have used on each of the two occasions you have spoken of.

Mr. Oxley immediately did so, with the variation of only an
 40 immaterial word or two.

"Do you positively swear, Sir, that his words before the magistrate were not — "*He shall rue it, that brought me here?*"

"I do, my Lord. His words were — "*they that own that hare.*"

"Is not the sound of the one, very like that of the other?"

45 "Not, my Lord, as the prisoner pronounced it."

"Of course the man was present who had informed against him?"

"Yes, my Lord; he got half the penalty."

"Did anything pass between him and the prisoner?"

"Not, that I saw or heard, my Lord."

"Are they neighbours?"

5

"They live at some six miles' distance from each other."

"What was the man's name?"

"Jonas Hundle."

"Who, or what is he?"

"For aught I know, my Lord, a decent farming-man." 10

"Do you know how he came by the hare that he gave or sold to the prisoner?"

"No, my Lord."

"Is Jonas Hundle still in that part of the country?"

"Yes, my Lord; I saw him last week, hedging and ditching." 15

"How came you to be then at the magistrate's, Sir?"

"I chanced to be there on other business with the justice's clerk, and through one present, offered the prisoner to pay the fine for him, if he and his father would agree with the Earl of Milverstoke about selling their cottage." 20

"Did he accept the offer?"

"No, my Lord; but used some horrid words concerning the Earl, which I recollect not exactly."

"Have you and the prisoner ever had any disputes?"

"No, my Lord; except that he has sometimes made me angry 25 by what he said concerning the Earl and his family: otherwise we have never fallen out."

"What sort of a character bears he?"

Mr. Oxley considered for a moment; and then said, in a very candid manner — "I knew never of anything to his disparagement, 30 before this matter, and that of the hare, were laid to his charge."

After a considerable pause, during which the Judge was evidently engaged in deep thought — "Pray, Mr. Oxley," said he, "do you happen to know how Lord Alkmond came to be in the woods, at so late an hour, and alone?" 35

"No, my Lord; only I have heard —"

"That you cannot tell us, Sir."

"But I know, my Lord, that when at Milverstoke, some time before, his Lordship would take such walks, and go alone."

His Lordship made a few notes, very deliberately; and then, 40 laying down his pen, leaned back, and looked gloomily thoughtful.

"Call back Mr. Oxley," said he, just as Mr. Solicitor-General was rising to say something. "Which was the taller and larger man, Lord Alkmond, or Jonas Hundle?"

"Oh, my Lord, his Lordship was very tall and slight; and Jonas Hundle is stout and short."

"Call back the keeper," said the Judge; and on that witness re-appearing — "Have you ever seen Hundle in the woods at 5 Milverstoke?"

"I cannot recollect, my Lord; I know but little of him."

"Now attend particularly to the question which I am about to ask. Are you quite certain that when you heard the two sounds you have spoken of, just before you came up to the body of 10 Lord Alkmond, you heard no footsteps — I mean, no sound of footsteps in any direction, before you had come up with his Lordship's body?"

"None, my Lord."

"None after you had discovered the body?"

15 "Only those of the prisoner, my Lord, whom my men followed."

"There were no sounds as of running in any other direction?"

"No, my Lord — none."

"Were you not so greatly disturbed at seeing Lord Alkmond's body, that you might have heard, but without noticing, footsteps 20 in another direction?"

"My Lord, I am assured that I did not; I have often since thought of it."

The other two keepers were recalled by the Judge, and asked similar questions, to which they gave similar answers: and then 25 Mr. Solicitor declared that the case for the Crown was closed.

The Judge thereupon glanced ominously at the prisoner's counsel and attorney; who were instantly in anxious consultation, amidst the breathless silence of the court — being, up even to that critical moment, in direful perplexity whether or not to hand in to the 30 officer of the Court, the account which the attorney had drawn up in writing from the prisoner's lips, of the affair, as he protested, without ever varying, that it had happened. Just as they had determined in the negative, but with a dreadful sense of responsibility, behold! their prisoner, as if unable to resist a sudden impulse, 35 turned to the jury, and spoke in substance thus, with a voice at first somewhat smothered, but presently becoming clear: —

"Gentlemen — With my Lord's permission to speak, I have done wrong, and meant to do wrong, but no murder; and I do not wonder why I am now here, for truly appearances be against me 40 terribly. Yet of this murder which has been done, am I every whit as innocent as any of you, or his Lordship there; nor know I who did it, nor why. But I was in the wood at the time when that most cruel deed was done, and was (may God forgive me!) lying in wait to punish one who had hurt and deceived me greatly; and that 45 was the man whom I took yonder stick to cudgel soundly, and

teach him thereby how to lay a cruel snare for one whose wife (as I told him mine was) lay nearly at death's door for lack of nourishment. He spoke kindly to me, as we were hedging, and so afterwards did the man beside us, that came as witness against me before the magistrate; those two being doubtless to have between them what I might have to pay. I cannot but say I knew I had gone against the law therein, and nought like it had ever I done before, though many a time I might. And truly, had I on that terrible night, caught them, or either of them — as I had heard they might chance to be there — God knoweth how much greater mischief I might have done than I intended. But to say I killed Lord Alkmond, is quite contrary to God's truth. I, hearing footsteps at some distance, and thinking only of Hundle, crept onward; and some time after, they getting fainter, I went on faster, and" — a visible tremor came over him — "right across a path lay a body, and I thought the arm moved a little. The fright I then felt, none of you may ever know — God grant you may not! I saw who it was — the poor young Lord, wrapped in a great-coat. I tried to lift him: and just then heard steps coming another way. "Ho," quoth I, "they will say that this I did — having come out after hares again," as I misgave me it would be said; and though at first I was minded to shout for help, I feared, for appearance's sake; and knowing that I did it not, and hearing steps coming nearer, and then voices speaking, as hath been told you to-day, I ran quicker, and was followed, and fired at, as though I had been a wild beast: and here am I this day to answer before you for a murder I never committed, nor dreamt of. Never passed word good, or word ill, between the poor young Lord and me, in our lives; nor, as God doth know, had I malice against him. Now, gentlemen, I hope you believe all this; and may God put it into your hearts to do so, for it is nothing but the truth; and there is one, I think, could say" — he paused, his eyes filled with tears, and he seemed choked. After a while he resumed — "I mean, my old father; were he here — truly glad I am that he is not — that he hath never known falsehood come from my lips — and this is all that I can plead for my poor life, now in danger."

Here his counsel got up, and whispered hastily to him.

"Ay, ay, my Lord, that Mr. Oxley hath put a wrong colour on my words, and much I fear he hath done it knowingly, for he doth not love me nor mine. The words that I said, when I was before the justice for the hare, were not what hath here been said by Mr. Oxley; but I will own I did say then to myself, as I had thought, that it should go hard with them that had brought me where I was, by the cruel means of trapping me with that hare; and those

other words I never said at all, nor any like them, that I can remember, at any time."

At this moment the prisoner suddenly fell heavily on the floor, overcome with exhaustion both of mind and body (which was much
5 weakened by illness), rendering him for a short time insensible. This greatly startled and moved all present. After a while, he was assisted from Court, and given wine and water; and on a message from the Judge being sent to know if he were able and ready to come back, he returned, looking very ill, leaning between two gao-
10 lers, and sat down on the bench, which had been placed for him in the dock, by order of the Judge. Then were called witnesses to speak to his good character, beginning with Mr. Hylton, whose words, and hearty emphatic manner of uttering them, and his high character, evidently produced a great impression in the prisoner's
15 favour. For no mortal man could more have been said, than he said, as clergyman and magistrate, for Ayliffe: who sobbed violently while Mr. Hylton spoke.

Then the Chief Justice turned towards the jury, and all they with anxious faces to him. In a twinkling no earthly sound was
20 audible, but his clear, distinct voice, which thus began: —

"Gentlemen of the Jury: — There be many cases in which we are forced to some judgment or other, on the question of *true*, or *false*; though lamenting, with just cause, that we have but scanty means for forming such judgment. But in this world it ever must
25 be so, judging, as we must, with imperfect faculties, and concerning matters the knowledge whereof, as (observe you!) constantly happens in crimes, is studiously impeded and concealed, by those that have done such crimes. Seeing, then, that our judgment may be wrong, and, as in this case, may be followed by consequences
30 that cannot be remedied by man; and yet that we *must* form a judgment one way or another, or fail of doing our duty to both God and man; we must very solemnly and carefully do our uttermost, as though our own lives were at stake; and, devoutly asking God's assistance in doing so, leave the result with His mercy, wisdom,
35 and justice. Now, gentlemen, in this case, forget, for a very little while, that life depends on the judgment which you must pronounce; but only by-and-by to remember it the more distinctly and religiously. Did this man at the bar slay the late Lord Alkmond? is your first question; and the only other is — Did he do it with
40 malice aforethought? for if he did, then has he done murder, and your verdict must needs be *Guilty*. He says before you to-day, that he did not kill the Lord Alkmond at all. If you verily believe that he did not, nor was by, counselling and assisting those who did, why, there ends the matter, and he is Not Guilty. But did he?
45 No one but Almighty God above, and the prisoner himself, can —

as far as we seem able this day to see — absolutely know whether the prisoner did, as though you had yourselves seen him do it; for even if he had never so solemnly told you that he did, yet that telling would not be such absolute knowledge, but, as I may say, next door to it; and so is it, observe you well, if facts be proved before you, which, be they few or many, point only one way, unless all sense and reason are to be disregarded and outraged. Look, then, to what are proved, to your satisfaction, to be *facts*; and also forget not that which the prisoner himself has this day voluntarily told you. That some one did this foul murder is past dispute, the wound proved not being of such a nature that it could possibly have been inflicted by Lord Alkmond himself. The prisoner owns himself to have been with the body at a time closely after that when the deed must, by all accounts, have been done; and yet says, that he knows nothing whatever of it, though he ran away; and bloody; and with a bloody stick, such as, it is sworn before you, might have done it. If these be really *facts*, are they not such as point one way only, according to the expression of my Lord Coke, which was read rightly to you by Mr. Solicitor? There is, as you see, no suggestion this day concerning any other who might have done the deed. But the prisoner himself does admit that he went whither he had no right to go; and, in doing that trespassed secretly by night on the land of another for a malicious and revengeful purpose, armed with that dangerous weapon which you have seen, and is now here; which purpose was privily to lay wait for one who, he says, had wronged him: and (he says himself) that he might, in his anger, possibly have gone further with this unlawful and felonious assault, than he had intended when he began it. Now, gentlemen, is it possible, according to the best of your judgment upon these facts, that the prisoner unhappily lit suddenly upon Lord Alkmond, and in the darkness, and the haste of his angered temper, mistook him for the man for whom he was lying in wait, and slew him; and, hearing voices and footsteps, fled for it?" The Chief Justice paused, and the jury were evidently uneasy, gazing on him very intently.

"If that were so," continued the Judge, "then is the person guilty of the murder of Lord Alkmond, beyond all possible doubt; and your verdict must be Guilty, founded on facts proved, and his own admissions. That, I tell you, is the clear law of England, which you must, on your oaths, abide by."

The prisoner here made violent efforts to rise and speak, but was prevailed on by those beside him, and beneath him, to remain silent, while this frightful possibility against him was being put to the jury. The man most agitated at this time, next to the prisoner, was Mr. Hylton.

"Your first question, gentlemen, as I have told you," proceeded the Chief Justice, "is, Did the prisoner kill Lord Alkmond? And methinks it may not be ill for you to ask yourselves, If it were not the prisoner, who could it have been? Do you, in your sound
5 discretion, verily, on your oaths, believe that it was not the prisoner? You may so believe, if you credit what he has said here to-day, having, look you, due regard to what is otherwise proved against him. But have you, gentlemen, in your souls, and on your con-
10 sciences, so much uncertainty on the matter, that you cannot bring yourselves to say the prisoner struck the blow, or (which is the same thing in law) was present counselling or assisting those who did? Then has the Crown failed to bring before you evidence sufficient to prove the case which they undertook to prove. But
15 beware, gentlemen, (as't is my duty to warn you) of being led away from proved facts, by speculation and conjecture, which are mere Will-o'-the-wisps, as I may say, if far-fetched and fanciful; and also take care not to be drawn from your duty by thoughts of the cruelty or meanness which the prisoner charges (for aught we know, truly) on him whom he owns that he went to injure. And as for
20 what has been sworn by Mr. Oxley, my Lord Milverstoke's local agent, and seemingly a reputable person, why, consider whether you believe that this gentleman really heard the very words which he swears he heard the prisoner use. If such words were spoken, as are told us to-day, they go some little way to show deliberate
25 malice towards the Lord Milverstoke and his family generally; — but Mr. Oxley may be mistaken after all, or (which God forbid) may have had such horrid wickedness as to colour, invent, or pervert, advisedly, against the prisoner. You will also, though I trust it may be needless to mention such a thing, think nothing whatever
30 of the interest with which this trial may have been looked forward to outside or be listened to in this place, to-day; but think you only of your being on your solemn oaths before Almighty God, and judging as fearlessly and justly as though the prisoner and the late Lord Alkmond had changed places — as though the prisoner had
35 been murdered, and Lord Alkmond were here to answer for it. Consider the case, then, gentlemen, under the pressure and sanction of your oaths, according to proved facts, and plain probabilities, such as would guide you in important affairs of your own. Say — Did Lord Alkmond kill himself? Are you totally in the dark?
40 Can you form no reasonable opinion on the matter? Did Lord Alkmond and the prisoner contend together, so as to make the killing manslaughter? Of this there is no pretence whatever now before you. Then did the prisoner strike the fatal blow, whether knowing the person to be Lord Alkmond, or mistaking him for
45 some one else whom he intended to kill or maim? In either of

these two cases you must say — *Guilty*. But if you think the prisoner neither struck the blow, nor counselled nor assisted those who did — knowing nothing, indeed (as he hath alleged), about the matter, and that what he has said before you this day is the pure truth, then say you that he is *Not Guilty*. And now, gentlemen, consider the verdict which you shall pronounce.” 5

On this a bailiff was thus sworn publicly, —

“You do swear, that you will keep this jury without meat, drink, fire or candle, in some quiet and convenient place; that you will suffer none to speak to them, nor any of them, neither speak to 10 them nor any of them, yourself, without leave of the Court, except to ask them whether they have agreed on their verdict, — So help you God!”

Slowly then arose the twelve from their seats; and following the bailiff to their private room, passed on to it, scarcely one of them 15 looking at the prisoner, within a few yards of whom they walked on their gloomy errand; nor did he look at them, but seemed faint and exhausted: which the Judge observing, gave him leave to retire, till the jury should have returned with their verdict.

Then Mr. Hylton withdrew for a moment to the room, the 20 key of which he had with him, where he had left old Ayliffe, whom Mr. Hylton found staring towards the door, with mute terror, as he entered.

“I bring no news yet — the case is not over yet,” said Mr. Hylton quickly, but with a heavy sigh, and a face of fearful gloom. 25

After in vain attempting to make the old man take any nourishment, Mr. Hylton returned to Court, almost trembling at the bare thought of a sudden knock at the door announcing the return of the jury while he was absent with the prisoner’s father, on whom a sudden shock might have fatal effects. On his return to Court 30 he found the Judge sitting with a very solemn countenance, having spoken to no one since the jury had retired, except to utter a stern “No,” to some counsel, who, after the jury had been absent some time, got up and asked his Lordship if he would go on at once with the other two capital cases, “which would not occupy long!” 35 Thus lightly was spoken, and thought of, in those times, a capital conviction for trivial and uninteresting offences.

Mr. Hylton permitted another to occupy his seat, he standing near the door in a state of sickening anxiety, in order that, whatever should be the verdict, he might be able to enter with a little 40 preparation and calmness the room where the old man was, at the door of which he had a servant stationed, to prevent any sudden noise or knocking. At length the low general whispering which had been going on in Court, for upwards of an hour and a half, was arrested by the sound of knocking at the jury-room door; and, 45

while all voices were hushed, few faces were there that did not then change colour; few hearts that did not throb thickly and fast.

"Put the prisoner to the bar," said the officer of the Court; and before the first jurymen had returned, the unhappy prisoner
5 came slowly forward from beneath the prison, to the bar, and stood there with much firmness, but his face manifestly flushed.

Oh! who could tell the appalling agony which he had to endure, while the twelve jurymen's names were being slowly called over, they answering one by one, all looking either on the floor, or away
10 from the prisoner!

The last name having been called over, —

"Adam Ayliffe," said the officer, "hold up thy hand!"

The prisoner did so, and a very awful silence ensued, while the officer proceeded to say to the jury.

15 "Gentlemen of the Jury, have ye agreed upon your verdict? Who shall say for you? Ye shall speak by your foreman. Do ye say that the prisoner at the bar is guilty of the felony and murder with which he stands charged, or not guilty?"

"*Guilty*," said the foreman — and those who were watching
20 the prisoner, observed the colour fly rapidly from his face, like breath from a glass, leaving him of a corpse-like colour. But he stood firmly — his lips appeared to move, and he spoke; no one, however, hearing him but those next to him, who said that his words were,

25 "Now am I murdered, who never did murder any one!"

"Hearken to your verdict as the Court records it," said the officer, (as soon as the verdict had been pronounced), writing the fatal "*Guilty*" on the indictment. "Ye say that Adam Ayliffe is guilty of the felony and murder whereof he stands indicted: that
30 is your verdict, and so ye say all."

There was a moment's thrilling silence.

"Call upon him!" said the Judge, in a low tone, gazing very solemnly at the prisoner, while the officer thus called on him to hear judgment.

35 "Adam Ayliffe, hold up thy hand. Thou hast been indicted of felony and murder: thou wast thereupon arraigned, and didst plead thereto Not Guilty, and for thy trial didst put thyself upon God and thy country; which country hath found thee Guilty. What hast thou now to say, why the Court should not give thee judgment upon that conviction, to die according to law?"
40

A momentary pause ensued — this being the time for the prisoner's counsel to take any objection in law to the sufficiency of the indictment, so as to arrest the judgment; but the prisoner's counsel spoke not, nor moved. Then the Judge drew from beneath

his desk a black velvet cap, and placed it upon his head; a sigh, or sob, being audible throughout the Court while he did so.

Then rose the crier, and said, in a loud voice,

“Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! My lords the King’s Justices do strictly charge and command all manner of persons to keep silence, whilst sentence of death is passing against the prisoner at the bar, upon pain of imprisonment!” 5

The prisoner stood staring at the Judge, with ashy cheek and glazed eye, while the following words were being uttered, the import of which was, perhaps, at that fearful moment, only imperfectly apprehended by him to whom they were addressed, with a calmness and deliberation that were utterly appalling. 10

“Adam Ayliffe, the word has just been spoken, which has severed you from this world, and from life. You stand there convicted of a most foul and cruel murder, upon a young nobleman, in the very heyday of happiness, prosperity, and grandeur, and, on your own showing, utterly unoffending against you. Whether there be any truth whatever in that which you have this day said in your defence, I know not: a jury of twelve honest men here, whose present manifest agitation shows the pain with which they have discharged a sacred duty, have rejected your story, and found that you did actually commit this awful crime: and this without venturing to speak, even, of recommending you to mercy. I am bound to tell you that I agree with their verdict, entirely; and all intelligent persons who hear me are now probably regarding you as a justly convicted murderer. Indeed, what enormous offences must go unpunished, if evidence so clear as that given this day in your case, were held not sufficient to bring you to conviction! An earthly tribunal has endeavoured to do its duty, and is consoled, in its anxiety, by reflecting on the overpowering strength of the evidence which has been brought before it. Get you, unhappy, misguided man, victim of your own guilty and headlong passions, to your knees without one moment’s delay, to prepare, after quitting this earthly, for your speedy appearance before a heavenly tribunal. I will not waste your few precious, most inestimably precious, hours which yet remain to you, — by doing more than conjuring you to address yourself devoutly to Him who, and who alone, is able to save you from the bitter pains of eternal death. Through your blessed Redeemer, who ever liveth to make intercession for you, beseech, and implore the pardon and mercy of your offended God! Alas! all that now remains for me to do, as your earthly judge, is to declare and pronounce upon you the sentence of the law: which sentence is, that you, Adam Ayliffe, be taken back to the place whence you came; and thence, on Monday now next, to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck 45

until you be dead: and that afterwards your body be dissected and anatomized. — And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"Amen!" solemnly cried the Chaplain, who, on the jury's pronouncing their verdict, had silently come, in his full canonicals, 5 a little behind the Judge's seat, and stood there only long enough to pronounce that word, and then withdrew.

The wretched prisoner moved not, nor spoke when the Judge had concluded; and apparently mechanically, turned round and accompanied the two gaolers who stood beside him, and who put- 10 ting his arms within theirs, gently led him away from amidst the sea of solemn faces around him, to the cell, which, within a few short hours, he would have to quit, only to appear before a far greater assemblage, on, if possible, a more awful occasion, with what decorum and firmness he might. (Samuel Warren.)

15

25. OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR.

We are very fond of speculating as we walk through a street, on the character and pursuits of the people who inhabit it; and nothing so materially assists us in these speculations as the appearance of the house-doors. The various expressions of the hu- 20 man countenance afford a beautiful and interesting study; but there is something in the physiognomy of street-door knockers, almost as characteristic, and nearly as infallible. Whenever we visit a man for the first time, we contemplate the features of his knocker with the greatest curiosity, for we well know, that between the man 25 and his knocker, there will inevitably be a greater or less degree of resemblance and sympathy.

For instance, there is one description of knocker that used to be common enough, but which is fast passing away — a large round one, with the jolly face of a convivial lion smiling blandly 30 at you, as you twist the sides of your hair into a curl, or pull up your shirt-collar while you are waiting for the door to be opened; we never saw that knocker on the door of a churlish man — so far as our experience is concerned, it invariably bespoke hospitality and another bottle.

35 No man ever saw this knocker on the door of a small attorney or bill-broker; they always patronize the other lion; a heavy ferocious-looking fellow, with a countenance expressive of savage stupidity — a sort of grand master among the knockers, and a great favourite with the selfish and brutal.

40 Then there is a little pert Egyptian knocker, with a long thin face, a pinched up nose, and a very sharp chin: he is most in vogue with your government-office people, in light drabs and

starched cravats; little spare priggish men, who are perfectly satisfied with their own opinions, and consider themselves of paramount importance.

We were greatly troubled a few years ago, by the innovation of a new kind of knocker, without any face at all, composed of a wreath, depending from a hand or small truncheon. A little trouble and attention, however, enabled us to overcome this difficulty, and to reconcile the new system to our favourite theory. You will invariably find this knocker on the doors of cold and formal people, who always ask you why you *don't* come, and never say *do*. 5 10

Every body knows the brass knocker is common to suburban villas, and extensive boarding-schools; and having noticed this genus we have recapitulated all the most prominent and strongly-defined species. 15

Some phrenologists affirm, that the agitation of a man's brain by different passions, produces corresponding developments in the form of his skull. Do not let us be understood as pushing our theory to the length of asserting, that any alteration in a man's disposition would produce a visible effect on the feature of his knocker. Our position merely is, that in such a case, the magnetism which must exist between a man and his knocker, would induce the man to remove, and seek some knocker more congenial to his altered feelings. If you ever find a man changing his habitation without any reasonable pretext, depend upon it, that, although he may not be aware of the fact himself, it is because he and his knocker are at variance. This is a new theory, but we venture to launch it, nevertheless, as being quite as ingenious and infallible as many thousand of the learned speculations which are daily broached for public good and private fortune-making. 20 25 30

Entertaining these feelings on the subject of knockers, it will be readily imagined with what consternation we viewed the entire removal of the knocker from the door of the next house to the one we lived in, some time ago, and the substitution of a bell. This was a calamity we had never anticipated. The bare idea of any body being able to exist without a knocker, appeared so wild and visionary, that it had never for one instant entered our imagination. 35

We sauntered moodily from the spot, and bent our steps towards Eaton Square, then just building. What was our astonishment and indignation to find that bells were fast becoming the rule, and knockers the exception! Our theory trembled beneath the shock. We hastened home; and fancying we foresaw in the swift progress of events, its entire abolition, resolved from that day 40 45

forward to vent our speculations on our next-door neighbours in person. The house adjoining ours on the left hand was uninhabited and we had, therefore, plenty of leisure to observe our next-door neighbours on the other side.

5 The house without the knocker was in the occupation of a city clerk, and there was a neatly-written bill in the parlour window intimating that lodgings for a single gentleman were to be let within.

It was a neat, dull little house, on the shady side of the way,
10 with new, narrow floor-cloth in the passage, and new narrow stair-carpet up to the first floor. The paper was new, and the paint was new, and the furniture was new; and all three, paper, paint, and furniture, bespoke the limited means of the tenant. There was a little red and black carpet in the drawing-room, with a
15 border of flooring all the way round; a few stained chairs and a pembroke table. A pink shell was displayed on each of the little sideboards, which, with the addition of a tea-tray and caddy, a few more shells on the mantelpiece, and three peacock's feathers tastefully arranged above them, completed the decorative furniture
20 of the apartment.

This was the room destined for the reception of the single gentleman during the day, and a little back room on the same floor was assigned as his sleeping apartment by night.

The bill had not been long in the window, when a stout
25 good-humoured looking gentleman, of about five-and-thirty, appeared as a candidate for the tenancy. Terms were soon arranged, for the bill was taken down immediately after his first visit. In a day or two the single gentleman came in, and shortly afterwards his real character came out.

30 First of all, he displayed a most extraordinary partiality for sitting up till three or four o'clock in the morning, drinking whiskey-and-water, and smoking cigars; then he invited friends home, who used to come at ten o'clock, and begin to get happy about the small hours, when they evinced their perfect contentment
35 by singing songs with half-a-dozen verses of two lines each, and a chorus of ten, which chorus used to be shouted forth by the whole strength of the company, in the most enthusiastic and vociferous manner, to the great annoyance of the neighbours, and the special discomfort of another single gentleman overhead.

40 Now, this was bad enough, occurring as it did three times a week on the average, but this was not all; for when the company *did* go away, instead of walking quietly down the street, as any body else's company would have done, they amused themselves by making alarming and frightful noises, and counterfeiting the shrieks
45 of females in distress; and one night, a red-faced gentleman in a

white hat knocked in a most urgent manner at the door of the powdered-headed old gentleman at No. 3, and when the powdered-headed old gentleman who thought one of his married daughters must have been taken ill, had groped down stairs, and after a great deal of unbolting and key-turning, opened the street door, the red-faced man in the white hat said he hoped he'd excuse his giving him so much trouble, but he'd feel obliged if he'd favour him with a glass of cold spring water, and the loan of a shilling for a cab to take him home, on which the old gentleman slammed the door and went up stairs, and threw the contents of his water jug out of window — very straight, only it went over the wrong man; and the whole street was involved in confusion.

A joke 's a joke; and even practical jests are very capital in their way, if you can only get the other party to see the fun of them; but the population of our street were so dull of apprehension, as to be quite lost to a sense of the drollery of this proceeding: and the consequence was, that our next-door neighbour was obliged to tell the single gentleman, that unless he gave up entertaining his friends at home, he really must be compelled to part with him. The single gentleman received the remonstrance with great good-humour, and promised from that time forward, to spend his evenings at a coffee-house — a determination which afforded general and unmixed satisfaction.

The next night passed off very well, every body being delighted with the change; but on the next, the noises were renewed with greater spirit than ever. The single gentleman's friends being unable to see him in his own house every alternate night, had come to the determination of seeing him home every night; and what with the discordant greetings of the friends at parting, and the noise created by the single gentleman in his passage up stairs, and his subsequent struggles to get his boots off, the evil was not to be borne. So, our next-door neighbour gave the single gentleman, who was a very good lodger in other respects, notice to quit; and the single gentleman went away, and entertained his friends in other lodgings.

The next applicant for the vacant first floor, was of a very different character from the troublesome single gentleman who had just quitted it. He was a tall, thin, young gentleman, with a profusion of brown hair, reddish whiskers, and very slightly developed mustaches. He wore a braided surtout, with frogs behind, light gray trousers, and wash-leather gloves, and had altogether rather a military appearance. So unlike the roystering single gentleman. Such insinuating manners, and such a delightful address! So seriously disposed too! When he first came to look

at the lodgings, he inquired most particularly whether he was sure to be able to get a seat in the parish church, and when he had agreed to take them, he requested to have a list of the different local charities, as he intended to subscribe his mite to the most
5 deserving among them.

Our next-door neighbour was now perfectly happy. He had got a lodger at last, of just his own way of thinking — a serious, well-disposed man, who abhorred gaiety, and loved retirement. He took down the bill with a light heart, and pictured in imagination
10 a long series of the quiet Sundays, on which he and his lodger would exchange mutual civilities and Sunday papers.

The serious man arrived, and his luggage was to arrive from the country next morning. He borrowed a clean shirt, and a prayer-book, from our next-door neighbour, and retired to rest at an
15 early hour, requesting that he might be called punctually at ten o'clock next morning — not before, as he was much fatigued.

He *was* called, and did not answer: he was called again, but there was no reply. Our next-door neighbour became alarmed and burst the door open. The serious man had left the house
20 mysteriously; carrying with him the shirt, the prayer-book, a tea-spoon, and the bedclothes.

Whether the occurrence, coupled with the irregularities of his former lodger, gave our next-door neighbour an aversion to single gentlemen, we know not; we only know that the next bill
25 which made its appearance in the parlour window intimated generally, that there were furnished apartments to let on the first floor. The bill was soon removed. The new lodgers at first attracted our curiosity, and afterwards excited our interest.

They were a young lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother,
30 a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weeds, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor — very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pittance the boy earned, by copying writings, and translating for booksellers.

35 They had removed from some country place and settled in London; partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, perhaps, with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances, and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses,
40 and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter those privations were, and how hard the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew but themselves. Night after night, two, three, four hours after midnight, could we hear the occasional raking up of the scanty fire, or the hollow and half-stifled cough,
45 which indicated his being still at work; and day after day, could

we see more plainly. that nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face, which is the beacon of her worst disease.

Actuated, we hope, by a higher feeling than mere curiosity, we contrived to establish, first an acquaintance, and then a close intimacy, with the poor strangers. Our worst fears were realized; 5 the boy was sinking fast. Through a part of the winter, and the whole of the following spring and summer, his labours were unceasingly prolonged: and the mother attempted to procure needle-work embroidery — any thing for bread.

A few shillings now and then, were all she could earn. The 10 boy worked steadily on; dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint or murmur.

One beautiful autumn evening we went to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying 15 on the sofa at the open window, gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for she closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us.

"I was telling William," she said, "that we must manage to take him into the country somewhere, so that he may get quite 20 well. He is not ill, you know, but he is not very strong, and has exerted himself too much lately." Poor thing! The tears that streamed through her fingers, as she turned aside, as if to adjust her close widow's cap, too plainly showed how fruitless was the attempt to deceive herself. 25

We sat down by the head of the sofa but said nothing, for we saw the breath of life was passing gently but rapidly from the young form before us. At every respiration, his heart beat more slowly.

The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm 30 with the other, drew her hastily towards him, and fervently kissed her cheek. There was a pause. He sunk back upon his pillow, and looked long and earnestly in his mother's face.

"William, William!" murmured the mother after a long interval, "don't look at me so — speak to me, dear!" 35

The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved into the same cold, solemn gaze.

"William, dear William! rouse yourself, dear; don't look at me so, love — pray don't! Oh, my God! what shall I do!" cried the widow, clasping her hands in agony — "my dear boy! he 40 is dying!"

The boy raised himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together — "Mother! dear, dear mother, bury me in the open fields — anywhere but in these dreadful streets. I should like to be where you can see my grave, but not in these close 45

crowded streets; they have killed me; kiss me again mother; put your arm round my neck —”

He fell back, and a strange expression stole upon his features; not of pain or suffering, but an indescribable fixing of every line and muscle.

The boy was dead.

(*Charles Dickens.*)

26. DEFINITIONS OF PLEASURE.

It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure to a schoolboy, means ‘tying a string to his school-fellow’s toe when he is asleep, and pulling till it awaken him.’ Pleasure to a man of an inquiring mind, means ‘a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off.’ Pleasure to a man of taste, means ‘a first-rate artist and a good dinner.’ Pleasure to a fine lady, means ‘having something to do to drive away the time.’ Pleasure to an antiquarian, means ‘an illegible inscription.’ Pleasure to a connoisseur, means ‘a dark invisible, very fine picture.’ Pleasure to a philosopher — a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means ‘liking nothing, despising everything, and proving every one a simpleton except himself.’ Pleasure to a beggar, means ‘a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling.’ Pleasure to a sailor, ‘a fresh breeze and a sight of land.’ Pleasure to the afflicted, ‘a tear.’ Pleasure to the social, ‘the human face divine.’ Pleasure to the morose, ‘I shan’t see a soul for the next six months.’ Pleasure to an author, ‘the last page of his manuscript’ — bliss inexpressible — *Finis*. Pleasure to all, every one in their own way, and that way a different one.

(*Anne Grey.*)

ZWEITE ABTHEILUNG.

**DESCRIPTIONS
OF
NATURE AND NATIONAL MANNERS.**

Natur- und Volksbilder.

ZWILTE ABTHUNGE

DESCRIPTIONS

OF

FAITH AND NATIONAL MANNERS

Notes and Observations

1. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure passed.

Cowper. 5

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and 10 green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours.

In some countries the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and in- 15 telligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this carnival, return 20 again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. 25 They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a turn for rural 30 occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of his commercial enterprises. Even those less fortunate individuals, who 35 are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; 40 and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town, are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either

absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going some-
 5 where else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning. An immense metropolis like London is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In
 10 their casual and transient meetings, they can but deal briefly in common-places. They present but the cold superficies of character — its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his
 15 natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect round him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraints. His country seat abounds with every requisite, either
 20 for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint, either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

25 The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts
 30 of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles
 35 of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake — the sequestered pool, reflecting
 40 the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what
 45 most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decoo-

rate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows 5 into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of a velvet turf; the partial 10 opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading, yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country 15 has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the 20 wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest 25 levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. In- 30 stead of the softness and effeminacy which characterise the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These 35 hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and 40 operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial

farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not universally the case at present as it was formerly: 5 the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads 10 a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and tough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower 15 orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusement of the country bring men more and more together; and the 20 sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the 25 unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature: the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets—that have 30 continued down from “The Flower and the Leaf” of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and 35 revelled with her,—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts,—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints 40 to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms 45 of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles

and places, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home-scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farmhouse and moss-grown cottage is a picture: and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness. 5

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its Gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar. — The parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants — the stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedges, according to an immemorable right of way — the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported — the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene; — all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation. 10 15 20 25 30

It is a pleasing sight on a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them. 35

It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I cannot close these desultory remarks better, than by quoting the words of a modern English poet (Rann Kennedy), who has depicted it with remarkable felicity: — 40

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless,

In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
 Down to the cottaged vale, and straw-roof'd shed,
 This western isle hath long been famed for scenes
 Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling-place:
 5 Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
 (Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
 Can centre in a little quiet nest
 All that desire would fly for through the earth;
 That can, the world eluding, be itself
 10 A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses
 But its own sharers, and approving heaven;
 That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
 Smiles, though 't is looking only at the sky.

(Washington Irving.)

15

2. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter
 part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost
 mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year,
 I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There
 20 was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence
 of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like
 stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself
 among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster school, through
 25 a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look,
 being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the
 massy walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the
 cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown,
 moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from
 30 one of the neighbouring tombs. The approach to the abbey
 through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its
 solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet
 and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by
 damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered
 35 over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the
 death's heads, and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of
 the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses
 which adorned the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; everything
 bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has
 40 something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the
 square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the
 centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind
 of dusty splendour. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up

to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavouring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement 5 beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and 10 Giselbertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1144, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon the distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact 15 homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these grave-stones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey-clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the 20 cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully 25 upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom 30 of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every foot-fall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted. 35

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. 40

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and justled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those, whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and 45

artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of
 5 one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakspeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity
 10 of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and
 15 companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure: but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active and immediate. He has
 20 lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the
 25 diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of
 30 the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name; or the cognisance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death,
 35 it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armour as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely
 40 populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armour. A large buckler was on one arm; the
 45 hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the

face was almost covered by the morion: the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction; between the history 5 and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, 10 the romantic fictions, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which 15 we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful 20 attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes 25 a loftier consciousness of family worth and honourable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art; 30 but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubilliac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her af- 35 frighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph, bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre. — But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread 40 horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by every thing that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, 45

studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear; the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose
5 around: and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant
10 tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sun had poured his last ray through the lofty windows; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel.
15 A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turned heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture
20 and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrustated with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the
25 fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, of oak, richly carved, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are
30 affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords: and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendour of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold grey fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder, —
35 his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a lofty and superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementoes which show the dust and oblivion
40 in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne
45 before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall

was bright with the valour and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendour of jewelled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place; interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had 5 found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion.

When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling 10 in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets: all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honours: the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave; which brings down the oppressor 15 to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth, in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls 20 of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are 25 stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon a tomb, round which is an iron railing much corroded, bearing her national emblem, the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary. 30

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, 35 gave a deeper and a more solemn interest to the place.

Suddenly the notes of the deep labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell 40 through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!—And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes 45

of melody: they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about the lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn
5 cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful — it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls — the ear is stunned — the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee — it is rising from the earth to heaven — the very soul seems rapt away and
10 floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me: the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token
15 of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general
20 survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and states-
25 men, lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human
30 pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementoes had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness? — to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonour to which it must soon arrive; how soon
35 that crown which encircles its brow must pass away; and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful
40 and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and groveling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments: the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of
45 imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless.

Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult — all more or less outraged and dishonoured!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light: the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death; his great shadowy palace: where he sits, in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Brown, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy: the inscription moulders from the tablet: the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What then is to ensure the pile which now towers above me

from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet, when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and
 5 the owl hoot from the shattered tower — when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history
 10 is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

(*Washington Irving.*)

3. A VISIT TO MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S BREWERY.

One of the "Privileged Sights" of the metropolis is a visit of inspection to the vast Brewery of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and
 15 Company, in Southwark, which we may characterise as the largest establishment of its class in the kingdom, or indeed, in the world. By a "privileged sight," we mean that it can only be enjoyed by a letter of introduction, and as a privilege granted by their courtesy; and a large proportion of the foreigners of distinction who visit London
 20 avail themselves of such permission to inspect the gigantic Brewery. In the travelled sight-lover, it invariably excites wonder at its extent, and admiration of its completeness; and even the indweller of London, surrounded with her splendour, never fails, on visiting the Brewery, to be impressed with what Dr. Johnson called "the potentiality of
 25 growing rich beyond the dream of avarice."

The Brewery and its appurtenances may be described, generally, as occupying about twelve acres of ground, immediately adjoining Bankside; and extending from the land-arches of Southwark Bridge, nearly half of the distance to those of London Bridge. Within the
 30 Brewery walls is included the site of the famous Globe Theatre, which Shakspeare has bound so closely up with his own history; and, in a history of the neighbourhood, dated 1795, it is stated that "the passage which led to the Globe Tavern, of which the playhouse formed a part, was, till within these few years, known by the name
 35 of Globe-alley, and upon its site now stands a large storehouse for porter." We are inclined to regard this evidence as traditional. However, the last Globe Theatre was taken down about the time of the Commonwealth; and so late as 1720, Maiden-lane (now called New Park-street), of which Globe-alley was an offshoot, was
 40 a long, straggling place, with ditches on each side; the passage to the houses being over little bridges, with little garden-plots before them.

Early in the last century there was a Brewery here, comparatively

very small: it then belonged to a Mr. Halsey, who, on retiring from it with a large fortune, sold it to the elder Mr. Thrale: he became Sheriff of Surrey, and M. P. for Southwark; and died in 1758, leaving his property to a son, the friend of Dr. Johnson, who, from 1765 to the brewer's death, lived at the Brewery, and at his villa at Streatham. Before the fire at the Brewery, in 1831, the room was pointed out, near the gate, in which the Doctor wrote many of his most celebrated works, more particularly his Dictionary. In 1781 Mr. Thrale died; and as he had no sons, his executors, of whom Dr. Johnson was one, sold the Brewery jointly to Mr. Barclay and Mr. Perkins, (the latter of whom had been the superintendent of the Brewery,) for the sum of £ 135,000! and the property is now held by the descendants of those gentlemen. The concern in Thrale's time must have been comparatively small; for he did not brew annually more than one twelfth part of the quantity now brewed by the same establishment. Nevertheless, we remember it of considerably less extent, about thirty years since. In 1832, a great portion of the old premises was destroyed by fire; they were rebuilt as speedily as possible, with all the advantages of improved constructive skill, both as regards the premises and machinery: iron, stone, and brick are the materials chiefly employed, and all possible provision made for the speedy extinction of fire, by a plentiful and practical supply of water.

The precise extent of the Brewery can scarcely be explained without a ground plan; but it may be sufficient to state that, having crossed by Southwark-bridge, to the Surrey side, we descend from the Bridge-road to New Park-street, which is flanked by lofty buildings, connected by a covered bridge, or passage; these are ranges of malt warehouses, extending northward, with a wharf, to Bankside; of themselves a vast block of buildings.

At the termination of New Park-street, we proceed southward, through Park-street, both sides of which are occupied by the Brewery buildings, extending several hundred feet, and connected by a light suspension-bridge. To the right, is the vast Brewhouse itself, and the principal entrance-gate, fronting which are the offices and counting-houses.

Before we start, we may explain that from the roof of a large building (the tun-room), nearly in the middle of the premises, may be obtained a bird's-eye view of nearly all the various parts of the establishment. Towards the north-east, on the river-side, is the wharf already mentioned, whence beer is shipped for exportation; to the north, are the two ranges of malt-warehouses, separated by New Park-street, and connected by the covered bridge, as also described; westward, is an open court, containing an engine-house, with all the

steam-engine apparatus, two water-reservoirs, a cooperage, a building where casks are cleansed, sheds for containing empty casks, and various other buildings; southward, is a vast range of storehouses, where the beer is kept in vats; beyond these is a range of stables, 5 for the dray-horses; to the south-east, are the fining-house and some of the storehouses; and, lastly, eastward, are the porter and ale brewhouses, connected by the suspension-bridge passing over Park-street below. Such is a general glance at the entire establishment; we will now descend to details, in the order observed in brewing.

10 First, the water used is that of the river Thames, pumped up by a steam engine, through a large iron main, which passes under the malt warehouses, and leads to the water reservoir, or liquor-backs, as they are technically called. These two cisterns and their supporting columns are of cast-iron, and reach an elevation 15 of some 40 feet. By this means, the establishment may be supplied with water for brewing to the extent of a hundred thousand gallons daily. There is on the premises, near the reservoirs, a well 367 feet deep; but its water, on account of its low temperature, is principally used for cooling the beer in hot weather.

20 Near the cisterns is the engine-house, wherein is the steam-engine, by which the water is conveyed from the Thames to the cisterns, and thence to the brewing vessels; and the machinery is worked throughout the Brewhouse. There are, however, two engines, both constructed by Boulton and Watt; one of 45, the other of 30 25 horse power; the latter erected sixty-seven years since, and one of the boilers in 1810. The furnace chimney is 19 feet below the surface, and 110 feet above; and, by its great bulk, denotes the situation of this gigantic establishment among the forest of South-wark chimneys.

30 Next, to the malt-warehouses, in New Park-street. The malt is carried from barges at the river-side by porters, and deposited in enormous bins in the northern range of warehouses. Of these bins there are some two dozen in number, each of the height or depth of an ordinary three-storied house; they are filled by doors 35 opening at the sides; and, on throwing a few grains into an empty bin from the topmost passage through the range of them, it had the effect of pebbles let fall into a well. It might be expected that such a store of malt would be a "happy haven" for rats and mice; they rear, however, but a few of the latter; the rats betak- 40 ing themselves to the strong drink elsewhere on the premises; but they are all kept in check by a standing army of cats, some forty-five in number, and who are regularly fed and maintained.

The malt, when wanted, is conveyed from the north to the south warehouses through the covered way across the street, by 45 a very curious arrangement. The malt is first taken through a

sliding door in the lower part of the front of the bin, and which door being lifted up, the malt rushes into baskets, placed there to receive it; and these are carried by porters, and emptied into a large funnel or hopper. Into this dips an endless leather band, worked by rollers at top and bottom, and carrying a series of tin buckets; and, as this band (or "Jacob's ladder," as it is termed) travels, each bucket dips into the malt, fills itself, travels upwards to the top of the building, and there empties the malt upon a canvass cloth, or "carrier," which is stretched through the covered way across the street, works upon rollers at the two ends, and thus conveys the malt to the bins in the southern warehouses. Thence it is carried by porters, or flows through a pipe, into the mill, or grinding-room, and is taken up by a second Jacob's ladder into another hopper, whence it descends between steel rollers, and is thus ground or crushed into grist. The malt thus prepared is carried by a third Jacob's ladder to a height of sixty or seventy feet in the middle of the Great Brewhouse. Each of the "ladders" is a most effective substitute for portage, and works almost unseen, being enclosed in a trunk or case the whole length, in which doors may be opened, when the ascending ladder is shown with buckets full, and those of the descending ladder are empty.

We have now reached *The Great Brewhouse*, where we became sensible of the vast scale upon which the process of brewing is here carried on; at least, as soon as we had recovered from the noise of working machinery, and steamy clouds rising throughout the vast building, and adding to the effect of the mighty and mysterious agency. The stupendous room is built entirely of iron and brick; and is lighted by eight large and lofty windows on the east side, and all round the walls just below the roof, are openings to let out the steam. There is no continuous floor, but portions of the roof may be seen from the floor; and, looking upwards, whenever the steamy vapour permits, there may be seen at various heights, stages, platforms, and flights of stairs, all subsidiary to the cyclopean piles of brewing vessels, which reach from the ground to a great height.

Now, suppose the five furnace fires to be lighted: opposite them are as many large receptacles for coals, which are supplied from below, in boxes holding about two sacks; these are drawn up by tackle, and wheeled along a railway to the empty receptacle; this being an important abridgment of labour, considering that the coals required for the Brewery are about twenty tons per day. The smoke from all the furnaces enters one large subterraneous flue, which conducts it to the bulky and lofty chimney which we have already noticed.

The main processes may, then, be sketched as follows. The water being conveyed to the copper, while it is heating, the malt is carried by the "Jacob's ladder" nearly to the top of the Brewhouse, into a vessel, whence five pipes branch off, one to each of the malt-cases, which holds sufficient malt for one mashing, and in the bottom of which are valves, to let the malt fall into the mash-tun. This vessel is circular, and has a double bottom, the upper one of which is pierced with very small holes: the space between the two bottoms communicates with the copper by a pipe, and a few large holes, closed with plugs or taps, occur in the lower or true bottom.

The mash-tun being supplied with malt, the water from the copper is admitted to the space between the two bottoms of the tun; and the malt and water are then stirred about by a machine worked by the great steam-engine; and, after due mashing, the "wort" is let off by the taps into the square underback. The wort is then pumped back into the copper, and there boiled with the hops, which are constantly stirred by a rotating machine called the "rouser". The boiled wort next descends with the hops, by a shoot, to a very large square vessel called a "hop-back", in the rear of the mash-tun; and the wort flowing through the pierced false-bottom, leaves the hops, and is pumped into coolers. The malt is mashed two or three times, and the hops are used more than once; and it was a strange scene to see several men stripped of their upper garments, and shovelling the scalding-hot hops into buckets, to be conveyed again to the copper, and boiled, before they become "grains". The hops for porter-brewing are thus conveyed; but those for ale-brewing are carried up by the Jacob's ladder, which dips at the lower end into the hop-back, and empties the hops into the boiler at the top. In one of the mash-tuns, by the way, we saw in operation a new means of sparging or sprinkling the boiling water upon the malt, from four large perforated iron arms, moved by a vertical shaft.

West of the Brewhouse are large buildings, in the upper part of which are cooling floors, open at the sides for free access of air. Into these floors is pumped the hot beer or wort to the depth of about six inches, where it cools in a very short time. The surface of one floor, divided into compartments, exposes a surface of not less than 10,000 square feet; and, in case of need, the men wear gigantic pattens to cross the vast lakes of beer. Sometimes the beer is more rapidly cooled by passing a refrigerator in close contact with cold spring water.

Both porter and ale are brewed in the large Brewhouse; but the ale is carried by pipes along the suspension-bridge, across

Park-street, to the opposite building, and is there cooled, fermented, and tunned.

From the porter cooling-floors we proceeded to a large building, where the cold beer is fermented in vast rooms, or "squares", as they are termed, one of which will hold 1500 barrels of beer. The surface of one of these squares nearly filled with beer, is a strange sight; the yeast rising in rock-like masses, which yield to the least wind; and the sharp fume of gas hovering in mistiness over the ocean of beer. 5

From the squares the beer is conveyed to the tun-room, where are nearly 300 cylindrical vessels, or "rounds", each holding upwards of 300 gallons; and to the upper part of each is affixed a sloping shoot, by which the yeast works off into long troughs beneath the rows of rounds. This is called "cleansing", and is material for the quality of the beer. Sunk in the floor of the tun-room, beneath the rounds, is a vast tank, about 100 feet long, and 20 broad. 10 15

In the ale-rounds we saw a novel contrivance for the escape of yeast: this resembles an inverted parachute, perforated, and placed upon the top of the round, and the yeast rising through the holes, is conveyed away by a pipe in the centre. 20

The buildings hitherto described lie to the right hand of the entrance-gate. We now cross to the southern range of buildings, by an avenue across which is carried a large pipe to convey the beer from the rounds to the store-vats, in the large structure known as "No. 9." On reaching here, whatever may have been the effect of the Great Brewhouse on the visitor, it will be exceeded by that of the vastness of the ranges of vats in every direction—to the number of 180 of these stupendous tuns, in 16 storehouses. One of the largest of these vats will contain about 3000 barrels of 36 gallons each (or 108,000 gallons) weighing about five hundred tons! What a Continental hoax, then, is "the Great Tun of Heidelberg", a single wonder, which holds but 600 hogsheads, or less than half the quantity of our porter vat! The average capacity of the vats, large and small together, is upwards of 30,000 gallons: they do not rest upon the ground, so that, in your *détour* of the store-houses, you sometimes walk beneath the vats, and then mount by ladders to their summits, and there survey these "silent giants of the brewery, in huge embattled pride." 25 30 35

The beer is drawn off from these vats into butts (of 108 gallons each), by means of a hose, similar to that attached to fire-engines, one end being connected with a hole in the vat, and the other with the bung-hole of the butt. 40

Out-of-doors, in the large paved yard, the impression of the vastness of the establishment is kept up by an almost innumerable 45

array of empty butts and barrels; and a chimney at the western termination of the premises denotes the house where the casks are to be steamed and cleansed before they are again filled. Adjoining, too, is a cooperage, occupying three sides of a square; and here, 5 and in sheds, were thousands of casks; the aggregate number belonging to the establishment exceeding sixty thousand!

Southward of the store-buildings are the stables, one range of which extends nearly 300 feet in length: galleries or lofts for provender above them; and an open space for ventilation along the 10 middle of the stables; at night they are lighted by gas. At one end of the range is a building wherein is a small steam-engine used for crushing oats, and working a chaff-cutting machine; and the waste steam of the engine may be directed into a water-trough, so as to give the desired temperature to the water which the horses 15 drink. The stabling is for 200 horses: over each stall is a number; formerly, the name of each horse was painted on a small board. Not far from the stables are the dwelling-house and laboratory of the veterinary surgeon; there are, likewise, accommodation for sick horses, blacksmiths' and harness-makers' shops. And, not far from 20 the stables is the Painting-House, where, between 600 and 700 inscription-boards, (as "Barclay, Perkins and Co.'s Entire,") are painted for victuallers during the year.

We have left ourselves but little space to add a few words, generally, upon the admirable *system* maintained throughout this 25 vast establishment. Notwithstanding the great number of men and horses employed, there is no indication of unnecessary bustle or avoidable noise. The work of loading the drays begins by four o' clock in the morning, and the quantity of business transacted during the day—the cartage and shifting of materials and the ma- 30 nufactured articles—is immense. The Large Brewhouse, we learned, was at work throughout the whole of last year (Sundays and seven "breaking days" excepted), owing to a vast increase of business. The firm are held in the highest respect, as well for their commercial integrity as for the magnitude of their establishment; they 35 are liberal benefactors to every good and great work of their country and their district; and it would be impossible to point out any masters who are more considerate of the welfare of those parties to whom their interests are entrusted.

(*The Illustrated London News.*)

4. THE STREETS OF LONDON.

MORNING.

The appearance presented by the streets of London an hour before sunrise, on a summer's morning, is most striking even to the few whose unfortunate pursuits of pleasure, or scarcely less unfortunate pursuits of business, cause them to be well acquainted with the scene. There is an air of cold, solitary desolation about the noiseless streets which we are accustomed to see thronged at other times by a busy, eager crowd, and over the quiet, closely-shut buildings, which throughout the day are swarming with life and bustle, that is very impressive. 5 10

The last drunken man, who shall find his way home before sunlight, has just staggered heavily along, roaring out the burden of the drinking song of the previous night: the last houseless vagrant whom penury and police have left in the streets, has coiled up his chilly limbs in some paved corner, to dream of food and warmth. The drunkard, the dissipated, and the wretched have disappeared: the more sober and orderly part of the population have not yet awakened to the labours of the day, and the stillness of death is over the streets; its very hue seems to be imparted to them, cold and lifeless as they look in the gray, sombre light of day-break. The coach-stands in the larger thoroughfares are deserted: the nighthouses are closed; and the chosen promenades of profligate misery are empty. 15 20

An occasional policeman may alone be seen at the street-corners, listlessly gazing on the deserted prospect before him; and now and then a rakish-looking cat runs stealthily across the road and descends his own area with as much caution and sliness — bounding first on the water-butt, then on the dust-hole, and then alighting on the flag-stones — as if he were conscious that his character depended on his gallantry of the preceding night escaping public observation. A partially opened bedroom window here and there, bespeaks the heat of the weather, and the uneasy slumbers of its occupant; and the dim scanty flicker of the rushlight, through the window-blind, denotes the chamber of watching or sickness. With these exceptions, the streets present no signs of life, nor the houses of habitation. 25 30 35

An hour wears away; the spires of the churches and roofs of the principal buildings are faintly tinged with the light of the rising sun, and the streets, by almost imperceptible degrees, begin to resume their bustle and animation. Market-carts roll slowly along: the sleepy waggoner impatiently urging on his tired horses, or vainly endeavouring to awaken the boy, who, luxuriously stretched on the top of the fruit-baskets, forgets, in happy oblivion, his long-cherished curiosity to behold the wonders of London. 40

Rough, sleepy-looking animals of strange appearance, something between ostlers and hackney-coachmen, begin to take down the shutters of early public-houses; and little deal tables, with the ordinary preparations for a street breakfast, make their appearance at
 5 the customary stations. Numbers of men and women (principally the latter), carrying upon their heads heavy baskets of fruit, toil down the park side of Piccadilly, on their way to Covent Garden, and, following each other in rapid succession, form a long straggling line from thence to the turn of the road at Knightsbridge.

10 Here and there, a bricklayer's labourer, with the day's dinner tied up in a handkerchief, walks briskly to his work, and occasionally a little knot of three or four schoolboys on a stolen bathing expedition rattle merrily over the pavement, their boisterous mirth contrasting forcibly with the demeanour of the little sweep, who,
 15 having knocked and rung till his arm aches, and being interdicted by a merciful legislature from endangering his lungs by calling out, sits patiently down on the door-step until the house-maid may happen to awake.

Covent Garden market, and the avenues leading to it, are throng-
 20 ed with carts of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, from the heavy lumbering waggon, with its four stout horses, to the jingling costermonger's cart with its consumptive donkey. The pavement is already strewn with decayed cabbage-leaves, broken haybands, and all the indescribable litter of a vegetable market, men are shouting, carts
 25 backing, horses neighing, boys fighting, basket-women talking, piemen expatiating on the excellence of their pastry, and donkeys braying. These and a hundred other sounds form a compound discordant enough to a Londoner's ears, and remarkably disagreeable to those of country gentlemen who are sleeping at the Hummums
 30 for the first time.

Another hour passes away, and the day begins in good earnest. The servant of all work, who under the plea of sleeping very soundly has utterly disregarded "Missis" ringing for half an hour previously, is warned by Master (whom Missis had sent up to the landing-
 35 place for that purpose), that it's half-past six, whereupon she awakes all of a sudden, with well-feigned astonishment, and goes down stairs very sulkily, wishing, while she strikes a light, that the principle of spontaneous combustion would extend itself to coals and kitchen range. When the fire is lighted, she opens the
 40 street-door to take in the milk, when, by the most singular coincidence in the world, she discovers that the servant next-door has just taken in her milk too, and that Mr. Todd's young man over the way, is, by an equally extraordinary chance, taking down his master's shutters.

45 The mail goes to the coach-office in due course, and the

passengers who are going out by the early coach, stare with astonishment at the passengers who are coming in by the early coach, who look blue and dismal, and are evidently under the influence of that odd feeling produced by travelling, which makes the events of yesterday morning seem as if they had happened at least six months ago, and induces people to wonder with considerable gravity whether the friends and relations they took leave of a fortnight before, have altered much since they left them. The coach-office is all alive, and the coaches which are just going out, are surrounded by the usual crowd of Jews and nondescripts, who seem to consider, Heaven knows why, that it is quite impossible any man can mount a coach without requiring at least six pennyworth of oranges, a penknife, a pocket-book, a last-year's annual, a pencil-case, a piece of sponge, and a small series of caricatures. 5 10

Half an hour more, and the sun darts his bright rays cheerfully down the still half-empty streets, and shines with sufficient force to rouse the dismal laziness of the apprentice, who pauses every other minute from his task of sweeping out the shop and watering the pavement in front of it, to tell another apprentice similarly employed, how hot it will be to-day, or to stand with his right hand shading his eyes, and his left resting on the broom, gazing at the "Wonder", or the "Tally-ho" or the "Nimrod", or some other fast coach, till it is out of sight, when he re-enters the shop, envying the passengers on the outside of the fast coach, and thinking of the old red brick house "down in the country," where he went to school: the miseries of the milk and water, and thick bread and scrapings, fading into nothing before the pleasant recollection of the green field the boys used to play in, and the green pond he was caned for presuming to fall into, and other schoolboy associations. 15 20 25 30

Cabs, with trunks and band-boxes between the driver's legs and outside the apron, rattle briskly up and down the streets on their way to the coach-offices or steam-packet wharfs; and the cab-drivers and hackney-coachmen who are on the stand polish up the ornamental part of their dingy vehicles — the former wondering how people can prefer "them wild beast cariwans of homnibuses, to a riglar cab with a fast trotter," and the latter admiring how people can trust their necks into one of "them crazy cabs, when they can have a spectacle ackney cotche with a pair of 'orses as von't run away with no vun;" a consolation unquestionably founded on fact, seeing that a hackney coach-horse never was known to run at all, "except" as the smart cabman in front of the rank observes, "except one, and *he* run back'ards." 35 40 45

The shops are now completely opened, and apprentices and shopmen are busily engaged in cleaning and decking the windows 45

for the day. The baker's shops in town are filled with servants and children waiting for the drawing of the first batch of rolls — an operation which was performed a full hour ago in the suburbs, for the early clerk population of Somers and Camden towns, Islington, 5 and Pentonville, are fast pouring into the City, or directing their steps towards Chancery-lane and the Inns of Court. Middle-aged men, whose salaries have by no means increased in the same proportion as their families, plod steadily along, apparently with no object in view but the counting-house; knowing by sight almost 10 every body they meet or overtake, for they have seen them every morning (Sundays excepted) during the last twenty years, but speaking to no one. If they do happen to overtake a personal acquaintance, they just exchange a hurried salutation, and keep walking on either by his side, or in front of him, as his rate of walking may chance 15 to be. As to stopping to shake hands, or to take the friend's arm, they seem to think that as it is not included in their salary, they have no right to do it. Small office lads in large hats, who are made men before they are boys, hurry along in pairs with their first coat carefully brushed, and the white trousers of last 20 Sunday plentifully besmeared with dust and ink.

Seven o' clock, and a new set of people fill the streets. The goods in the shop-windows are invitingly arranged; the shopmen in their white neckerchiefs and spruce coats, look as if they couldn't clean a window if their lives depended on it; the carts have 25 disappeared from Covent Garden; the waggoners have returned, and the costermongers repaired to their ordinary "beats" in the suburbs; clerks are at their offices, and gigs, cabs, omnibuses, and saddle-horses, are conveying their masters to the same destination. The streets are thronged with a vast concourse of people gay and shabby, 30 rich and poor, idle and industrious; and we come to the heat, bustle and activity of noon.

N I G H T.

But the streets of London, to be beheld in the very height of their glory, should be seen on a dark, dull, murky winter's night, 35 when there is just enough damp gently stealing down to make the pavement greasy, without cleansing it of any of its impurities; and when the heavy lazy mist, which hangs over every object makes the gas-lamps look brighter, and the brilliantly-lighted shops more splendid, from the contrast they present to the darkness around. 40 All the people who are at home on such a night as this, seem disposed to make themselves as snug and comfortable as possible; and the passengers in the streets have excellent reason to envy the fortunate individuals who are seated by their own firesides.

In the larger and better kind of streets, dining-parlour curtains

are closely drawn, kitchen fires blaze brightly up, and savoury steams of hot dinners salute the nostrils of the hungry way-farer, as he plods wearily by the area railings. In the suburbs, the muffin-boy rings his way down the little street, much more slowly than he is wont to do; for Mrs. Maclin, at No. 4, has no sooner opened her little street door, and screamed out "Muffins!" with all her might, than Mrs. Walker, at Nro. 5, puts her head out of the parlour-window, and screams "Muffins" too; and Mrs. Walker has scarcely got the words out of her lips, than Mrs. Peplow, over the way, lets loose Master Peplow, who darts down the street, with a velocity which nothing but buttered muffins in perspective could possibly inspire, and drags the boy back by main force, whereupon Mrs. Maclin and Mrs. Walker, just to save the boy trouble, and to say a few neighbourly words to Mrs. Peplow at the same time, run over the way and buy their muffins at Mrs. Peplow's door, when it appears from the voluntary statement of Mrs. Walker, that her "kittle's jist a biling, and the cups and sarsers ready laid," and that as it was such a wretched night out o' doors, "she'd made up her mind to have a nice hot comfortable cup o' tea" — a determination at which, by the most singular coincidence, the other two ladies had simultaneously arrived.

After a little conversation about the wretchedness of the weather and the merits of tea, with a digression relative to the viciousness of boys as a rule, and the amiability of Master Peplow as an exception, Mrs. Walker sees her husband coming down the street; and as he must want his tea, poor man, after his dirty walk from the Docks, she instantly runs across, muffins in hand, and Mrs. Maclin does the same, and after a few words to Mrs. Walker, they all pop into their little houses, and slam their little street-doors, which are not opened again for the remainder of the evening, except to the nine o' clock "beer", who comes round with a lantern in front of his tray, and says as he lends Mrs. Walker "Yesterday's 'Tiser", that he's blessed if he can hardly hold the pot, much less feel the paper, for it's one of the bitterest nights he ever felt, 'cept the night when the man was frozen to death in the Brick-field.

After a little prophetic conversation with the policeman at the street-corner, touching a probable change in the weather, and the setting-in of a hard frost, the nine o' clock beer returns to his master's house, and employs himself for the remainder of the evening, in assiduously stirring the tap-room fire, and deferentially taking part in the conversation of the worthies assembled round it.

The streets in the vicinity of the Marsh-gate and Victoria Theatre present an appearance of dirt and discomfort on such a night, which the groups who lounge about them in no degree tend to diminish. Even the little block-tin temple sacred to baked potatoes,

surmounted by a splendid design in variegated lamps, looks less gay than usual; and as to the kidney-pie stand, its glory has quite departed. The candle in the transparent lamp, manufactured of oil-paper, embellished with "characters", has been blown out fifty
 5 times, so the kidney-pie merchant, tired with running backwards and forwards to the next wine-vaults, to get a light, has given up the idea of illumination in despair, and the only signs of his "whereabout" are the bright sparks, of which a long irregular train is whirled down the street every time he opens his portable
 10 oven to hand a hot kidney-pie to a customer.

Flat fish, oyster, and fruit venders linger hopelessly in the kennel, in vain endeavouring to attract customers; and the ragged boys who usually disport themselves about the streets, stand crouched in little knots in some projecting doorway, or under the canvass
 15 blind of the cheesemonger's, where great flaring gas-lights, unshaded by any glass, display huge piles of bright red, and pale yellow cheeses, mingled with little five-penny dabs of dingy bacon, various tubs of weekly Dorset, and cloudy rolls of "best fresh".

Here they amuse themselves with theatrical converse, arising out
 20 of their last half-price visit to the Victoria gallery, admire the terrific combat, which is nightly encored, and expatiate on the inimitable manner in which Bill Thompson can "come the double monkey", or go through the mysterious involutions of the sailor's hornpipe.

It is nearly eleven o' clock, and the cold thin rain which has
 25 been drizzling so long, is beginning to pour down in good earnest; the baked-potatoes man has departed — the kidney-pie man has just walked away with the warehouse on his arm — the cheesemonger has drawn in his blind, and the boys have dispersed. The constant clicking of pattens on the slippy and uneven pavement, and the
 30 rustling of umbrellas, as the wind blows against the shop-windows, bear testimony to the inclemency of the night; and the policeman, with his oilskin cape buttoned closely round him, seems as he holds his head, and turns round to avoid the gust of wind and rain which drives against him at the street-corner, to be very far from con-
 35 gratulating himself on the prospect before him.

The littlechandler's shop with the cracked bell behind the door, whose melancholy tinkling has been regulated by the demand for quarterns of sugar and half-ounces of coffee, is shutting up. The
 40 crowds which have been passing to and fro during the whole day, are rapidly dwindling away; and the noise of shouting and quarrelling which issues from the public-houses, is almost the only sound that breaks the melancholy stillness of the night.

There was another, but it has ceased. That wretched woman with the infant in her arms, round whose meagre form the remnant
 45 of her own scanty shawl is carefully wrapped, has been attempting

to sing some popular ballad, in the hope of wringing a few pence from the compassionate passer-by. A brutal laugh at her weak voice is all she has gained. The tears fall thick and fast down her own pale face; the child is cold and hungry, and its low half-stifled wailing adds to the misery of its wretched mother, as she moans 5 aloud, and sinks despairingly down on a cold damp door-step.

Singing! How few of those who pass such a miserable creature as this, think of the anguish of heart, the sinking of soul and spirit, which the very effort of singing produces. Bitter mockery! Disease, neglect, and starvation, faintly articulating the words of 10 a joyous ditty, that has enlivened your hours of feasting and merriment, God knows how often! It is no subject of jeering. The weak tremulous voice tells a fearful tale of want and famishing; and the feeble singer of this roaring song may turn away, only to die of cold and hunger. 15

One o'clock. Parties returning from the different theatres foot it through the muddy streets; cabs, hackney-coaches, carriages, and theatre-omnibuses, roll swiftly by; watermen with dim dirty lanterns in their hands, and large brass plates upon their breasts, who have been shouting and rushing about for the last two hours, retire to 20 their watering-houses, to solace themselves with the creature comforts of pipes and purl; the half-price pit and box frequenters of the theatres throng to the different houses of refreshment; and chops, kidneys, rabbits, oysters, stout, cigars, and "goes" innumerable, are served up amidst a noise and confusion of smoking, running, 25 knife-clattering, and waiter-chattering, perfectly indescribable.

The more musical portion of the play-going community betake themselves to some harmonic meeting. As a matter of curiosity let us follow them thither for a few moments.

In a lofty room of spacious dimensions, are seated some eighty 30 or a hundred guests knocking little pewter measures on the tables, and hammering away, with the handles of their knives, as if they were so many trunk-makers. They are applauding a glee, which has just been executed by the three "professional gentlemen" at the top of the centre table, one of whom is in the chair — the 35 little pompous man with the bald head just emerging from the collar of his green coat. The others are seated on either side of him — the stout man with the small voice, and the thin faced dark man in black. The little man in the chair is a most amusing personage; — *such* condescending grandeur, and *such* a voice! 40

"Bass!" as the young gentleman near us with the blue stock forcibly remarks to his companion, "bass! I b'lieve you; he can go down lower than any man: so low sometimes that you can't hear him." And so he does. To hear him growling away, gradually lower and lower down, till he can't get back again, is the 45

most delightful thing in the world, and it is quite impossible to witness unmoved the impressive solemnity with which he pours forth his soul in "My 'art is in the 'ighlands", or "The brave old Hoak." The stout man is also addicted to sentimentality, and
5 warbles "Fly, fly from the world, my Bessy with me," or some such song, with lady-like sweetness, and in the most seductive tones imaginable.

"Pray give your orders, gen'l'men — pray give your orders," — says the pale-faced man with the red head; and demands for
10 "goes" of brandy, and pints of stout, and cigars of peculiar mildness, are vociferously made from all parts of the room. The "professional" gentlemen are in the very height of their glory, and bestow condescending nods, or even a word or two of recognition, on the better known frequenters of the room, in the most bland and
15 patronizing manner possible.

That little round-faced man, with the small brown surtout, white stockings and shoes, is in the comic line; the mixed air of self-denial, and mental consciousness of his own powers, with which he acknowledges the call of the chair, is particularly gratifying.
20 "Gen'l'men," says the little pompous man, accompanying the word with a knock of the president's hammer on the table — "gen'l'men, allow me to claim your attention — our friend, Mr. Smuggins, will oblige." — "Bravo! shout the company; and Smuggins, after a considerable quantity of coughing by way of symphony, and a
25 most facetious sniff or two, which afford general delight, sings a comic song, with a fal-de-ral-tol-de-rol chorus at the end of every verse, much longer than the verse itself. It is received with unbounded applause, and after some aspiring genius has volunteered a recitation, and failed dismally therein, the little pompous man
30 gives another knock, and says, "Gen'l'men, we will attempt a glee, if you please." This announcement calls forth tumultuous applause, and the more energetic spirits express the unqualified approbation it affords them, by knocking one or two stout glasses off their legs — a humorous device; but one which frequently occasions
35 some slight altercation when the form of paying the damage is proposed to be gone through by the waiter.

Scenes like these are continued until three or four o' clock in the morning; and even when they close, fresh ones open to the inquisitive notice. But as a description of all them, however slight,
40 would require a volume, the contents of which, however instructive, would be by no means pleasing, we make our bow, and drop the curtain.

(Charles Dickens).

5. O X F O R D.

Unfaded in glory, unfailing in years,
The mother of Churchmen and Tories appears.

It is almost impossible to conceive a distinct idea of Oxford. It is a kind of "Venice of the land," sitting upon the green and leafy meadows of central England, like that ancient capital upon the blue waters of the Adriatic; while, clear into the summer air, rise its numerous fanes and towers, with one immense dome presiding like a sovereign in the centre. Around it the level waters of the Isis and the Charwell press slowly on through masses of verdure and foliage, with a hundred merry skiffs gliding over their surface. Enter the city in any direction and you immediately find yourself under the majestic shadow of some vast palace of learning, which oppresses you at once with the sense of its antiquity, and its overpowering dignity. 15

In Scotland, an "university" is one plain quadrangular house, generally placed in some crowded part of a commercial town. In England, an university (we are thinking of Oxford) consists of some four-and-twenty splendid buildings, few of them much less elegant, and many of them more so, than the Palace of Holyroodhouse or Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, and these are scattered throughout a small beautiful city, which is interspersed with other public structures of an equally magnificent nature. In Scotland an university is chiefly a mere school for the completion of an ordinary classical education, or the instruction of young men in the duties of a very simple church establishment. In England, it is a fortress of literature, garrisoned by hundreds of learned personages, who batten in it most of their lives, like a set of well-fed monks, upon a simple showing that they possess a certain degree of literary accomplishment. While the Scottish establishment is a matter of bare utility of the present day, like a shop or manufactory, the English university seizes the imagination as a thing invested with much of the trappings of an ancient system of worship, redolent of the literary glories of a thousand past years, and full of all kinds of obsolete fashions and customs, which have the merit of being totally useless. In fact, there is all the difference between the two institutions which there is between an honest Scotch parish kirk and the graces of St. Peter's or St. Paul's. 35

The colleges in Oxford are generally built of a pale chalky stone, and, though there are many older buildings, the most of them show that elegant mixture of the Gothic and Grecian styles of architecture, which obtained favour in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. and is now fast reviving in our country mansions. In almost every case they form a square, the front of which abuts upon some street or lane. 40

The inner court of Christchurch measures 264 by 261 feet, and has a lake in the centre! But all the rest are smaller. Each of these communities is, to a certain extent, independent in itself, and is under the control of its own set of officers. The students, most of whom bear the designation of "commoners," reside in apartments which they hire for themselves and of which each purchases the furniture from his predecessor in occupancy. A hall, in which all dine together, generally occupies one side of the square. A chapel, in which they are compelled to attend prayers every day, often occupies another side, or is sometimes a detached and more magnificent building. Besides the officers, who have separate apartments, there are generally a certain number of learned inmates called "Fellows", who having duly qualified themselves by learning, are supported in a style of gentlemanly ease, with hardly any hardship in their situation except an inability to marry, till they are provided for with a church living, of which every college has a certain number in its gift; after which they may marry as they please. For every kind of person connected with the university, there is a particular sort of gown, and also a skull-cap, with a square top more or less decorated. The students, or, as they call themselves, "the men" are all obliged, under penalties, to wear their academics when they appear abroad. They are in general desirous of escaping this regulation, especially when they walk into the country; but, when caught by any of the proctors, wearing even so much as a "sporting beaver" that is, a common hat (for they have a cant name for almost every thing) they are sure to be put to some extra tasks. Dr. Johnson was so devoted an adherent to all the practices of the university, that, whenever he visited it, even late in life, he resumed his academics. The common undress gown is, however, so slight as to occasion very little inconvenience, while it must be acknowledged, that a uniform costume adds much to the *esprit de corps*, which gives Oxford its peculiar character as a seat of learning and perhaps assists in the preservation of more important rules.

The glory of Oxford is, that every thing about it is old, and long established, and respectable. Antiquity, in the phrase of Smith, would almost appear to have begun, since this university attained the ripeness of maturity. This is particularly apt to strike a Scotchman, all of whose antiquities, in respect of native literature, are comparatively modern. If he visits Merton's, he finds that Duns Scotus, whom he supposes to be his countryman, and who lived six hundred years ago, studied in those venerable halls. He learns with a curious feeling that Antony Bek, the puissant Bishop of Durham, who aided Edward I. in his wars for the subjugation of Scotland, was once a quiet school-boy here. He goes to Baliol's and finds that Devorgilla, Princess of Galloway (then a savage province),

is still "remembered in prayer" every day in the chapel, for having fulfilled the designs of her husband for the foundation of this college; that husband being the father of John Baliol, King of Scots! In the hall, he sees a portrait of Wycliffe, the morning-star of the reformation; for Wycliffe was "of Baliol's." As he treads the street in front, he is startled into awe by being told that on this spot Ridley and Latimer testified, amidst the flames of persecution, their adherence to the Protestant faith. In the cathedral — for Oxford is an episcopal see — he is shown the tomb of Frideswith, a Saxon female saint (contemporary with Edward the Confessor), who had a priory here before the erection of even the present very ancient building. A college, founded by William of Wykeham, in 1390, is termed New College, from its comparative want of antiquity, although Scotland had not a college at all for twenty years later. He enters the glorious hall of Christchurch, erected by Wolsey, and which is nearly as large as the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and he is surprised with accounts of plays and pageantries got up here for the entertainment of Elizabeth, of Parliaments held in it by Charles I. and Charles II., when expelled from London by the plagues of pestilence or republicanism, and many regal shows besides; for Christchurch is the college where the Sovereign always resides when visiting Oxford. In this splendid room he sees the lofty walls everywhere covered with the portraits of distinguished personages, who have been educated in Christchurch. Among them is the famous original portrait of Henry VIII. by Holbein, and also a picture of certain English divines of the time of the civil war, who are represented as reading the prayer-book in secret, because it was then a proscribed book.

In this hall several hundred students dine every day; and it is mentioned with envy by the commoners of less magnificent establishments, that the "men" here are a luxurious set of fellows — they take their meat off pewter plates with hot water underneath. The very kitchen of Christchurch is a sight; it has a fire that would roast not only an entire ox, but an entire crocodile. —

The real elegance and beauty of many of the objects in Oxford is, in the highest degree, gratifying to a person of taste. The enormous cone of the Ratcliffe Library so beautifully proportioned, notwithstanding its size; the fine spire of St. Mary's Church; the admirable tower of St. Magdalen's; and perhaps, more than all, the sweetly shaded walks which everywhere surround the city, seize and captivate the imagination. Among the ecclesiastical structures, the chapel of New College bears the first place for beauty. The choir is a hundred feet long, by thirty-five in breadth, and sixty-five in height; the antechapel, besides, is eighty feet long. Splendid windows of stained glass, a beautiful diced floor of black and white

marble, seats and other furnishings of the most costly magnificence, mostly originating with Archbishop Laud, conspire to render this place of worship an object of the utmost interest.

(Chambers.)

5

6. THE FOX-HUNT.

The meeting is a curious scene to those who witness it for the first time. Many gentlemen who have long distances to come, send their servants and horses to a tavern near the meeting-place, the previous evening, and come in parties, or alone, as their inclinations
 10 lead them; some in a carriage and four, some driving tandem, some in a chaise, and some on horseback. There are generally a great many students from the Universities, who go to cover as fast as their horses can carry them. When these various parties enter the meeting field, each looks out for his own servant and horse, and
 15 the gentlemen all turn out of their carriages, each one with scarlet coat, black waistcoat, buckskin or white cord breeches, top-boots, spurs, and long hunting-whip in his hand. Gentlemen who come to cover on horseback generally wear "overalls" to keep their dress clean; and when they arrive, their servants take them off, and turn
 20 them out as neat as those who came in their carriage. A sportsman's dress, it may be observed, is strikingly genteel. Not a pin, a brooch, or any show of jewelry, is seen about his person.

The nobility and gentry pass their morning compliments, talk over the "last run", relate the amusement, perhaps, of the previous
 25 evening — the fortunate boasting of his winnings at play, and the loser swearing at his losses, etc. The young farmers assemble around them, riding fine young horses, trained for the purpose of sale. The nobility will give any amount for them, if spirited and successful. Among some of the high bloods at college, whom their
 30 fathers supply well with money, the price of a good horse is no object. The credit of gaining the "brush", "scalp" or "pad" is worth the price of the animal. In addition to the classes mentioned, the meeting is often attended by merchants, tailors, and grocers, and others who have horses of their own. Even gipsies, who have
 35 commonly a good supply of old worn-out hunters and broken-down stagers, often sally out to see the start. The hedger lays aside his hatchet, the ditcher throws down his spade, the mechanic leaves his handicraft, and the husbandman his tillage, each running as far as his legs will take him. The poacher takes advantage of the
 40 opportunity given him by the hounds to disturb the game. "It is his delight, of a shiny night," he sings, to pursue his vocation; but many a pheasant and hare disappears in open day, when the

nobility and their keepers are too much excited with the chase to think of foul play in their preserves.

Away they go to the wood in pursuit of the fox. The whippers-in are placed on the weather side, to give the "view-halloo" when Reynard escapes from it, as he is almost certain to "break cover" 5 on that side. The huntsman with the pack of hounds stands near to the wood, until he thinks they are at their post, and not a hound dares enter it until he receives his order from him; but as soon as it is given, they all rush in, with their heads and tails up, determined to find their prey, if the wood contains him. Each hound 10 "hunts his ground true", and as soon as the fox starts from his den, (which he perhaps made the same morning, being stopped out from his hole the night previous, by the earth-stopper), one or other of the pack soon takes scent, and gives the first challenge, for which every ear, of man and horse, is open. The instant it is 15 heard, it thrills through every vein, braces every nerve, and makes all "eager for the chase". No one can imagine the intense excitement of the moment, unless he has himself been engaged in the sport. Every hound, when he hears the challenge of the first, makes his way towards him, and all join in the cry. The music of a well- 20 trained pack of fox-hounds is more grateful to a sportsman's ear than even the finest notes of the immortal Catalani, particularly when they are coming toward him, and pressing the fox to break cover near him. Observe how his horse paws the ground, champs his bit, and stretches every limb with firmness, looking as stately 25 and noble as his fearless rider. Suddenly you perceive he becomes perfectly still, as if a bullet had pierced him. He is listening attentively for the "view-halloo", while the rider's eyes look anxiously for the fox to break cover. He no sooner reaches the open fields, than the whippers-in discover him, and give the expected sound, 30 the shrillness of which echoes through the air, and is heard at a great distance. Each horseman makes his way towards the direction whence it proceeds, and, by the time they have nearly all arrived, the hounds break cover. Away they go across the fields, and those who keep nearest the hounds are the best fellows. 35

Many young students are random bold riders, but with little judgment. They often tire their horses before the run is over, by taking some unnecessary straining leaps, on purpose to boast of them, but the judicious rider evades such, unless he sees they are absolutely necessary to shorten his cut. There are very few horses 40 that will leap a brook well. I have often been much amused to see them reach one, and have had many a soaking from their shortcomings. Some few horses will leap over well; others will come up at full speed, and halt suddenly at the edge; the bank will give way, and in plunge both horse and rider, head foremost. Another 45

will come up, save not so near, in the same way, and throw his rider over his neck into the river. Another will still leap over, yet not go far enough to clear the bank that hangs upon the opposite side. That giving way, the horse and rider fall backward. Sometimes
 5 the latter can save himself by rolling on the bank, as the horse is falling. Some of the horses start off one way, and some another, but generally follow the hounds, as they like the sport as well as their riders. There are seldom any serious accidents to happen, although a sportsman scarcely ever turns his head to see whether there is any danger in the leap he is about to take.

10 The rear is brought up by the merchants, tailors, grocers and other plebeians. When these worthies come to a fence, one or two will get off their horses, pull up the dead wood, and make a gap in the hedge. Some will say — "Pray, sir, take that other stake out, or my horse will lame himself." They will all stand round the
 15 gap, and get every thing clear, when an old sportsman, who has been thrown out in some way, which will cause ill-humour, seeing no other way of getting over the fence but at the spot where these knights of the counter are industriously engaged, rides up among them, presses his horse through the crowd, and says, "get out of
 20 the way, you yard, apron, string, and thimble-fellows! "Oh! yes!" they all respond, "let him go first!" Then follow the counter-men, one after the other; and as soon as each leaps the ditch, he looks back to see if the other horses leaped as far as his did; they ride to the gates, open them, and never see the
 25 hounds again, until they come to a check; and it is seldom they do then, unless the huntsman should make his cast in the direction they are coming. When that is the case, they will be almost sure to ride across the scent, if the fox has taken the double. In such event the duke or master of the hounds gives them a
 30 sportsman's lecture, as thus! "Go home you tailors and sit cross-legged on your shop-board; you yardmen, go and measure your tape; and you grocery men, put on your aprons and chew sugar and not come here to spoil the sport of three hundred sportsmen!" While this lecture is being given, an old favourite hound, on a cold
 35 scent, will give his challenge! All eyes are on him. "Hark to True-man! — hark! — hark!" is the cry. The hounds are cheered, and away they all go again. It is, however, generally slow cold hunting until they come to a small cover where the fox will wait for them. Off they start again at top speed for four or five miles. Toward the
 40 latter end of the run, you will see the injudicious riders tumbling over the fences, their horses being too tired to clear them; while the thorough sportsmen, who have saved their animals whenever they could, are forward, striving to be in first at the death and to obtain the brush. The first in takes the fox from the hounds, holds

him up by the neck, and gives the "death-halloo", "whoo-whoop"! and cuts the brush, thus winning the honour of the day. The huntsman then comes, takes off the scalp, cuts off his four "pads" and presents them to those who come in, in succession. The music the hounds make, and the anxiety they show to devour the fox, would 5 well nigh cheer a dying man who loved the sport. When the fox is thrown among the hounds, they all rush for a share of him. He is literally torn to pieces. Not a piece of flesh, hide, or bone, is left. As soon as the run is over, if too late to try for a fresh fox, they return to their dwellings, or places of invitation, to meet the ladies 10 of their families at dinner, discuss the affair over their wine and spend their evenings cheerfully with their friends.

(From Bentley's Miscellany.)

7. OUR VILLAGE.

Of all situations for constant residence, that which appears to me 15 most delightful is a little village far in the country; a small neighbourhood, not of fine mansions finely peopled, but of cottages and cottage-like houses, with inhabitants whose faces are as familiar to us as the flowers in our garden; a little world of our own, close-packed and insulated like ants in an ant hill, or bees in a hive, or 20 sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship; where we know every one, are known to every one, interested in every one, and authorised to hope that every one feels an interest in us. How pleasant it is to slide into these true-hearted feelings from the kindly and unconscious influence of habit, and to learn 25 to know and to love the people about us, with all their peculiarities, just as we learn to know and to love the nooks and turns of the shady lanes and sunny commons that we pass every day! Even in books I like a confined locality, and so do the critics when they talk of the unities. Nothing is so tiresome as to 30 be whirled half over Europe at the chariot-wheels of a hero, to go to sleep at Vienna and awaken at Madrid; it produces a real fatigue, a weariness of spirit. On the other hand, nothing is so delightful as to sit down in a country village in one of Miss Austen's delicious novels, quite sure before we leave it to become intimate 35 with every spot and every person it contains; or to ramble with Mr. White over his own parish of Selborne, and form a friendship with the fields and coppices, as well as with the birds, mice, and squirrels, who inhabit them; or to sail with Robinson Crusoe to his island, and live there with him, and his goats, and his man Friday: 40 — how much we dread any new comers, any fresh importation of savage or sailor! we never sympathise for a moment in our hero's want of company, and are quite grieved when he gets away; —

or to be shipwrecked with Ferdinand on that other lovelier island — the island of Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, and Ariel, and nobody else, none of Dryden's exotic inventions; — that is best of all. And a small neighbourhood is as good in sober waking reality
 5 as in poetry or prose; a village neighbourhood, such as this Berkshire hamlet in which I write; a long, straggling, winding street, at the bottom of a fine eminence, with a road through it, always abounding in carts, horsemen, and carriages, and lately enlivened by a stage-coach from B— to S—, which passed through about
 10 ten days ago, and will, I suppose, return some time or other. There are coaches of all varieties now-a-days: perhaps this may be intended for a monthly diligence, or a fortnight fly. Will you walk with me through our village, courteous reader? The journey is not long. We will begin at the lower end, and proceed up the hill.
 15 The tidy, square, red cottage on the right hand, with the long well-stocked garden by the side of the road, belongs to a retired publican, from a neighbouring town; a substantial person, with a comely wife; one who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out
 20 for reform. He introduced into our peaceful vicinage the rebellious innovation of an illumination on the Queen's acquittal. Remonstrance and persuasion were in vain; he talked of liberty and broken windows — so we all lighted up. Oh! how he shone that night with candles, and laurel, and white bows, and gold paper, and a trans-
 25 parency (originally designed for a pocket-handkerchief) with a flaming portrait of her Majesty, hatted and feathered, in red ochre. He had no rival in the village, that we all acknowledged; the very bonfire was less splendid; the little boys reserved their best crackers to be expended in his honour, and he gave them full sixpence more than
 30 any one else. * He would like an illumination once a month; for it must not be concealed, that in spite of gardening, of newspaper reading, of jaunting about in his little cart, and frequenting both church and meeting, our worthy neighbour begins to feel the weariness of idleness. He hangs over his gate, and tries to entice
 35 passengers to stop and chat; he volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry-trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp-nests in the parish. I have seen a great many wasps in our garden to-day, and shall enchant him with the intelligence. He even assists his wife in her sweepings and dustings. Poor man! he
 40 is a very respectable person, and would be a very happy one, if he would add a little employment to his dignity. It would be the salt of life to him.

Next to his house, though parted from it by another long garden with a yew arbour at the end, is the pretty dwelling of the shoe-
 45 maker, a pale, sickly-looking, black-haired man, the very model of

sober industry. There he sits in his little shop, from early morning till late at night. An earthquake would hardly stir him: the illumination did not. He stuck immoveably to his last, from the first lighting up, through the long blaze and the slow decay, till his large solitary candle was the only light in the place. One cannot 5 conceive any thing more perfect than the contempt which the man of transparencies and the man of shoes must have felt for each other on that evening. There was at least as much vanity in the sturdy industry as in the strenuous idleness, for our shoemaker is a man of substance, he employs three journeymen, two lame, and 10 one a dwarf, so that his shop looks like an hospital; he has purchased the lease of his commodious dwelling — some even say that he has bought it out and out; and he has only one pretty daughter, a light, delicate, fair-haired girl of fourteen, the champion protectress, and playfellow of every brat under three years old, 15 whom she jumps, dances, dandles, and feeds all day long. A very attractive person is that child-loving girl. I have never seen any one in her station who possessed so thoroughly that undefinable charm, the lady-look. See her on a Sunday in her simplicity and her white frock, and she might pass for an earl's daughter. She 20 likes flowers too, and has a profusion of white stocks under her window, as pure and delicate as herself. ~~xxx~~

The first house on the opposite side of the way is the blacksmith's; a gloomy dwelling, where the sun never seems to shine; dark and smoky within and without, like a forge. The blacksmith 25 is a high officer in our little state, nothing less than a constable: but, alas! alas! when tumults arise, and the constable is called for, he will commonly be found in the thickest of the fray. Lucky would it be for his wife and her eight children if there were no public-house in the land: an inveterate inclination to enter those 30 bewitching doors is Mr. Constable's only fault.

Next to this official dwelling is a spruce brick tenement, red, high and narrow, boasting, one above another, three sash-windows, the only sash-windows in the village, with a clematis on one side and a rose on the other, tall and narrow like itself. The slender 35 mansion has a fine genteel look. The little parlour seems made for Hogarth's old maid and her stunted footboy; for tea and card-parties, — it would just hold one table; for the rustle of faded silks, and the splendour of old china; for the delight of four-by-honours and a little snug quiet scandal between the deals; for 40 affected gentility and real starvation. This should have been its destiny; but fate had been unpropitious: it belongs to a plump, merry, bustling dame, with four fat, rosy, noisy children, the very essence of vulgarity and plenty.

Then comes the village shop, like other village shops, multi- 45

farious as a bazar; a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribands, and bacon; for every thing, in short, except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment, and will be sure not to find. The people are civil and thriving, and frugal
 5 withal; they have let the upper part of their house to two young women (one of them is a pretty blue-eyed girl) who teach little children their A B C, and make caps and gowns for their mammas, — parcel schoolmistress, parcel mantua-maker. I believe they find adorning the body a more profitable vocation than adorning
 10 the mind. ~~X X X~~

Divided from the shop by a narrow yard, and opposite the shoemaker's, is a habitation of whose inmates I shall say nothing. A cottage—no—a miniature house, with many additions, little odds and ends of places, pantries, and what not; all angles, and of a
 15 charming in-and-outness; a little bricked court before one half, and a little flower-yard before the other; the walls, old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot-tree; the casements full of geraniums; (ah, there is our superb white cat peeping out from amongst them:) the
 20 closets (our landlord has the assurance to call them rooms) full of contrivances and corner cupboards; and the little garden behind full of common flowers, tulips, pinks, larkspurs, pionies, stocks, and carnations, with an arbour of privet, not unlike a sentry-box, where one lives in a delicious green light, and looks out on the
 25 gayest of all gay flower-beds. That house was built on purpose to show in what an exceeding small compass comfort may be packed. Well, I well loiter there no longer.

The next tenement is a place of importance, the Rose inn; a white-washed building, retired from the road behind its fine swing-
 30 ing sign, with a little bow-window room coming out on one side, and forming, with our stable on the other, a sort of open square, which is the constant resort of carts, waggons, and return chaises. There are two carts there now, and mine host is serving them with beer in his eternal red waistcoat. He is a thriving man and a
 35 portly, as his waistcoat attests, which has been twice let out within this twelvemonth. Our landlord has a stirring wife, a hopeful son, and a daughter, the belle of the village; not so pretty as the fair nymph of the shoe-shop, and far less elegant, but ten times as fine;
 / all curl-papers in the morning, like a porcupine, all curls in the
 40 afternoon, like a poodle, with more flounces than curl-papers, and more lovers than curls, this Phoebe is fitter for town than country.

/ In a line with the bow-window room is a low garden-wall, belonging to a house under repair: — the white house opposite
 45 the collar-maker's shop, with four lime-trees before it, and a

waggon-load of bricks at the door. That house is the plaything of a wealthy, well-meaning, whimsical person, who lives about a mile off. He has a passion for brick and mortar, and, being too wise to meddle with his own residence, diverts himself with altering and re-altering, improving and re-improving, doing and undoing 5 here. It is a perfect Penelope's web. Carpenters and bricklayers have been at work for these eighteen months, and yet I sometimes stand and wonder whether any thing has really been done. One exploit in last June was, however, by no means equivocal. Our good neighbour fancied that the limes shaded the rooms, 10 and made them dark (there was not a creature in the house but the workmen), so he had all the leaves stripped from every tree. There they stood, poor miserable skeletons, as bare as Christmas under the glowing midsummer sun. Nature revenged herself, in her own sweet and gracious manner; fresh leaves sprang out, and at 15 nearly Christmas the foliage was as brilliant as when the outrage was committed. ~~XXX~~

Next door lives a carpenter, "famed ten miles round, and worthy all his fame," — few cabinet-makers surpass him, with his excellent wife, and their little daughter Lizzy, the plaything and 20 queen of the village, a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will. She manages every body in the place, her schoolmistress included; turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her; seduces cakes and lollypops 25 from the very shop window; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her; does any thing she pleases; is absolutely irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little 30 girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hand into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, "Come!" You must go: you cannot help it. Another part of her charm is her singular beauty. Together with a good deal of the character of Napoleon, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the 35 finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play of countenance. She has the imperial attitudes too, and loves to stand with her hands behind her, or folded over her bosom: and sometimes, when she has a 40 little touch of shyness, she claps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking so exquisitely pretty! Yes, Lizzy is queen of the village! She has but one rival in her dominions, a certain white grey-hound called Mayflower, much her friend, who resembles her in beauty and strength, in 45

playfulness, and almost in sagacity, and reigns over the animal world as she over the human. They are both coming with me, Lizzy and Lizzy's "pretty May". We are now at the end of the street; a cross-lane, a rope-walk, shaded with limes and oaks, and
 5 a cool clear pond overhung with elms, lead us to the bottom of the hill. There is still one house round the corner, ending in a picturesque wheeler's shop. The dwelling-house is more ambitious. Look at the fine flowered window-blinds, the green door with the brass knocker, and the somewhat prim but very civil person, who is
 10 sending off a labouring man with sirs and curtsies enough for a prince of the blood. Those are the curate's lodgings — apartments his landlady would call them: he lives with his own family four miles off, but once or twice a week he comes to his neat little parlour to write sermons, to marry, or to bury, — as the case may
 15 require. Never were better or kinder people than his host and hostess: and there is a reflexion of clerical importance about them, since their connexion with the Church, which is quite edifying — a decorum, a gravity, a solemn politeness. Oh, to see the worthy wheeler carry the gown after his lodger on a Sunday, nicely pinned
 20 up in his wife's best handkerchief; — or to hear him rebuke a squalling child or a squabbling woman! The curate is nothing to him. He is fit to be perpetual churchwarden.

We must now cross the lane into the shady rope-walk. That pretty white cottage opposite, which stands straggling at the end of
 25 the village in a garden full of flowers, belongs to our mason, the shortest of men, and his handsome, tall wife: he, a dwarf, with the voice of a giant; one starts when he begins to talk, as if he were shouting through a speaking-trumpet; she, the sister, daughter, and grand-daughter, of a long line of gardeners, and no con-
 30 temptible one herself. It is very magnanimous in me not to hate her; for she beats me in my own way, in chrysanthemums, and dahlias, and the like gauds. Her plants are sure to live; mine have a sad trick of dying, perhaps because I love them, "not wisely, but too well," and kill them with over-kindness. Half-way
 35 up the hill is another detached cottage, the residence of an officer, and his beautiful family. That eldest boy, who is hanging over the gate, and looking with such intense childish admiration at my Lizzy, might be a model for a Cupid.

How pleasantly the road winds up the hill, with its broad green
 40 borders and hedge-rows so thickly timbered! How finely the evening sun falls on that sandy excavated bank, and touches the farm-house on the top of the eminence! and how clearly defined and relieved is the figure of the man who is just coming down! It is poor John Evans, the gardener — an excellent gardener till
 45 about ten years ago, when he lost his wife, and became insane.

He was sent to St. Luke's, and dismissed as cured; but his power was gone and his strength; he could no longer manage a garden, nor submit to the restraint, nor encounter the fatigue of regular employment; so he retreated to the workhouse, the pensioner and factotum of the village, amongst whom he divides his services. 5
His mind often wanders, intent on some fantastic and impracticable plan, and lost to present objects; but he is perfectly harmless, and full of a child-like simplicity, a smiling contentedness, a most touching gratitude. Every one is kind to John Evans, for there is that about him which must be loved; and his unprotectedness, his 10
utter defencelessness, have an irresistible claim on every better feeling. I know nobody who inspires so deep and tender a pity; he improves all around him. He is useful, too, to the extent of his little power; will do any thing, but loves gardening best, and still piques himself on his old arts of pruning fruit-trees and raising 15
cucumbers. He is the happiest of men just now, for he has the management of a melon-bed — a melon-bed! — fie! What a grand pompous name was that for three melon plants under a hand-light! John Evans is sure that they will succeed. We shall see: as the chancellor said, "I doubt". 20

We are now on the very brow of the eminence, close to the Hill-house and its beautiful garden. On the outer edge of the paling, hanging over the bank that skirts the road, is an old thorn — such a thorn! The long sprays covered with snowy blossoms, so graceful, so elegant, so lightsome, and yet so rich! There only 25
wants a pool under the thorn to give a still lovelier reflexion, quivering and trembling, like a tuft of feathers, whiter and greener than the life, and more prettily mixed with the bright blue sky. There should indeed be a pool; but on the dark grass-plot, under the high bank, which is crowned by that magnificent plume, there 30
is something that does almost as well, — Lizzy and Mayflower in the midst of a game at romps, "making a sun-shine in the shady place;" Lizzy rolling, laughing, clapping her hands, and glowing like a rose; Mayflower playing about her like summer lightning, dazzling the eyes with her sudden turns, her leaps, her 35
bounds, her attacks, and her escapes. She darts round the lovely little girl with the same momentary touch that the swallow skims over the water, and has exactly the same power of flight, the same matchless ease and strength and grace. What a pretty picture they would make; what a pretty foreground they do make to 40
the real landscape! The road winding down the hill with a slight bend, like that in the High-street at Oxford; a waggon slowly ascending, and a horseman passing it at a full trot — (ah! Lizzy, Mayflower will certainly desert you to have a gambol with that blood-horse!) — half-way down, just at the turn, the red cottage 45

of the lieutenant, covered with vines, the very image of comfort and content; farther down, on the opposite side, the small white dwelling of the little mason; then the limes and the rope-walk; then the village street, peeping through the trees, whose clustering tops hide all but the chimneys, and various roofs of the houses, and here and there some angle of a wall: farther on, the elegant town of B—, with its fine old church towers and spires; the whole view shut in by a range of chalky hills; and over every part of the picture, trees so profusely scattered, that it appears like a woodland scene, with glades and villages intermixed. The trees are of all kinds and all hues, chiefly the finely shaped elm, of so bright and deep a green, the tips of whose high outer branches drop down with such a crisp and garland-like richness, and the oak, whose stately form is just now so splendidly adorned by the sunny colouring of the young leaves. Turning again up the hill, we find ourselves on that peculiar charm of English scenery, a green common divided by the road: the right side fringed by hedge-rows and trees, with cottages and farm-houses irregularly placed, and terminated by a double avenue of noble oaks: the left, prettier still, dappled by bright pools of water, and islands of cottages and cottage-gardens, and sinking gradually down to corn-fields and meadows, and an old farm-house, with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, looking on from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills. The common is itself the prettiest part of the prospect; half covered with low furze, whose golden blossoms reflect so intensely the last beams of the setting sun, and alive with cows and sheep, and two sets of cricketers; one of young men, surrounded by spectators, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the grass, all taking a delighted interest in the game; the other, a merry group of little boys, at a humble distance, for whom even cricket is scarcely lively enough, shouting, leaping, and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. (*Mary Russell Mitford.*)

8. PICTURE OF A SCOTCH VILLAGE.

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

If the reader is a traveller, he must know, and if he is a speculator in canals, he must regret, that rivers have in general a trick of running out of the straight line. But however they may in this resemble the moral conduct of man, it is but doing justice to these favourite children of nature to observe, that, in all their 5 wanderings, each stream follows the strict injunctions of its parent, and never for a moment loses its original character. That our burn had a character of its own, no one who saw its spirited career could possibly have denied. It did not, like the lazy and luxuriant streams which glide through the fertile valleys of the south, turn 10 and wind in listless apathy, as if it had no other object than the gratification of ennui or caprice. Alert, and impetuous, and persevering, it even from its infancy dashed onward, proud and resolute; and no sooner met with a rebuff from the rocks on one side of the glen, than it flew indignant to the other, frequently awaking 15 the sleeping echoes by the noise of its wild career. Its complexion was untinged by the fat of the soil; for in truth the soil had no fat to throw away. But little as it owed to nature, and still less as it was indebted to cultivation, it had clothed itself in many shades of verdure. The hazel, the birch, and the mountain-ash, were not 20 only scattered in profusion through the bottom, but in many places clomb to the very tops of the hills. The meadows and corn-fields, indeed, seemed very evidently to have been encroachments made by stealth on the sylvan region; for none had their outlines marked with the mathematical precision in which the modern improver so much 25 delights. Not a straight line was to be seen in Glenburnie. The very ploughs moved in curves; and though much cannot be said of the richness of the crops, the ridges certainly waved with all the grace and pride of beauty.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north 30 side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country-road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they 35 made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions, which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by 40 the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. "How little trouble would it cost," said he, "to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to 45

remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a-week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting
5 them to work; and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself."

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small
10 farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a step, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden
15 turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any farther for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness
20 by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine, whether by removing the hay, which
25 partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming, "Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now; come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!"

30 As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

"You have met with a sad accident," said Mr. Stewart; "how
35 did all this happen?" "You may see how it happened plain eneugh," returned the boy; "the brig brak, and the cart couppet." "And did you and the horse coup likewise?" said Mr. Stewart. "O ay, we a' couppet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back." "And where is your father, and all the rest of the folk?" "Whaur sud
40 they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave."

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the
45 shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the

hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. "Why, farmer," said Mr. Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think" (pointing to where it had given way); "if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and showed you how easily it might be repaired?" 5 10

"It is a' true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it would do weel eneugh. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wad na fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen."

"But you must now mend it for your own sake," said Mr. Stewart, "even though a' the folk in the glen should be the better for it." 15

"Ay, sir," said one of the men, "that's spoken like yoursel'! would everybody follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood. Only tell us what we are to do, and I'll work at your bidding till it be *pit-mirk*." 20

"Well," said Mr. Stewart, "bring down the planks that I saw lying in the barn-yard, and which, though you have been obliged to step over them every day since the stack they propped was taken in, have never been lifted. You know what I mean?" 25

"O yes, sir," said the farmer, grinning, "we ken what ye mean weel eneugh: and indeed I may ken, for I have fallen thrice owre them since they lay there, and often said they sud be set by, but we cou'dna be fashed."

While the farmer, with one of the men, went up, taking the horse with them, for the planks in question, all that remained set to work, under Mr. Stewart's direction, to remove the hay, and clear away the rubbish; Mrs. Mason and Mary being the only idle spectators of the scene. In little more than half an hour the planks were laid, and covered with sod cut from the bank, and the bridge now only wanted a little gravel to make it as good as new. This addition, however, was not essential towards rendering it passable for the car, which was conveyed over it in safety; but Mr. Stewart, foreseeing the consequences of its remaining in this unfinished state, urged the farmer to complete the job on the present evening, and at the same time promised to reimburse him for the expense. The only answer he could obtain was, "Ay, ay, we'll do't in time; but I'se warrant it'll do weel eneugh." 30 35 40

Our party then drove off, and at every turning of the road expressed fresh admiration at the increasing beauty of the scene. 45

Towards the top of the glen the hills seemed to meet, the rocks became more frequent and more prominent, sometimes standing naked and exposed, and sometimes peeping over the tops of the rowan-tree and weeping birch, which grew in great abundance on all the steepy
5 banks. At length the village appeared in view. It consisted of about twenty or thirty thatched cottages, which, but for their chimneys, and the smoke that issued from them, might have passed for so many stables or hogsties, so little had they to distinguish them as the abodes of man. That one horse, at least, was the inhabitant
10 of every dwelling, there was no room to doubt, as every door could not only boast its dunghill, but had a small cart stuck up on end directly before it; which cart, though often broken, and always dirty, seemed ostentatiously displayed as a proof of wealth.

In the middle of the village stood the kirk, a humble edifice,
15 which meekly raised its head but a few degrees above the neighbouring houses. It was, however, graced by an ornament of peculiar beauty. Two fine old ash-trees, which grew at the east end, spread their protecting arms over its lowly roof, and served all the uses of a steeple and a belfry; for on one of the loftiest of these branches was
20 the bell suspended which, on each returning Sabbath,

“Rang the blest summons to the house of God.”

On the other side of the churchyard stood the manse, distinguished from the other houses in the village by a sash window on each side of the door, and garret windows above; which showed that two floors
25 were, or might be, inhabited; for in truth the house had such a sombre air, that Mrs. Mason, in passing, concluded it to be deserted.

As the houses stood separate from each other at the distance of many yards, she had time to contemplate the scene, and was particularly struck with the number of children which, as the car
30 advanced, poured forth from every little cot to look at the strangers and their uncommon vehicle. On asking for John Maclarty's, three or four of them started forward to offer themselves as guides; and running before the car, turned down a lane towards the river, on a road so deep with ruts, that, though they had not twenty
35 yards to go, it was attended with some danger. Mrs. Mason, who was shaken to pieces by the jolting, was very glad to alight; but her limbs were in such a tremor, that Mr. Stewart's arm was scarcely sufficient to support her to the door.

It must be confessed that the aspect of the dwelling where she
40 was to fix her residence was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial, built, like the houses in the village, of stone and lime; but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter; and on one side of the door completely covered from view by the contents of a great dunghill.
45 On the other, and directly under the window, was a squashy pool,

formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it about twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling.

At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid: and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, who always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr. Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs. Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold. But there an unforeseen danger awaited her, for there the great whey pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made, and was at the present moment filled with chickens, which were busily picking at the bids of curd which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Mason unfortunately tumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens, cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way by the hallan (or inner door) into the house. 5 10 15

The accident was attended with no further bad consequences than a little hurt upon the shins: and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but, though they found the doors of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs. Macclarty came in, all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age. She welcomed Mrs. Mason and her friends with great kindness, and made many apologies for being in no better order to receive them; but said, that both her gudeman and herself thought that her cousin would have stayed at Gowan-brae till after the fair, as they were too far off at Glenburnie to think of going to it; though it would, to be sure, be only natural for Mrs. Mason to like to see all the grand sights that were to be seen there; for, to be sure, she would gang mony places before she saw the like. Mrs. Mason smiled, and assured her she would have more pleasure in looking at the fine view from her door than in all the sights at the fair. 20 25 30

"Ay, it's a bonny piece of corn, to be sure," returned Mrs. Macclarty with great simplicity; "but then, what with the trees, and rocks, and wimplings o' the burn, we have nae room to make parks o' ony size." 35

"But were your trees, and rocks, and wimplings of the burn all removed," said Mr. Stewart, "then your prospect would be worth the looking at, Mrs. Macclarty; would it not?" 40

Though Mr. Stewart's irony was lost upon the good woman, it produced a laugh among the young folks, which she, however, did not resent, but immediately fell to busying herself in sweeping

the hearth, and adding turf to the fire, in order to make the kettle boil for tea.

"I think," said Miss Mary, "you might make your daughters save you that trouble," looking at the two girls, who stood all 5 this time leaning against the wall.

"O, poor things," said their mother, "they have not been used to it; they have eneugh of time for wark yet."

"Depend upon it," said Mrs. Mason, "young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as 10 yourself."

"Indeed she's of a stately growth," said Mrs. Macclarty, pleased with the observation; "and Jenny there is little ahint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that! In time, I warrant, they'll do weel eneugh. Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can 15 do, when she likes."

"And does she not always like to do all she can?" said Mrs. Mason.

"O, we mauna complain," returned the mother; she does well eneugh."

20 The gawky girl now began to rub the wall up and down with her dirty fingers; but happily the wall was of too dusky a hue to be easily stained. And here let us remark the advantage which our cottages in general possess over those of our southern neighbours; theirs being so whitened up, that no one can have the comfort 25 of laying a dirty hand upon them without leaving the impression; an inconvenience which reduces people to the necessity of learning to stand upon their legs, without the assistance of their hands; whereas, in our country, custom has rendered the hands in standing at a door, or in going up or down a stair, no less necessary 30 than the feet, as may be plainly seen in the finger-marks which meet one's eye in all directions.

Some learned authors have indeed adduced this propensity in support of the theory which teaches that mankind originally walked upon all fours, and that standing erect is an outrage on the laws 35 of nature; while others, willing to trace it to a more honourable source, contend that, as the propensity evidently prevails chiefly among those who are conscious of being able to transmit the colour of their hands to the objects on which they place them, it is decidedly an impulse of genius, and in all probability, derived from 40 our Pictish ancestors, whose passion for painting is well known to have been great and universal. (Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.)

8. PICTURE OF AN IRISH VILLAGE.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world. 5 10

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering-ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water flagons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water. 15 20 25

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen* which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road — an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape. 30 35 40

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills,

each with its concomitant sink of green rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious
 5 ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this
 10 time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice — if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation — in every sink as
 15 you pass along a “slip of a pig” stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their
 20 little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque
 25 visage peeping by a short cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dust of the road, lest “the gentleman’s horse might ride over it;” and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frize, with one
 30 hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two upon yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some
 35 ragged gorsoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door you may observe a toil-worn man without coat or waistcoat, his red muscular sunburnt shoulder peering through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a
 40 piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning
 45 upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described — far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farm-house with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard with five or six large stacks of corn, well-trimmed and roped, 5 and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hayrick, half-cut — not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the good-wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the 10 bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, to be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with 15 noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and to the right a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable 20 mountains peering decently into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park well-wooded and stocked with deer. 25 You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town which lies immediately behind that white church with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where 30 you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well white-washed; then, to the right, you observe a door apparently in the side of a clay bank, 35 which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gorsoon with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his 40 hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as "the pass" of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an ink-horn, covered with leather, dangling at the buttonhole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frize jacket — his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of 45

ink — his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear — his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red and blue — on each heel a kibe — his “leather crackers” — *videlicet*, breeches — shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps
 5 of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you —

“You a gintleman! — no, nor one of your breed never was,
 10 you procthorin’ thief you!”

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those seated next it notice you.

“Oh, sir, here’s a gintleman on a horse? — masther, sir, here’s a gintleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that’s
 15 looking in at us.”

“Silence!” exclaims the Master; “back from the door — boys rehearse — every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gintleman goes past!”

“I want to go out, if you plase, sir.”

20 “No, you don’t, Phelim.”

“I do, indeed, sir.”

“What! is it afther conthradictin’ me you’d be? Don’t you see the “porter’s” out, and you can’t go.”

“Well, ’tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he’s out this half-hour,
 25 sir; I can’t stay in, sir!”

“You want to be idling your time looking at the gintleman, Phelim.”

“No, indeed, sir.”

“Phelim, I know you of ould — go to your sate. I tell you,
 30 Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you’ll die promoting it.”

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a “half-bend” — a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity —
 35 and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge-school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge-school-master.

(William Carleton.)

9. ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Descending by the pass of the *Tête Noire* into the valley of
 40 Chamounix, its appearance in the month of July, 1827, owing to the long season of warm and uninterruptedly fine weather which had preceded, was perhaps more strikingly beautiful than falls to the lot of most travellers to behold. On our left, as it were in the

very heavens, Mont Blanc was fixed in all its splendour; sublime from its vast magnitude and height, and striking from the calmness which reigned around it, and from the awe which it naturally inspires in the breast of every spectator.

This monarch of the Alps is surrounded by channels, down 5 which seas of ice are continually hurling their crystal rocks with a grandeur awful and inconceivable; thus forming what are called *Glaciers*, which as they dissolve, swell the river, and rush along the course of the Arve. On the right of this entrance into the valley, the rocky range of the *Breven* mountains rises almost 10 perpendicularly, forming a valley of 25 miles in extent and nearly one in breadth; the vegetation of which, apparently rich, is rank and coarse; the soil producing here and there trees of a sickly green foliage, and drawn up to a premature growth, forming a fine contrast with the dark pines which here in forests fringe the bases 15 of the mountains. Above the line of these pines is seen another line still broader, of grass, brown and parched by the powerful influence of the sun; whilst beyond it lies a greener ridge, on which both the sun and air have as yet only nourished and not destroyed the effect; then a layer of turf, from which the snow 20 has just melted; while above all these, to the blue expanse of the sky itself, is one uniform and dazzling white.

The spirit which prompted us (Ch. Fellows and Mr. W^m. Hawes) to attempt scaling this Pelion, sprung from the desire to witness some of the most stupendous of nature's works, to see them dis- 25 played in a theatre accessible to few; and, perhaps, not a little, from an ambition to surmount obstacles which had impeded the progress and stopt the course of so many.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 24th of July 1827, we were awakened by the guide whom we had fixed upon as one 30 of the commanders of our party. He came to see that we were properly equipped, and to convey our baggage into the charge of *ten persons*, with whom he had agreed to take it as far as the first glacier, that the guides might commence their labours without any previous exhaustion of strength or spirit. This baggage con- 35 sisted of blankets, sheeting to form a covering over our heads, cloaks, clothes, linen, and a change of shoes; a saucepan for melting snow, candles, wood and straw for firing; besides an adequate supply of provisions, consisting of eight joints of meat, a dozen fowls, sausages, eight loaves of bread and a cheese, 40 lemons, raisins, prunes and sugar, with 42 bottles of wine, brandy, capillaire, and syroup of raspberries, &c.

At 8 o'clock our arrangements were all made, and we left Chamounix, with the good wishes, but at the same time, with the ill-foreboding apprehensions of almost the whole of its inhabitants. 45

Our path lay for about a mile and a half, along the valley, by the road leading to the *Village des Bossons*, passing through cornfields, and occasionally over rapid streams from the glaciers above; thence ascending gradually through a wood of various shrubs, 5 we reached the *cottage of Joseph Mani Couttet*, one of our leaders. (*Couttet* was one of the party with Dr. Hamel in the ascent of 1820, when three guides were swept away by an avalanche, and never afterwards found, while he himself was driven by the snow into the same deep crevice where his companions were killed, but, 10 not being so much under the main body of the avalanche, was extricated, after having been a prisoner for an hour and a half in the gulf. In another expedition he was overtaken by a fall of rocks and stones, when both his legs were badly broken in various places. In a third excursion many of his fingers suffered, and bear to this 15 day evident marks of the accident he encountered. I mention these facts to prove the undaunted courage and perseverance of Couttet, who persists in his office of guide from a natural and innate love of a mountain life, more than from a love of gain; for he could earn a very good livelihood from his ability and adroitness in 20 cutting and polishing pebbles.)

Here we added to our stores a straw hat, fur gloves, and some other necessary articles, and were provided with two mules for my friend and myself; but after riding for some time along a road over piles of rocks, continually upon the ascent and descent, I 25 relinquished the tedious operation, preferring the quicker and less dangerous method of proceeding on foot.

We had now arrived at the *cottage of Jacques Balmat*, the first man who is said to have reached the summit of the mountain. From this point our route lay through a thick forest of pines, growing 30 on the rocky acclivity of a mountain, which scarcely yielded nutriment to their naked roots, though the trees were of astonishing growth. After passing this forest, and over a tract of barren and craggy waste of about a mile in extent, and on which only a few goats were to be seen, we left our mules at a *châlet*. Hence 35 we were conducted along a *narrow shelf*, hanging some way down a perpendicular cliff, above the *Glacier des Bossons*. This path was so narrow and uneven, being occasionally not more than nine inches in breadth, as scarcely to afford a passage. It may be best described by stating, that it is necessary to proceed along it side- 40 ways, with the face and breast close to the cliff, so that the depth of the abyss below may not produce giddiness. There was danger in this, but our mountaineer guides had no hesitation in exposing themselves to it. At length, at 12 o' clock we arrived at the *foot of the Aiguille du Midi*, which is situated within a few minutes 45 walk of the first Glacier. Here we joined the bearers of our pro-

vender and baggage, and sat down a party of two and twenty to dine. Afterwards the ten assistant guides returned to Chamounix, while with the others, who were to continue with us, we commenced the passage of the glaciers.

Previous to our proceeding over the *Glacier des Bossons* we 5
clothed ourselves warmly; put on shoes with spikes on the soles, and fur gloves; then with ropes twenty feet long, my friend tied in the centre of one, and myself of another, and a guide at each extremity, we entered the glacier; two guides, tied with a rope of 15 feet in length, and two others, single, carrying additional ropes 10
in case of accident, and various implements for cutting and making our way through the ice. Each guide carried a knapsack laden with provisions, straw, and firewood. We each had a bâton or pole of about 7 feet long armed with an iron spike at the end. Thus equipped, we commenced passing the widest part of the glacier, 15
where we at once saw that our track would be less difficult, but far more dangerous, than usual, in consequence of the snows in the last season having covered many of the crevices between the rocks of ice, thus enabling us to pass over them, instead of descending and then ascending the gulfs between. We were now literally in a sea of ice, where masses of it rose sufficiently high to intercept a view of more than a small portion of the sky above. Ascending these, others opened to our view in endless succession in the distance; while as we advanced, our progress was opposed by cliffs of ice rising perpendicularly, in many instances to a 100 feet 25
in height; and again, in other places, by cliffs which had fallen into innumerable pieces. Here the ice was as transparent and pure as crystal, not discoloured, as in the lower part of the glacier, by the sand of the mountain rock. It was essential for us to move with caution, and in perfect silence; as a word spoken might have 30
given vibration to the air, whose agitation would have been sufficient to bring down the masses of ice which were seen, as it were, balancing themselves above our heads. From the quantity of snow that had lately fallen we had not to contend with the difficulties generally experienced; but, as I have before said, the 35
danger was increased; for where the crevices were narrow, they were more concealed; and where they were wide, they required stronger natural bridges to support us. The depth below could only be conjectured by the dark green colour of the gulf, which was frequently so dark as to lead us to suppose it many hundred feet. 40

Having, with some labour, gained the summit of a cliff of ice, I was at once enabled to understand the cause of avalanches. From this point the surface of the mountain appeared smooth, but regularly intersected with lines formed by the crevices, running in parallel directions from a quarter to three quarters of a mile in 45

length, and the breadth varying from six to thirty feet. These crevices are separated from each other by broken cliffs of ice, from 10—20 feet in thickness, which, in falling, cause the avalanches; frequently occasioning the movement of the whole side of the
5 mountain. In an unsuccessful attempt made by Dr. Hamel in 1820, three guides were lost by a new crevice opening under their feet, occasioned by an avalanche, whose devastations they were watching at nearly two miles distance below them.

Captain Sherwill well describes this scene. "The elegance and
10 beauty which nature has given to these regions, no pen, no pencil can portray; nor can the mind easily imagine them. In real truth, how is it possible to describe objects which have no resemblance to anything else which we see in the daily course of life? It is not possible to convey a just idea of the sensations I experienced
15 in viewing beauties and horrors thus closely combined. The contrast of the spotless white of the snows (for nothing exists in these regions to soil them) with the dark and sombre colour of the surrounding peaks and pinnacles, has no equal: the constant rushing of the waters in hidden channels beneath our feet, the purity of
20 the air, the cloudless sky and brilliant sun which favoured us, and gave to every object an extraordinary vivacity, all these lent their aid to heighten the magnificence of the scene."

We continued to pass over cliffs, and frequently upon coming to a crevice, had to consider how we were to proceed, whether by
25 making a detour in search of a bridge of snow, or by descending to a wedge of ice below, and rising on the opposite side by holes cut by our guides.

Many of the *ponts de neige* were too thin for us to venture upon the former plan, and then we had recourse to the latter. But
30 the necessity for this occurred but seldom, as in general we found the bridges sufficient for our purpose, although they not unfrequently required to be passed by crawling gently along them, and at other times by laying our poles together to strengthen the bridge; at others, keeping our bodies stiff, and lying on the snow, we were
35 dragged over by ropes; yet notwithstanding all our care, we frequently fell through and hung suspended by our ropes; while the guides tied at each end stood immovable, with their feet firmly planted in the snow, leaving others to render the necessary assistance. When this occurred to myself, I had an opportunity of contemplating
40 and admiring the wonders about me. From this novel but awful situation the colours of the snows above were truly beautiful, varying from a dead whiteness to dark shades of blue and green, while the hanging icicles, some of which were of immense size, glittered with all the prismatic colours. At 4 o' clock we reached the foot of the
45 perpendicular *pointed rocks* rising between the Glacier des Bos-

sons and that of the *Taconnaz*. From the peculiar situation of these rocks, called '*Les Grands Mulets*', we were safe from all danger of avalanches, although in the very midst of these, and here, pointing to the pinnacles which stood about 60 feet above our heads, we were shown by our guides the shelf on which we were to sleep during the night: nor were we a little surprised when we were told that we here saw, also, our way to bed; for we were to scale the cliff by a staircase to be made and found out for ourselves. This seemed to us scarcely practicable; but we had been so much in the habit of following our guides, that we hesitated not to attempt whatever by their example they recommended; and thus sometimes with a rope around us, and sometimes without it, we reached the granite platform above, within 20 feet of the summit of the rock. This platform was only 8 feet in length, and four in breadth, and, together with another, four feet square in the adjoining rocks, called '*Les Petits Mulets*' (both so called from their resemblance to mules when seen from the valley below) was our only accommodation for the night. After moving away the stones from the surface, and heaping them on the side next the precipice, to prevent us from rolling out of bed, and thence falling into an abyss of 300 feet, we made a fire to melt the snow, and then having recourse to our provisions, ate a hearty meal. Our next preparation was for sleep: taking therefore our sheeting and stretching it over our bâtons inclined against the rock, with straw for our bed, a stone for our pillow, and our blankets about us, we endeavoured to fall asleep; while our guides passed the night, some lying over our feet, others reclining against the rock, where they could get their bodies into a niche, and the rest standing as they could by the fire. The air was intensely cold, the thermometer standing at 25° Fahrenheit, and much as we desired to sleep, the awful sound of avalanches which we heard at short intervals, disturbed our repose. Some of these commenced at no great distance from us with a noise resembling claps of thunder, gradually dying away and mingling with the scarcely audible roaring of the Arve beneath. In this manner we passed the night, and gladly hailed the return of day.

Our guides at 3 o'clock were on the alert, and making all preparation for our further progress; and as we were to return to this point, we here left all but what was actually requisite for our day's excursion to the summit. It excited my astonishment to see by the small quantity of food which was to be carried onward, how much was reckoned upon the loss of appetites, the forage for the whole party for the day being estimated at little more than I myself had eaten on the preceding; but I afterwards found that the calculation was correct. That object that now chiefly arrested my attention was the depth of the blue colour of the sky, now, indeed,

a perfect indigo; while the stars, instead of appearing as if studded on the surface of the heavens, looked as if suspended in the air at various distances: they seemed also greatly diminished in magnitude, being deprived of their misty rays occasioned by the
 5 dense atmosphere through which they are generally viewed.

From the *Petits Mulets* we proceeded over ice covered with snow, intersected by almost impenetrable crevices, which in many instances, were only discernible from the appearances of small black holes where the snow was melted, pointing out our danger. To
 10 the heat of the sun must also be ascribed the extreme thinness of the snow over which we were walking, appearing as a surface of glass thrown over immense chasms beneath, lighted by its transparency, and calling upon us at every step to move with redoubled caution. For our better protection we held our bâtons horizontally,
 15 and separated from each other to the extent of our ropes. In this manner and without accident, we reached the foot of a range of ice-cliffs majestically rising, two, and some three hundred feet perpendicularly above us. Of these some were piled on others, and, overhanging, seemed to threaten immediate falls. The whole portion
 20 of this stupendous barrier varied in its appearance every minute; and as the sun continued to rise, now tinging the summit with the rich hue of the ruby, and now covering the whole surface with an uniform and beautiful pink, its colouring was diversified in a manner difficult to conceive; for the clear icy angulated cliffs, ac-
 25 ting as so many prisms, refracted an endless variety of hues and colours. Climbing through the crevices of this barrier, we ascended to an extensive plain of snow, called the *Grand Plateau*, lying at the foot of the *Dôme de Gouté*, which we reached at 8 o'clock. Here our hopes were damped by the discovery of our guides, that
 30 the route by which alone the summit had hitherto been reached was *totally impassable* from the uninterrupted falling of the ice. Every circumstance had hitherto contributed to favour us. The weather was particularly propitious; the sun brilliant; the air perfectly clear from storms; neither falling showers of snow, nor gusts of wind had ob-
 35 structed or impeded our progress; yet here we were doomed to forego our hopes, unless, indeed, a prospect of *any untried path* could hold out the expectation of success. This, though not probable, was not impossible; and as we were able, clearly to see the still distant summit, from various elevated points to which we ascended
 40 for that purpose, a hope was kindled, that the discovery of a *new* track was practicable. It was to the fortunate state of the weather that we are to ascribe the power of taking this survey, a power which had been denied to almost all other adventurers; and relying upon our observations, we sent four guides forward to re-
 45 connoitre, and to give an opinion as to the chance of finding

a passage. While they were thus engaged, we, with the remainder, sat down to breakfast, and little indeed was the consumption. Our appetites were gone; nausea and headache, the effects of the rarity of the air, oppressed us, and most of us loathed the sight of food. My friend, whose appetite had hitherto been less affected than 5 those of the rest of the party, ate the wing of a fowl; a stout guide was contented with half that quantity, while others were satisfied even with less. With respect to myself, a crust of bread, some limonade, and a very few raisins, constituted all the sustenance I took in the course of thirty hours; nor did our appetites 10 return until we regained the valley of Chamounix. As eating was quite out of the question, we next tried to sleep, and in this we succeeded better. After dozing for nearly two hours, we were suddenly awakened by the guides, who expressed their fears lest their comrades in advance were lost, as they had not been seen 15 for twenty minutes. From this sudden alarm, however, we were shortly relieved by perceiving them emerge one by one from a crevice in the distance, whence they gave signals for us to follow, and we started with only one bottle of wine and one of lemonade, leaving the knapsacks on the spot where we had stopped for breakfast. 20

Our route now lay along the *eastern* side of the summit, over hard frozen snow, in which a footing was cut by our guides. This route was so steep that we were compelled to ascend in a zigzag course. We were now about 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and began more sensibly to feel the extreme rarity of the air; 25 a violent headache seized upon each of us, and this increased as we advanced; our veins were swollen, our pulsation strong and quick, attended with great difficulty in breathing. It was here that we made the unfortunate discovery, that our thermometer had been left at the Grands Mulets. This piece of negligence was the more 30 to be regretted, because we had failed in obtaining a barometer upon setting out from Chamounix, in which, before our arrival there, we had anticipated no difficulty. As we proceeded, our thirst increased upon us, while a languor pervaded the whole party. We were presently checked by coming to one crevice intersecting 35 another, each opening to a width of about 30 feet. This place appeared quite impassable to us, standing, as it were, on a promontory, with a deep gulf on each side, and another, screened by the intervention of a huge triangular wedge of ice, in front; but upon a further survey, finding the point of the wedge, which was suspended by 40 the sides of the opposite crevice, to approach the side on which we were, by nearly 10 feet, we saw that a passage could be effected, provided we could descend to a *shelf of frozen snow*, which projected from our side of the crevice at the depth of twelve feet below the angle on which we were standing. A guide was dropped 45

down by a rope, to the bracket adhering to the side of this apparently bottomless abyss, and then reaching over the chasm to fix his bâton into the projecting end of the wedge, he raised himself upon it. The surface of this wedge, upon which he had next to
5 scramble, formed a ridge, obliging him to ascend cautiously, with one foot on each of its sides. In the same manner we descended, one by one, with the end of a rope fastened around the body, and the other end thrown over to the guides in advance, and thus were enabled to overcome the difficulty of the passage. It was
10 in this and similar situations that we were compelled to hold ourselves in readiness to adopt a method which would have required great presence of mind to have put in practice. In passes of this kind, two persons were tied together at the extreme ends of a rope; and in case either should slip into one gulf, his linked companion
15 must have plunged into the opposite one; for in the event of an accident to either, the preservation of both could only be secured by forming a balance across the bridge. Fortunately, however, prepared as we were for this in the present instance, we escaped the hazard and the dilemma, and rose safely on the opposite side
20 of the crevice. Chance now threw but few more crevices in our way, and indeed other dangers lessened; for we perceived no symptoms of avalanches, and proceeded over smooth and hard frozen snow.

At a distance of 1000 feet below the summit, upon removing the snow, the surface beneath appeared to consist of hailstones.
25 Here, too, the effect of the rarity of the air was still more striking, for the noses of several of our guides burst out with blood; and whether from their age being greater than our own, or their constitution more worn, they, on every occasion, suffered more severely than ourselves. Yet none of us were free from many
30 effects of the peculiarities of the atmosphere: we all spat blood; the eyes of all were blood-shot; our faces were blistered, and in our respiration we all suffered intensely; for it was impossible to proceed many paces without stopping to recover our breath. In short I conceive we suffered precisely as we might expect to suffer,
35 had we been placed under the gradually exhausting receiver of an air-pump. When it is considered that by the barometer the air is ascertained to be little more than half the density of which it is in the valleys, the respiration must necessarily be increased, in order to cause, in a given time, the passage of a sufficient quan-
40 tity of air through the lungs.

On arriving at a *small point of granite rock* which just appeared above the snow, about 300 feet from the summit of the mountain, we stopped to break off some pieces as relics, this being the highest visible rock on the mountain. Here two of our guides
45 fell from faintness, and copiously vomited blood, while all of us

gave proof of its internal loss (we all experienced symptoms of hæmaturia). Our guides, perhaps the strongest and most active men in Switzerland, were so exhausted, that the incumbrance of carrying the two bottles, the only article of baggage, was too much for them, and they handed them from one to the other for occasional relief. 5 Our thirst was unquenchable, only made supportable by eating snow, raisins, or lump sugar. Thus it was "with fainting steps and slow," and rests frequent, not from fatigue but from difficulty of breathing, we reached the *very Summit*, a height of 15,665 feet above the level of the sea, at 20 minutes past two o' clock on the afternoon 10 of the 25th of July 1827. I paced up and down the plateau of the summit. It is an inclined plane in the shape of an egg, having its higher and wider end towards the north, and, according to my measurement, is about 150 feet in length, and 50 feet in breadth. During this time my companions sat down to recover themselves. 15 A thousand reflections rushed into my mind, which seemed enlarged by the infinite view that my eye on all sides embraced. I proudly exulted in standing on the highest point in Europe. In my sensations of triumph, I placed my cap upon my bâton, and raised it some height above my head. I then joined my com- 20 panions, who were writing their names on a scrap of paper for my friend.

After resting for a short time and taking some lemonade, we rose leisurely to survey the prospect before us. From the extraordinary brilliancy of the day, and the clearness of the air, it seemed as if we 25 were suspended from heaven itself, with the power of gazing upon the earth. With hardly a single vapour in the atmosphere, we commanded a panoramic view of little less than 300 miles in diameter. From the Valley of Chamounix, our eyes were carried onward towards the north, and now rested upon the lake of Geneva, the whole 30 of which was visible, with the exception that Lausanne and its immediate neighbourhood were screened by a mountain rising from the southern side of the lake. Beyond were seen the lakes of Neufchatel, Morat and Bienne. On the west lay the long range of the Jura mountains; on the east an interminable series of alps, rising to Monte 35 Rosa, and descending by a chain of lesser mountains which extended into Italy and the Valley of Piedmont. On the south, over a part of Piedmont, a flat line of horizon was discernible, which our guides conceived to be the Mediterranean, though to us it had not the appearance of water. Of distant colours we saw but little variety, 40 owing to our great elevation. The boasted green valleys in the great map beneath, were of the same grey tint as the mountains surrounding them; yet the rivers which meandered through the various valleys were distinctly visible, the eye following them with ease along their silvery tracks. The stupendous alps which once seemed 45

towering in the skies, now lay beneath, wrapt in perpetual snows, forming a mighty reservoir to feed the rivers of the earth below. We could not but admire the incomparable design by which the snows, when melted by the summer sun, liberally supply the rivers
 5 during the dry seasons, and in the winter, when their supply is not required, are not affected by its influence. I cannot refrain from repeating the reflections made on this spot by Captain Sherwill, as best describing my own. "Here we were above all living beings, the sole inhabitants of a region far above the lofty flight of the
 10 eagle, where the foot of the chamois never ventures, and where man has seldom been. We stood amidst the frowns of savage nature, almost insensible to objects beneath, and silently contemplating the cloudless heavens, pure and bright as the unsullied wastes of snow around and beneath. Here all worldly passions cease; man forgets
 15 the injustice of his enemies: his soul raises itself to heaven as its nearest point, and rejoices to feel itself nearer the abode of truth. *Le vrai nous vient du ciel, l'erreur vient de la terre!*"

Birds are said to be unable to fly in this region owing to the rarity of the atmosphere: we saw none; but, while vainly attempting
 20 to discover the stars, which our guides informed us had been seen at noon, I observed a butterfly pass over my head with great rapidity; and though I had before seen another of the same kind in the ascent, I had neither the power nor the opportunity to take sufficient notice, so as to describe it with accuracy; I conceive,
 25 however, by its mode of flight, and its general appearance, that it was the Bombyx of the Pavonia Major; but the colour certainly differed from any specimen of these which I have since seen. While on the summit, I experienced the same buoyancy of frame which others have before felt and described; a sensation to be
 30 ascribed to the little weight of atmospheric pressure on the body. Our senses of smelling and tasting were not affected. The difference in sound, however, was very striking, for with a feeling of triumph over past difficulties, I proposed our singing the national air of "God save the king;" as in this our guides could not join
 35 us we substituted a swiss chant; but such was the want of the vibratory power of the atmosphere, that we could by no possibility, blend or carry one note into another, but the sound was constantly *staccato*; even in speaking there was no prolongation of tone, but in singing, this was more perceptible.

40 Our guides now called upon us to descend, but before complying with their request I took another look around. The distant valleys in the north-east, towards Italy, appeared as if filled with wool, while a deep haze seemed hanging over the neighbourhood of Marseilles and Lyons; a fleecy cloud, too, for a few moments,
 54 obscured the Valley of Chamounix, apparently only skimming over

its surface. It was this very cloud which in consequence of concealing us from the telescopic view of the spectators below, gave some of them reason to think that we were enveloped in it. The descent, which we began at 3 o' clock, was so totally different to the ascent, that we forgot our past labours, and started with all the spirit of a fresh undertaking. We were now tied only to one guide, and where the descents on the snow were steep, we glided over them with astonishing rapidity, sitting behind a guide: for it was only necessary to place our legs around his body and hold his shoulders firmly by our hands, keeping the eye immoveable, fixed upon his hat, and we were carried along agreeable and swiftly; while he, raising his feet from the snow, was hurried onward by the weight of both, and with an inconceivable velocity frequently over a space of 700 feet at a time. When he judged it necessary to stop, in order to avoid a crevice or any other obstacle, he pressed his feet into the snow, by which means he was enabled gradually to stop us. For greater security, single guides were sent in advance to explore and to give notice of any danger from crevices or holes; they proceeded by the usual mode, sliding with the body inclined backwards, leaning their whole weight on their bâtons, which act as a drag, and enable them to stop at their will, however steep the declivity. By these means we were soon transported into a more congenial atmosphere, and lost the unpleasant effects we had so lately experienced. Where we could not put in practice this expeditious mode of gliding, we found the difficulties on the descent to be much greater than the ascent, on the principle of the common ladder, which is more easy to climb than to descend.

Returning to the *Grand Plateau*, the clouds which had risen over the eastern mountains, were now encircling us, and we were soon enveloped in a snow-storm, which continued two hours, greatly inconveniencing us, and increasing our danger, by preventing the possibility of seeing above 20 yards in advance. In this situation, while traversing the edge of a cliff some hundred feet high, we heard the loud thunders of an avalanche close to us; we were motionless in an instant, not knowing in what direction it was coming. The snow beneath our feet shook, and in the next moment we saw an immense block of ice roll before us, and bound over the precipice close upon our right. From these dangers no activity could save, or number of guides protect us: prudence and caution were unavailing; and here, as on many other occasions, expressions of gratitude involuntarily escaped us. The remainder of our journey to the *Grands Mulets* was varied only by change in the various modes of travelling, which we suited to our different situations. Oftentimes, from the steepness of the declivity, we were enabled to make long slides in the manner before described. In

one instance my guide, in his endeavours to retard our progress, placed one of his feet more firmly into the snow than the other; in consequence of which we were whirled round with a tremendous force, and then rolled with great velocity, down the steep. The
 5 rope, about 20 feet long, by which we were connected, occasionally jerked us forward, making any attempt to cling to the snow utterly useless. Eventually, we were stopped near the bottom by the other guides throwing a rope across our course, and luckily, from the softened state of the snow, we were unhurt; and having shaken off
 10 the snow from our clothes, joined in the laugh at our adventure.

On our arrival at the *Grands Mulets*, we found all the clothes and covering left there, completely wet, so that all comfort from remaining on that spot was at an end; and as it was now only six o' clock, we conceived that by making some effort, we
 15 might continue our descent and reach Chamounix by midnight. The resolution was hardly formed before it was abandoned, for our guides discovered that in our absence the whole surface of this part of the mountain had been changed in consequence of an avalanche having fallen, whose fractured remains showed its magnitude
 20 to have been enormous. Our guides, who were accustomed to make the calculation as to size, from the masses of remains, pronounced this to have been larger than any that had fallen for several years. To discover a new path with the day so nearly gone, was impossible, so that we were compelled to retire to our former quarters
 25 on the narrow, bare rock. This night my friend and I made choice of the *Petits Mulets* for our chamber, leaving that which we had occupied on the previous night to our guides: to this choice we were determined by the partial shelter which a few pieces of the rock, piled around us, promised, though the spot
 30 resembled the dark damp entrance to a well. All our blankets and cloaks being wet, as well as our clothes, we preferred taking our chance and lying down as we were; and no sooner had we placed ourselves in our bed of stone, than a heavy sleet commenced, which lasted several hours. I frequently squeezed the water from
 35 my cap, while the silk tassel at the top was frozen: my face suffered extremely from the cold. Under these circumstances, it was impossible to sleep, and the more so, as the thunders from the avalanches falling at various distances, sounded continually in my ears. No one but those who have experienced it can conceive
 40 the extreme irksomeness of passing the night in such a situation. Chilly, and wet, without even sufficient space to lie at length, time moved on heavily.

Daylight at length appeared, ushering in a fine morning. At 3 o' clock we rose shivering from our miserable berths, and having
 45 gladly partaken of some hot wine and water (even here, so low

was the temperature of the boiling liquid, that we drank it without feeling inconvenience from its heat), we again started on our route for the valley.

So much had the surface of the glacier been changed, since passing it the previous day, that we had not only a new path to seek, but had to meet difficulties in the way, greater and more hazardous than on our ascent. As we proceeded, we at length came to the foot of an overhanging cliff of ice, about two hundred feet in height, and immediately in its front a deep crevice, far down the sides of which was a fragment offering us the only bridge for passing across. It was necessary that our guide should cut holes for our hands and feet, by which we might descend and rise on the opposite side of the crevice. We stood motionless, watching the operation, expecting every instant that the impending cliff would fall upon us. Three times it cracked, sounding like the report of a pistol echoed through the body of the mountain. We exchanged looks with each other, but not a word was uttered. In this suspense we remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, before the guides had completed their task; when we descended and passed over the chasm, grateful for our escape from the perilous situation we had left. We had not advanced more than a quarter of a mile, before we were startled by a tremendous and sudden crash; and, upon turning round, we witnessed the fall of the very cliff under which we all so lately stood.

Without further difficulties, and without meeting with anything worthy of particular notice, we left the glaciers, and stood once more on the firm rock, after having been forty-two hours upon the snow.

At the first chalet, on our return, we left two of our guides, who having attained the summit of the mountain an hour before us, and remaining there so long were now quite blind, with a violent inflammation in their eyes, from which they did not recover for several days.

We arrived at Chamounix at 9 o'clock a. m. on the 27th, and I felt so little fatigued, that I walked along the valley for an hour or two for the mere pleasure of walking: nor did I retire to bed until nearly midnight, and at six o'clock on the following morning my friend and I were on our road to Geneva. *(Charles Fellows.)*

← 11. ASCENT OF MOUNT AETNA.

On the 27th, by daybreak, we set off to visit Mount Aetna, that venerable and respectable father of mountains. His base and his immense declivities are covered over with a numerous progeny of his own, for every great eruption produces a new mountain;

and, perhaps, by the number of these, better than by any other method, the number of eruptions, and the age of Aetna itself, might be ascertained.

The whole mountain is divided into three distinct regions, called
 5 *La Regione Culta* or *Piedmontese*, the fertile region; *La Regione Silvana* or *Nemorosa*, the woody region; and *La Regione Deserta* or *Scoperta*, the barren region.

These three are as different, both in climate and productions as the three zones of the earth; and perhaps, with equal propriety,
 10 might have been styled the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid zone. The first region surrounds the foot of the mountain, and constitutes the most fertile country in the world on all sides of it, to the extent of about fourteen or fifteen miles, where the woody region begins. It is composed almost entirely of lava, which, after
 15 a number of ages, is at last converted into the most fertile of all soils.

At Nicolosi, which is twelve miles up the mountain, we found the barometer at 27 degrees $1\frac{1}{2}$ lines; at Catania it stood at 29 degrees $8\frac{1}{2}$ lines: although the former elevation is not very great, probably not exceeding three thousand feet, yet the climate was
 20 totally changed. At Catania the harvest was entirely over, and the heats were insupportable; here they were moderate, and in many places the corn is as yet green. The road for these twelve miles is the worst I ever travelled; entirely over old lavas and the mouths of extinguished volcanoes, now converted into corn-
 25 fields, vineyards, and orchards.

The fruit of this region is reckoned the finest in Sicily, particularly the figs, of which they have a great variety. One of these, of a very large size, esteemed superior in flavour to all the rest, they pretend is peculiar to Aetna. ✱

30 The lavas, which, as I have already said, form this region of the mountain, take their rise from an infinite number of the most beautiful little mountains on earth, which are everywhere scattered on the immense declivity of Aetna. These are all of a regular figure; either that of a cone, or a semisphere; and all but a very
 35 few are covered with beautiful trees, and the richest verdure: every eruption generally forms one of these mountains. As the great crater of Aetna itself is raised to such an enormous height above the lower regions of the mountain, it is not possible that the internal fire, raging for a vent, even round the base, and no doubt vastly
 40 below it, should be carried to the height of twelve or thirteen thousand feet, for probably so high is the summit of Aetna. It has therefore generally happened, that after shaking the mountain and its neighbourhood for some time, it at last bursts open its side, and this is called an eruption. At first it only sends forth a thick
 45 smoke and showers of ashes, that lay waste the adjacent country;

these are soon followed by red-hot stones and rocks of a great size, thrown to an immense height in the air. The fall of these stones, together with the quantities of ashes discharged at the same time, at last form the spherical and conical mountains I have mentioned. Sometimes this process is finished in the course of 5 a few days, sometimes it lasts for months, which was the case in the great eruption 1669. In that case the mountain formed is of a great size; some of them are not less than seven or eight miles round, and upwards of one thousand feet in perpendicular height; others are not more than two or three miles round, and 10 three or four hundred feet high.

After the new mountain is formed, the lava generally bursts out from its lower side, and bearing every thing before it, is for the most part terminated by the sea. This is the common progress of an eruption; however, it sometimes happens, though rarely, that 15 the lava bursts at once from the side of the mountain without all these attending circumstances; and this is commonly the case with the eruptions of Vesuvius, where the elevation being so much smaller, the melted matter is generally carried up into the crater of the mountain, which then exhibits the phenomena I have described; 20 discharging showers of stones and ashes from the mouth of the volcano without forming any new mountain, but only adding considerably to the height of the old one, till at last the lava, rising near the summit, bursts the side of the crater, and the eruption is declared. This has literally been the case with two eruptions I 25 have been an attentive witness of in that mountain; but Aetna is upon a much larger scale, and one crater is not enough to give vent to such oceans of liquid fire.

Recupero assures me he saw in an eruption of that mountain, large rocks of fire discharged to the height of some thousand feet, 30 with a noise much more terrible than that of thunder. He measured from the time of their greatest elevation till they reached the ground, and found they took twenty-one seconds to descend; which, according to the rule of the spaces, being as the squares of the times, amounts, I think, to upwards of seven thousand feet — a most astonishing 35 height surely, and requiring a force of projection beyond what we have any conception of. I measured the height of the explosions of Vesuvius by the same rule, and never observed any of the stones thrown from it to take more than nine seconds to descend, which shows they had risen to little more than twelve hundred feet. 40

Our landlord at Nicolosi gave us an account of the singular fate of the beautiful country near Hybla, at no great distance from hence. It was so celebrated for its fertility, and particularly for its honey, that it was called Mel Passi, till it was overwhelmed by the lava of Aetna; and having then become totally barren, by a kind of pun, 45

its name was changed to Mal Passi. In a second eruption, by a shower of ashes from the mountain, it soon re-assumed its ancient beauty and fertility, and for many years was called Bel Passi. Last of all, in the unfortunate era of 1669, it was again laid under an
 5 ocean of fire, and reduced to the most wretched sterility, since which time it is known again by its second appellation of Mal Passi. However, the lava in its course over this beautiful country, has left several little islands or hillocks, just enough to show what it formerly was. These make a singular appearance, in all the bloom
 10 of the most luxuriant vegetation, surrounded and rendered almost inaccessible by large fields of black and rugged lava. The mountain from whence the first eruption issued that covered Mel Passi, is known by the name of Monpelieri. I was struck with its beautiful appearance at a distance, and could not resist the desire I had of
 15 examining it minutely, as well as of observing the effects of the two eruptions that overwhelmed this celebrated country.

Monpelieri is rather of a spherical than a conical shape, and does not rise in perpendicular height above three hundred feet, but it is so perfectly regular on every side, and so richly overspread
 20 with fruits and flowers, that I could not leave so heavenly a spot without the greatest regret. Its cup or crater is large in proportion to the mountain, and is as exactly hollowed out as the best made bowl. I walked quite round its outward edge, and think the circumference must be somewhat more than a mile.

25 This mountain was formed by the first eruption that destroyed the country of Mel Passi, and is of a very old date. It buried a great number of villages and country houses, and particularly two noble churches, which are more regretted than all the rest, on account of three statues, reckoned at that time the most perfect in
 30 the island. They have attempted, but in vain, to recover them, as the spot where the churches stood could never be justly ascertained. Indeed, it is impossible it should; for these churches were built of lava, which, it is well known, is immediately melted when it comes into contact with a torrent of new erupted matter; and
 35 Massa says, that in some eruptions of Aetna, the lava has poured down with such a sudden impetuosity, that in the course of a few hours, churches, palaces, and villages, have been entirely melted down, and the whole run off in fusion, without leaving the least mark of their former existence. But if the lava has had any con-
 40 siderable time to cool, this singular effect never happens.

The great eruption of 1669, after shaking the whole country around for four months, and forming a very large mountain of stones and ashes, burst out about a mile above Monpelieri, and descending like a torrent, bore directly against the middle of that mountain,
 45 and (they pretend) perforated it from side to side; this, however, I

doubt, as it must have broken the regular form of the mountain, which is not the case. But certain it is that it pierced it to a great depth. The lava then divided into two branches, and surrounding this mountain, joined again on its south side; and laying waste the whole country betwixt that and Catania, scaled the walls of 5 that city, and poured its flaming torrent into the ocean. In its way, it is said to have destroyed the possessions of near thirty thousand people, and reduced them to beggary. It formed several hills where there were formerly valleys, and filled up a large lake, of which there is not now the least vestige to be seen. 10

H As the events of this eruption are better known than any other, they tell a great many singular stories of it, one of which, however incredible it may appear, is well ascertained. A vineyard, belonging to a convent of Jesuits, lay directly on its way. This vineyard was formed on an ancient lava, probably a thin one, with a number 15 of caverns and crevices under it. The liquid lava entering into these caverns, soon filled them up, and by degrees bore up the vineyard, and the Jesuits, who every moment expected to see it buried, beheld with amazement the whole field begin to move off. It was carried on the surface of the lava to a considerable distance, 20 and though the greater part was destroyed, yet some of it remains to this day.

We went to examine the mouth from whence this dreadful torrent issued, and were surprised to find it only a small hole, of about three or four yards diameter. The mountain from whence it sprung, 25 I think, is little less than the conical part of Vesuvius.

There is a vast cavern on the opposite side of it, where people go to shoot wild pigeons, which breed there in great abundance. The innermost parts of this cavern are so very dismal and gloomy, that our landlord told us some people had lost their senses from 30 having advanced too far, imagining they saw devils and the spirits of the damned; for it is still very generally believed here that Aetna is the mouth of hell.

We found a degree of wildness and ferocity in the inhabitants of this mountain that I have not observed anywhere else. It put 35 me in mind of an observation the Padre della Torre (the historiographer of Mount Vesuvius) told me he had often made in the confines of Naples — that in the places where the air is most impregnated with sulphur and hot exhalations, the people were always most wicked and vicious. Whatever truth there may be in the 40 observation, the people about Nicolosi at least seem to confirm it. The whole village flocked round us, and the women, in particular, abused us exceedingly, the cause of which we at last found was, that Fullarton's blooming complexion and white skin had made them take him for one of their own sex. They made a great 45

clamour, and it was with difficulty we could appease them. The person whom Recupero had appointed to accompany us, known by the name of the Cyclops (the man in the island that is best acquainted with Mount Aetna), was ordered by them not to go with us; and
 5 if we had not at last obtained their consent by soothing and flattery, the best method with women, he durst not have disobeyed them. At first we had been obliged to shut the gate of the court, they were so very noisy and tumultuous; but when our landlord (a priest), for whom we had letters from Catania, assured them that we were
 10 Christians, and came with no bad intentions, they became more moderate, and we ventured out amongst them. This confidence soon acquired theirs; and in a short time we became good friends, and had a great deal of conversation. ~~XXXXXX~~

It was with much difficulty I could persuade them that we were
 15 not come to search for hidden treasures, a great quantity of which they believe is to be found in Monpelieri; and when I went to that mountain they were then fully convinced that this was our intention. Two of the men followed me, and kept a close eye on every step that I took; and when I lifted any bit of lava or pumice, they
 20 came running up, thinking it was something very precious; but when they observed they were only bits of stone, and that I put them into my pocket, they laughed heartily, talking to one another in their mountain jargon, which is unintelligible even to Italians. However, as most of them speak Italian so as to be understood,
 25 they asked me what I was going to make of these bits of stone? I told them they were of great value in our country; that the people there had a way of making gold of them: at this they both seemed exceedingly surprised, and spoke again in their own tongue. However, I found they did not believe me; one of them told me
 30 if that had been true I certainly would not have been so ready in telling it; but, said he, if it is so, we will serve you for ever, if you will teach us that art, for then we shall be the richest people on earth. I assured them that I had not yet learned it myself and that it was a secret known only to very few. They were likewise
 35 a good deal surprised to see me pull out of my pocket a magnetical needle and a small electrometer, which I had prepared at Catania, to examine the electrical state of the air; and I was at first afraid they should have taken me for a conjuror (which you know already happened among the Apennines), but luckily that idea did not
 40 strike them.

On our way back to Nicolosi we were joined by three or four more, with their wives. I began to be a little afraid of myself, lest they should insist on knowing the secret. However, I took out my bits of lava, and told them they were at their service, if
 45 they had any occasion for them. But they refused them, saying,

they wished to the Virgin and S. Agatha, that I could take away the whole of it, as it had ruined the finest country in all Sicily.

We soon after left Nicolosi, and in an hour and a half's travelling, over barren ashes and lava, we arrived on the confines of the *Regione Silvana*, or the temperate zone. As soon as we entered these delightful forests, we seemed to have got into another world. The air, which before was sultry and hot, was now cool and refreshing; and every breeze was loaded with a thousand perfumes, the whole ground being covered over with the richest aromatic plants. Many parts of this region are surely the most heavenly spots upon earth; and if Aetna resembles hell within, it may with equal justice be said to resemble paradise without. 5 10

It is indeed a curious consideration, that this mountain should re-unite every beauty and every horror; and, in short, all the most opposite and dissimilar objects in nature. Here you observe a gulf, that formerly threw out torrents of fire, now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, and from an object of terror become one of delight. Here you gather the most delicious fruit, rising from what was but lately a black and barren rock. Here the ground is covered with every flower; and we wander over these beauties, and contemplate this wilderness of sweets, without considering that hell, with all its terrors, is immediately under our feet, and that but a few yards separate us from lakes of liquid fire and brimstone. 15 20

But our astonishment still increases on casting our eyes on the higher regions of the mountain. There we behold in perpetual union the two elements that are at perpetual war—an immense gulf of fire, for ever existing in the midst of snows which it has not power to melt, and immense fields of snow and ice, for ever surrounding this gulf of fire, which they have not power to extinguish. 25

The woody region of Aetna ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms a zone or girdle of the brightest green all around the mountain. This night we passed through little more than the half of it, arriving some time before sunset at our lodgings, which was no other than a large cave, formed by one of the most ancient and venerable lavas. It is called *La Spelonca del Capriole*, or the Goats' Cavern, because frequented by those animals, who take refuge there in bad weather. 30 35

Here we were delighted with the contemplation of many grave and beautiful objects; the prospect on all sides is immense; and we already seemed to be lifted up from the earth, and to have got into a new world. 40

Our cavern is surrounded by the most stately and majestic oaks, of the dry leaves of which we made very comfortable beds; and with our hatchets, which we had brought on purpose, we cut down great branches, and in a short time had a fire large enough 45

to roast an ox. I observed my thermometer, and found, from 71 degrees at Nicolosi, it had now fallen below 60 degrees. The barometer stood at 24 degrees 2 lines. In one end of our cave we still found a great quantity of snow, which seemed to be sent
5 there on purpose for us, as there was no water to be found. With this we filled our tea-kettle, as tea and bread and butter was the only supper we had provided, and probably the best one to prevent us from being overcome by sleep or fatigue.

Not a great way from this cavern, are two of the most beautiful
10 mountains of all that number that spring of Aetna. I mounted one of our best mules, and with a good deal of difficulty arrived at the summit of the highest of them, just a little before sunset. The prospect of Sicily, with the surrounding sea and all its islands, was wonderfully noble. The whole course of the river Semetus,
15 the ruins of Hybla, and several other ancient towns, the richest corn-fields and vineyards on the lower region of the mountain, and the amazing number of beautiful mountains below, made a delightful scene. The hollow craters of these two mountains are, each of them, considerably larger than that of Vesuvius. They are now filled
20 with stately oaks, and covered to a great depth with the richest soil. I observed that this region of Aetna, like the former, is composed of lava; but this is now covered so deep with earth, that it is nowhere to be seen but in the beds of the torrents. In many of these it is worn down by the water to the depth of fifty or
25 sixty feet, and in one of them still considerably more. What an idea does not this give of the amazing antiquity of the eruptions of this mountain?

As soon as it was dark, we retired to our cave, and took possession of our bed of leaves. Our rest, however, was somewhat
30 disturbed by the noise of a mountain that lay a good way off on our right. It discharged quantities of smoke, and made several explosions like heavy cannon at a distance; but what is singular, we could observe no appearance of fire. This mountain was formed by an eruption in 1766, now upwards of four years ago, the fire
35 of which is not yet extinguished, neither is the lava by any means cold. This lava spent its fury on a beautiful forest, which it laid waste to the extent of a good many miles. In many places it has run into gulleys of a great depth, which it has filled up to the height, we are told, of two hundred feet. It is in these places
40 where it retains the greatest heat. On our road to-day, we scrambled up this lava, and went a considerable way over its surface, which appeared perfectly cold; but it is certain that in many places it still emits volumes of smoke, particularly after rain; and the people say, what I can readily believe, that this will continue to be the
45 case for some years, where the lava is thickest. A solid body of

fire some hundreds of feet thick, and of so great an extent, must certainly retain its heat for many years. The surface, indeed, soon becomes black and hard, and encloses the liquid fire within, in a kind of solid box, excluding all impressions from the external air or from the weather. Thus I have seen, many months after eruptions 5 of Mount Vesuvius, a bed of lava, though only of a few feet thick, has continued red hot in the centre long after the surface was cold, and a stick thrust into its crevices instantly took fire, although there was no perceptible heat without.

Massa, a Sicilian author of credit, says he was at Catania eight 10 years after the great eruption in 1669, and that he still found the lava in many places was not cold: but there is an easy method of calculating the time that bodies take to cool. Sir Isaac Newton, I think, in his account of the comet of 1680, supposes the times to be as the squares of their diameters; and finding that a solid 15 ball of metal of two inches, made red-hot, required upwards of an hour to become perfectly cold, made the calculation from that to a body of the diameter of the earth, and found it would require upwards of twenty thousand years. If this rule be just, you may easily compute the time that the lava will take to become tho- 20 roughly cold.

X After getting a comfortable nap on our bed of leaves in the *Spelonca del Capriole*, we awoke about eleven o' clock, and melting down a sufficient quantity of snow, we boiled our tea-kettle, and made a hearty meal, to prepare us for the remaining part of 25 our expedition.

We were nine in number, for we had our three servants, the Cyclops (our conductor), and two men to take care of our mules. The Cyclops now began to display his great knowledge of the mountain, and we followed him with implicit confidence. He con- 30 ducted us over "antres vast and deserts wild," where scarce human foot had ever trod. Sometimes through gloomy forests, which by daylight were delightful, but now, from the universal darkness, the rustling of the trees, the heavy dull bellowing of the mountain, the vast expanse of ocean stretched at an immense distance below us, 35 inspired a kind of awful horror. Sometimes we found ourselves ascending great rocks of lava, where, if our mules should make but a false step, we might be thrown headlong over the precipice. However, by the assistance of the Cyclops, we overcame all these difficulties; and he managed matters so well, that in the space of 40 two hours we found we had got above the regions of vegetation, and had left the forests of Aetna far behind. They appeared now like a dark and gloomy gulf below us that surrounded the mountain.

The prospect before us was of a very different nature: we beheld an expanse of snow and ice that alarmed us exceedingly, 45

and almost staggered our resolution. In the centre of this, but still at a great distance, we descried the high summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. It indeed appeared altogether inaccessible, from the vast
5 extent of the fields of snow and ice that surrounded it. Our diffidence was still increased by the sentiments of the Cyclops. He told us it often happened that the surface of the mountain being hot below, melted the snow in particular spots, and formed pools of water, where it was impossible to foresee our danger; that it
10 likewise happened that the surface of the water, as well as the snow, was sometimes covered with black ashes, that rendered it exceedingly deceitful; that, however, if we thought proper, he would lead us on with as much caution as possible. Accordingly, after holding a council of war, which you know people generally
15 do when they are very much afraid, we detached our cavalry to the forest below, and prepared to climb the snows. The Cyclops, after taking a great draught of brandy, desired us to be of good cheer that we had plenty of time, and might take as many rests as we pleased; that the snow could be little more than seven
20 miles, and that we certainly should be able to pass it before sunrise. Accordingly, taking each of us a dram of liqueur, which soon removed every objection, we began our march. †

The ascent for some time was not steep, and as the surface of the snow sunk a little, we had tolerable good footing; but as
25 it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labour greatly increased: however, we determined to persevere, calling to mind in the midst of our labour that the Emperor Adrian, and the philosopher Plato, had undergone the same, and from the same motive, too, to see the rising sun from the top of Aetna. After incredible
30 labour and fatigue, but at the same time mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived before dawn at the ruins of an ancient structure, *Il Torre del Filosofo*, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here the better to study the nature of Mount Aetna. By others it is
35 supposed to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan, whose shop all the world knows (where he used to make excellent thunderbolts and celestial armour, as well as nets to catch his wife when she went astray) was ever kept in Mount Aetna. Here we rested ourselves for some time, and made a fresh application to our liqueur bottle,
40 which I am persuaded both Vulcan and Empedocles, had they been here, would have greatly approved of after such a march.

I found the mercury had fallen to 20 degrees 6 lines. We had now time to pay our adoration in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was clear, and the immense
45 vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendour. We

found ourselves more struck with veneration than below, and at first were at a loss to know the cause, till we observed with astonishment that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual. The whiteness of the milky way was like a pure flame that shot 5 across the heavens, and with the naked eye we could observe clusters of stars that were invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, nor recollect that we had now passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, that blunts and confuses every ray, before it reaches the surface of the 10 earth. We were amazed at the distinctness of vision, and exclaimed together, "What a glorious situation for an observatory! Had Empedocles had the eyes of Galileo, what discoveries must he not have made!" We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I am persuaded we might have discovered some of his satellites 15 with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass which I had in my pocket. We observed a light a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move amongst the forests; but whether an *ignis fatuus*, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors called falling stars, 20 which still appeared to be as much elevated above us as when seen from the plain; so that in all probability those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, 25 and soon after arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its centre. This conical mountain is of a very great size: its circumference 30 cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the greatest part of our fatigue still remained. The mercury had fallen to 20 degrees $4\frac{1}{2}$ lines. We found this mountain excessively steep, and although it had appeared black, yet it was likewise covered with snow, but the surface (luckily for us) was spread 35 over with a pretty thick layer of ashes thrown out from the crater. Had it not been for this, we never should have been able to get to the top, as the snow was everywhere frozen hard and solid, from the piercing cold of the air.

In about an hour's climbing, we arrived at a place where there 40 was no snow; and where a warm and comfortable vapour issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. Here I found the mercury at 19 degrees $6\frac{1}{2}$ lines. The thermometer was fallen three degrees below the point of congelation, and before we left the summit of Aetna, it fell two degrees more, namely to 27. 45

From this spot it was only about three hundred yards to the highest summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature.

But here description must ever fall short, for no imagination has
 5 dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn, as it were, to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination
 10 to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect,
 15 comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east, to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land
 20 looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos, and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was
 25 reflected to show their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides, till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty spectacle. All
 30 appears enchantment, and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean,
 35 immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless
 40 on every side, nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it, so that the sight is everywhere lost in the immensity; and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the
 45 visible horizon on the top of Aetna, cannot be less than two thousand

miles. At Malta, which is near two hundred miles distant, they perceive all the eruptions from the second region; and that island is often discovered from about one-half the elevation of the mountain; so that at the whole elevation, the horizon must extend to near double that distance, or four hundred miles, which makes 5 eight hundred for the diameter of the circle, and two thousand four hundred for the circumference. But this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene. I find, indeed, by some of the Sicilian authors, particularly Massa, that the African coast, as well as that of Naples, with many of its islands, have 10 been discovered from the top of Aetna. Of this, however, we cannot boast, though we can very well believe it. Indeed, if we knew the height of the mountain, it would be easy to calculate the extent of its visible horizon; and, *vice versa*, if its visible horizon was exactly ascertained, it would be an easy matter to calculate the 15 height of the mountain. But the most beautiful part of the scene is certainly the mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying round it. All these, by a kind of magic in vision, that I am at a loss to account for, seem as if they were brought close round the skirts of Aetna, the distances appearing reduced to 20 nothing. Perhaps this singular effect is produced by the rays of light passing from a rarer medium into a denser; which (from a well-known law in optics) to an observer in the rare medium, appears to lift up the objects that are at the bottom of the dense one; as a piece of money placed in a basin appears lifted up as 25 soon as the basin is filled with water.

The Regione Deserta, or the frigid zone of Aetna, is the object that calls your attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the centre of this circle, the great crater of the 30 mountain rears its burning head; and the regions of intense cold and of intense heat seem for ever to be united in the same point. On the north side of the snowy region, they assure us, there are several small lakes that are never thawed; and that in many places, the snow, mixed with the ashes and salts of the mountain, is ac- 35 cumulated to a vast depth: and indeed I suppose the quantity of salts contained in this mountain is one great reason of the preservation of its snows. The Regione Deserta is immediately succeeded by the Sylvosa or the woody region, which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, which surrounds the mountain 40 on all sides, and is certainly one of the most delightful spots on earth. This presents a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even, like the greatest part of the latter; but it is finely variegated by an infinite number of those beautiful little mountains that have been formed by the different eruptions 45

of Aetna. All these have now acquired a wonderful degree of fertility, except a very few that are but newly formed; that is, within these five or six hundred years — for it certainly requires some thousands to bring them to their greatest degree of perfection.

5 We looked down into the craters of these, and attempted, but in vain, to number them. ~~XX XX~~

The circumference of this zone or great circle on Aetna is not less than seventy or eighty miles. It is everywhere succeeded by the vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields, that compose the Regione Culta, or the fertile region. This last zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to Recupero, is 183 miles. It is likewise covered with a number of little conical and spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colours, and makes a delightful contrast with the other two regions. It is bounded by the sea to the south and south-east, and on all its other sides by the rivers Semetus and Alcantara, which run almost round it. The whole course of these rivers is seen at once, and all their beautiful windings through these fertile valleys, looked upon as the favourite possession of Ceres herself, and the very scene of the rape of her daughter Proserpine.

Cast your eyes a little farther, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers, and mountains, delineated in the great chart of nature: all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach, for it is nowhere bounded, but everywhere lost in the space. On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined only to the neighbourhood of Aetna.

We now had time to examine a fourth region of this wonderful mountain, very different, indeed, from the others, and productive of very different sensations, but which has undoubtedly given being to all the rest — I mean the region of fire.

35 The present crater of this immense volcano is a circle of about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. From many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately on its getting out of the crater, rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent, till coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind, which happily for us, carried it exactly to the side opposite to that where

we were placed. The crater is so hot that it is very dangerous, if not impossible, to go down into it; besides, the smoke is very incommodious, and, in many places, the surface is so soft, there have been instances of people sinking down in it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the centre of the crater is the 5
great mouth of the volcano — that tremendous gulf, so celebrated in all ages, looked upon as the terror and scourge both of this and another life, and equally useful to ancient poets or to modern divines, when the Muse or when the Spirit inspires. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprised that it had been 10
considered as the place of the damned. When we reflect on the immensity of its depth, the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued; the force of its internal fire to raise up those lavas to so vast a height, to support as it were in the air, and even to force it over the very summit of the crater with all the dreadful 15
accompaniments, the boiling of the matter, the shaking of the mountain, the explosions of flaming rocks, &c., we must allow that the most enthusiastic imagination, in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever formed an idea of a hell more dreadful.

It was with a mixture both of pleasure and pain that we quitted 20
this awful scene. But the wind had risen very high, and clouds began to gather round the mountain. In a short time they formed like another heaven below us, and we were in hopes of seeing a thunderstorm under our feet — a scene, that is not uncommon in these exalted regions, and which I have already seen on the 25
top of the high Alps; but the clouds were soon dispelled again by the force of the wind, and we were disappointed in our expectations.

I had often been told of the great effect produced by discharging *Discharging a gun on the top of high mountains.* I tried it here, when we were a good deal surprised to find that, instead of increasing the 30
sound, it was almost reduced to nothing. The report was not equal to that of a pocket-pistol — we compared it to the stroke of a stick on a door; and surely it is consistent with reason that the thinner the air is the less its impression must be on the ear; for in a vacuum there can be no noise, or no impression can be made; 35
and the nearer the approach to a vacuum, the impression must always be the smaller. Where those great effects have been produced, it must have been amongst a number of mountains, where the sound is reverberated from one to the other.

When we arrived at the foot of the cone, we observed some 40
rocks of an incredible size, that have been discharged from the crater. The largest that has been observed from Vesuvius is a round one of about twelve feet diameter. These are much greater; indeed, almost in proportion of the mountains to each other.

On our arrival at the *Torre del Filosofo* we could not help 45

admiring, that the ruins of this structure have remained uncovered for so many ages, so near the top of Aetna, when thousands of places at a great distance from it have been repeatedly buried by its lavas in a much shorter time — a proof that few eruptions
 5 have risen so high in the mountain.

Empedocles was a native of Agrigentum, and is supposed to have died 400 years before the Christian era. Perhaps his vanity more than his philosophy led him to this elevated situation; nay, it is said to have carried him still much farther: — That he might be
 10 looked upon as a god, and that the people might suppose he was taken up to heaven, he is recorded to have thrown himself headlong into the great gulf of Mount Aetna, never supposing that his death could be discovered to mankind; but the treacherous mountain threw out his slippers, which were of brass, and announced
 15 to the world the fate of the philosopher, who, by his death, as well as life, wanted only to impose upon mankind, and make them believe that he was greater than they.

However, if there is such a thing as philosophy on earth, this surely ought to be its seat. The prospect is little inferior to that
 20 from the summit, and the mind enjoys a degree of serenity here, that even few philosophers, I believe, could ever boast of on that tremendous point. All nature lies expanded below your feet in her gayest and most luxuriant dress, and you still behold united under one point of view, all the seasons of the year, and all the climates
 25 of the earth. The meditations are ever elevated in proportion to the grandeur and sublimity of the objects that surround us; and here, where you have all nature to arouse your admiration, what mind can remain inactive?

It has likewise been observed, and from experience I can say
 30 with truth, that on the tops of the highest mountains, where the air is so pure and refined, and where there is not that immense weight of gross vapours pressing upon the body, the mind acts with greater freedom, and all the functions both of soul and body are performed in a superior manner. It would appear that, in proportion
 35 as we are raised above the habitations of men, all low and vulgar sentiments are left behind, and that the soul, in approaching the ethereal regions, shakes off its earthly affections, and already acquires something of their celestial purity. Here, where you stand under a serene sky, and behold with equal serenity the tempest and
 40 storm forming below your feet — the lightening darting from cloud to cloud, and the thunder rolling round the mountain, and threatening with destruction the poor wretches below — the mind considers the little storms of the human passions as equally below her notice. Surely the situation alone is enough to inspire philosophy, and
 45 Empedocles had good reason for choosing it.

But, alas! how vain are all our reasonings! In the very midst of these meditations, my philosophy was at once upset, and in a moment I found myself relapsed into a poor miserable mortal, was obliged to own that pain was the greatest of evils, and would have given the world to have been once more arrived at those humble habitations, which, but a moment before, I had looked down upon with such contempt. In running over the ice, my leg folded under me, and I received so violent a sprain, that in few minutes it swelled to a great degree, and I found myself unable to put my foot to the ground. Every muscle and fibre was at that time chilled and frozen by the extreme cold, the thermometer continuing still below the point of congelation. It was this circumstance, I suppose, that made the pain so violent, for I lay a considerable time on the ice in great agony; however, in these exalted regions it was impossible to have a horse or a carriage of any kind, and your poor philosopher was obliged to hop on one leg, with two men supporting him, for several miles over the snow; and our wags here allege that he left the greatest part of his philosophy behind him, for the use of Empedocles's heirs and successors.

I was happy to get to my mule; but when I once more found myself on our bed of leaves in the *Spelonca del Capriole*, I thought I was in paradise. So true it is, that a removal of pain is the greatest of pleasures. The agony I suffered had thrown me into a profuse sweat and a fever; however, in an instant I fell fast asleep, and in an hour and a half awaked in perfect health. We had an excellent dish of tea, the most refreshing and agreeable I ever drank in all my life.

We left the summit of the mountain about six o'clock, and it was eight at night before we reached Catania. We observed both with pleasure and pain the change of the climate as we descended. From the regions of the most rigid winter, we soon arrived at those of the most delightful spring. On first entering the forests, the trees were still bare as in December, not a single leaf to be seen; but after we had descended a few miles we found ourselves in the mildest and the softest of climates, the trees in full verdure, and the fields covered with all the flowers of the summer; but as soon as we got out of the woods, and entered the torrid zone, we found the heats altogether insupportable, and suffered dreadfully from them before we reached the city.

On our arrival at Catania, we went immediately to bed, being exceedingly oppressed by the fatigue of our expedition, but still more by the violent heat of the day—a day in which I think I have enjoyed a greater degree of pleasure and suffered a greater degree of pain than in any other day of my life. (P. Brydone.)

12. THE CLIMATE OF INDIA.

In India, every door and window being thrown open, a thorough draught sweeps through the house; or if it be calm, an artificial breeze is produced by the waving of a dozen punkahs overhead, and everything is kept fresh and agreeable. It is a curious fact, that this admirable contrivance of the punkah, which is merely a large fan suspended to the roof, and extending nearly the whole length of the rooms in India, is not only a purely English invention, but is very modern. It was first devised and introduced by the Bengal officers who served with Lord Cornwallis in the war of Mysore against Tippoo in 1791—92. The punkah afterwards became general under the Madras and Bombay presidencies, but not for some time; and it was only in 1811 they were introduced by the English into Java, on the conquest of that island. I believe the natives of India have not, as yet, anywhere adopted the fashion. But indeed the Hindoos are wretchedly behind the Europeans in every article of real luxury, for which all their noisy pomp and tinselly show is but a poor substitute. This and many other devices which have been fallen upon by the ingenious, wealthy, and luxurious Europeans, to counteract the heat of the climate, are so successful, that, with a very few exceptions, I have hardly ever felt the temperature of India seriously oppressive.

It is very strange, that during the first year, and in some cases longer, most new-comers are hardly conscious of any ill effects arising from the influence of the sun's direct rays; and, accordingly, they walk and ride about, go to the marshes for snipe-shooting, bathe in the surf, and commit all sorts of folly, not only without inconvenience, but with much real enjoyment; while the older hands make themselves hoarse with preaching to these griffins that they are guilty of suicide. The ruddy-cheeked griffin, in his turn, laughs and quizzes the yellow-visaged Indian; and having trudged off to the swamps, passes the whole morning up to the knees in water so industriously after a snipe, that he is brought home at three or four o'clock with a "Coup de soleil!" Even if he escapes this sudden fate, he is pretty sure to feel, about a year and a day after his arrival, a severe twinge in his right shoulder, a pain in his side, and all the horrid symptoms of the fatal liver complaint.

"I tell you what it is, young fellows," said a venerable sun-dried officer to some of these gay Johnny Newcomes, "you shoot all day, you walk, and ride about in the sun; you poke along the streets without your palankeens; you play cricket on the esplanade at noon; you swill Hogson's pale ale, claret, and sangaree, till you drive yourselves into the liver complaint, of which you die;

and then, forsooth, we have the trouble of writing home to your friends that the climate did not agree with you!"

The fact is simply this; the climate of India will certainly not agree with those who are utterly careless about it, as too many are, and will give it no fair play; or who, from peculiar tempera- 5 ment, are predisposed to diseases incident to great heat; or, lastly, whose duties are of such a nature, that whether they will or not, they must be much exposed to the sun, without having the power of changing their place of residence frequently. The constant shifting about is, I believe, one of the chief causes of the superior 10 healthiness of seamen in India over fixed residents on shore, though apparently of equal constitutional strength. This idea seems to be confirmed by the fact of most European troops employed in the wars of India being comparatively healthy, however much exposed to the sun, when in active service, and constantly moving from 15 one encampment to another.

Persons living on shore, however, and who possess the means of purchasing the ordinary luxuries of an Oriental life, need scarcely ever suffer much inconvenience from the heat. The dress of Europeans, which consists of the lightest and whitest materials, 20 reflects a great part of the heat. The rooms are always large and airy, without carpets, and stuck so full of open doors and windows, that when there comes the slightest breath of wind from the sea, it is sure to be felt; but all these are carefully closed up when the air is hot. The sun is excluded by various contrivances, chiefly by 25 a shady verandah, ten or twelve feet wide, which generally runs quite round the house, so that no direct rays can strike into the apartments. And the painful glare of the lower sky, or, which is nearly as distressing to the eyes, the dazzling reflection from bright objects on the ground, is cut off by painted mats made of split 30 ratan, imported from China. These devices, which scarcely intercept the wind, effectually prevent the admission of more light than is absolutely required. In some parts of India, a large open framework is placed in a sloping position against the top of the verandah, and resting on the ground on the windward side of the house. This 35 frame being covered over thickly, but loosely, with a layer of a peculiar kind of sweet-scented grass, called, I think, "cuscus," is kept well drenched with water. The process of evaporation caused by the hot and arid wind passing through the wet matting, produces a more considerable degree of cold than any one who has 40 not enjoyed the surpassing luxury of these coolers, or tatties, can form any conception of. I have heard it said, indeed, that the damp cool air which streams through this wall of grass, though the most delightful thing in the world at the time, is apt to give colds, stiff necks, and the whole family of rheumatic twitches, to those 45

who are in the habit of catching cold readily. But I will believe none of these stories against the exquisite tatties, under the lee of which I have seen people so often sitting, gasping for breath and praying for a breeze; for I need not remark, that during a calm
5 they are useless.

Persons long accustomed to watch those periodical changes in the wind which occur in hot climates with such wonderful regularity every day, can often tell, by some intuitive consciousness, not capable of communication to inexperienced senses, almost
10 the very moment when the long-looked-for sea-breeze is coming. I remember, at Madras, sitting one day in the inner room of a friend's house, who had been my school-fellow a dozen years before—now, alas! nearly twenty years in his grave. He was telling me of his quickness of perception in this matter, as we sat
15 baking and stewing in what is called a garden-house on the far-famed Choultry Plain. My friend's quickness of sight beat that of the pig's (who, every one knows, can see the wind), for he declared he could see the calm, and, calling me to the verandah, pointed out this wonderful sight. The whole landscape appeared to have
20 given way, like molten silver, under the heat, and to be moving past more like a troubled stream than the solid ground. The trees and shrubs, seen under a variety of refractions, through differently heated strata of air, seemed all in violent motion, though probably not one leaf of the highest cocoa-nut tree, nor a single blade of
25 the lowest grass, stirred in reality. The buildings in the distance looked as if their foundations had been removed, while the shattered and broken walls danced to and fro, as if under the influence of some magical principles of attraction and repulsion; whilst many patches of imaginary water—the celebrated "mirage" of the desert
30 —floating where no water could have existed, mocked our sight in this fantastic landscape.

Not a human being was then to be seen. The blue-skinned buffaloes, and the queer-looking Indian bullocks with humps on their shoulders, squeezed themselves under the skirts of the aloe
35 and bamboo hedges. Others, pre-eminently happy, poor beasts! in order to escape the intolerable misery of the mosquitoes, immersed themselves in the muddy tanks or ponds, beneath the surface of which they contrived to hide every part of their bodies except the top of their nostrils, with just as much of their eyes they could
40 keep clear by the brush of their eyelids. Even our native bearers who in general seem marvellously indifferent to the sun, had lifted the palankeens into the shade, and, with their wrappers over their heads, lay sleeping about the steps of the verandah in the coolest corners they could find. I tried first one chair, then another; then
45 flung myself on a cane-bottomed sofa, seeking for rest, but all in

vain. I next stretched myself flat on my back on the polished chunam floor, directly under the punkah, with my white jacket thrown open, neckcloth cast away, and collar unbuttoned. It was still to no purpose! The more moves I made, the worse became the oppression of the heat; and for once of my life I had very 5 nearly confessed that it might possibly be rather too hot — when, just in time to save my credit for consistency, my friend clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Here comes the sea-breeze! I see it! I feel it! I hear it! Huzza for your life!" I, however, could see nothing, nor feel any thing; yet it was evident that all the ex- 10 perience men of the party did. The bearers stationed to cast water on the tatties, had already commenced their operations, and a slight touch of the aromatic perfume of the delicious cuscus began to pervade the room. On walking towards the opening between two of the tatties, and looking towards the sea, I could distinctly 15 perceive the intermediate scenery settling into its natural position, by the more uniform arrangement of the various strata of air forming the medium through which the objects were viewed.

I believe all the curious phenomena of the mirage are easily explained, upon the supposition that, under certain circumstances, 20 the lower stratum of air may become actually lighter than those which are next above it. The effect of this will be obvious to those who have attended to the subject of atmospherical refraction, the usual effect of which, as every one knows, is to elevate objects, or make them seem higher than they really are. But the unusual effect, 25 or that caused by the contact of hot ground rendering the lowest portion of the air specifically lighter than the superincumbent layers, is to make high objects seem to the eye lower than they really are. Thus, what we fancy to be water between two ridges of sand highly heated, is nothing more than a portion of the clear sky, the 30 rays from which, in passing through the intermediate atmosphere, having entered the warm and rarified stratum in contact with the sand, are refracted to the eye in a manner which impresses on the sense of vision an image of the sky; and this so closely resembles the surface of still water, that the deception becomes at times quite 35 complete. The tendency of the colder and heavier air above to mix with that which is hotter and lighter beneath it, is of course very considerable: the consequence is, that near the line of contact of the two media, there occurs an intermixture of air differing in density, and therefore in refractive power. Hence every object viewed 40 through this troubled or heterogeneous part of the atmosphere must inevitably seem broken, distorted, and in motion. Dr. Wollaston, who was, I conceive, the first to explain all these, and many other attendant phenomena, has also, with his usual ingenuity, suggested several popular experiments to prove the truth of this 45

theory. One is, to place some water, or clear syrup, in a square phial, and then add spirits of wine, or any other fluid of a different specific gravity, taking care not to allow them to intermix too suddenly, but to arrange matters so that the adjustment may take
5 place gradually. Objects viewed through the phial, as the intermixture takes place, will undergo inversions and other variations in form and position similar to those of the mirage.

In the sleeping apartments of India, great care is taken to secure coolness. The beds, which are always large and hard, are
10 generally placed as nearly as may be in the very middle of the apartment, in the line of the freest thorough draught which open doors and open windows can command. Round each bed is suspended a gauze curtain, without which sleep would be as effectually murdered as ever it was by any tragedy king. For, if even one
15 villanous mosquito contrives to gain admission into your fortress, you may, for that night, bid good-bye, not only to sleep, but to temper, and almost to health. I defy the most resolute, the most serene, or the most robust person that ever lived between the tropics, to pass a whole night in bed, within the curtain of which
20 a single invader has entered, and not to be found, when the morning comes, in a high fever, with every atom of his patience exhausted. Temper, under such circumstances, is really out of the question; the most placid creature on earth, even old Uncle Toby himself, would be driven into a rage!

25 The process of getting into bed in India is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind
30 on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush, or switch, generally made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and, by the light of
35 the cocoa-nut oil lamp (which burns on the floor of every bedroom in Hindustan), you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood, by whisking round your horse-tail; and before proceeding further, you must be sure you have effectually driven the enemy back. If you fail in this matter, your repose is
40 effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals — it is really difficult to keep from swearing, even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them — these well-cursed animals, then, appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigour and
45 bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming-party,

ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horsetails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop. Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters. 5

If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at, and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eyelids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets. 10 15 20

Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close at your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and, in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till, at length, he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there 25 30 35 40 45

congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge, and down you lie again.

- 5 In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We
10 shall suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been suddenly
15 bit in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees — not to pray, heaven knows! — but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round
20 and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend.

In this unequal warfare you pass the live-long night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself — fretting and fuming to no purpose — feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty
25 different places!

At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters
30 the room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed, an easy, but useless, and inglorious prey.

(Captain Basil Hall.)

13. DANGERS OF A NOVA SCOTIA FOG.

- 35 On the 9th of May, we reached Halifax, off which port we were detained in a very disagreeable way; for we had the misfortune to be kept three whole days off the harbour, in one of those Nova Scotia fogs, which are celebrated all over the world. I can hardly give by description an idea of how gloomy they are; but I think
40 their effects may be compared to those of the scirocco; with the further annoyance, that while they last, we are not able to see far beyond our noses. They are even worse than rain, for they seem

to wet one through sooner; while they make every thing appear dreary, and certainly render all the world lazy and discontented.

On the day we made the land, we had great hopes of being able to enter the harbour, as the wind was fair: when, all at once, we were surrounded by so thick a mist, that, for the three succeeding days, we could not see above twenty yards on any side. 5

There are few things, indeed, more provoking than these fogs off Halifax; for, as they happen to be companions of that very wind, the south-east, which is the best for running in, the navigator is plagued with the tormenting consciousness, that if he could 10 be allowed but a couple of hours' clear weather, his port would be gained, and his troubles over. The clearing up, therefore, of these odious clouds or veils is about the most delightful thing I know; and the instantaneous effect which a distinct sight of the land, or even of the sharp horizon, when far at sea, has on the mind 15 of every person on board, is quite remarkable. All things look bright, fresh, and more beautiful than ever. The stir over the whole ship at these moments is so great, that even persons sitting below can tell at once that the fog has cleared away. The rapid clatter of the men's feet springing up the hatchways at the lively 20 sound of the boatswain's call to "make sail!" soon follows. Then comes the cheerful voice of the officer, hailing the topmen to shake out the reefs, trice up the stay-sails and rig out the booms. That peculiar and well-known kind of echo, also, by which the sound of the voice is thrown back from the wet sails, contributes, in like 25 manner, to produce a joyous elasticity of spirits, greater, I think, than is excited by most of the ordinary occurrences of a sea-life.

A year or two after the time I am speaking of, it was resolved to place a heavy gun upon the rock on which Sambro light-house is built; and, after a good deal of trouble, a long twenty-four 30 pounder was hoisted up to the highest ridge of this prominent station. It was then arranged that, if, on the arrival of any ship off the harbour in a period of fog, she chose to fire guns, these were to be answered from the light-house; and in this way a kind of audible, though invisible, telegraph might be set to work. If it 35 happened that the officers of the ship were sufficiently familiar with the ground, and possessed nerves stout enough for such a groping kind of navigation, perilous at best, it was possible to run fairly into the harbour, notwithstanding the obscurity, and attending closely to the depth of water. 40

I never sailed in any ship which ventured upon this feat; but I perfectly recollect a curious circumstance, which occurred to His Majesty's ship *Cambrian*. She had run in from sea towards the coast, enveloped in one of these dense fogs. Of course they took for granted that the light-house and the adjacent land, Halifax 45

included, were likewise covered with an impenetrable cloud or mist. But it so chanced, by what freak of Dame Nature I know not, that the fog, on that day, was confined to the deep water; so that we, who were in the port, could see it, at the distance of several
 5 miles from the coast, lying on the ocean like a huge stratum of snow, with an abrupt face, fronting the shore. The Cambrian, lost in the midst of this fog-bank, supposing herself to be near the land, fired a gun. To this the light-house replied; and so the ship and the light went on, pelting away, gun for gun, during half
 10 the day, without ever seeing one another. The people at the light-house had no means of communicating to the frigate, that, if she would only stand on a little further, she would disentangle herself from the cloud, in which, like Jupiter Olympius of old, she was wasting her thunder.

15 At last, the captain hopeless of its clearing up, gave orders to pipe to dinner; but as the weather, in all respects except this impenetrable mist, was quite fine, and the ship was still in deep water, he directed her to be steered towards the shore, and the lead kept constantly going. As one o' clock approached, he began
 20 to feel uneasy, from the water shoaling, and the light-house guns sounding closer and closer; but being unwilling to disturb the men at their dinner, he resolved to stand on for the remaining ten minutes of the hour. Lo and behold! however, they had not sailed half a mile further, before the flying-jib-boom end emerged
 25 from the wall of fog, then the bowsprit shot into daylight, and, lastly, the ship herself glided out of the cloud into the full blaze of a bright and "sunshine holiday." All hands were instantly turned up to make sail; and the men, as they flew on deck, could scarcely believe their senses when they saw behind them the huge
 30 bank, right ahead the harbour's mouth, with the bold cliffs of Cape Sambro on the left, and farther on, the ships at their moorings, with their ensigns and pendants blowing out, light and dry, in the breeze.

A far different fate, alas! attended His Majesty's ship Atalante,
 35 Captain Frederick Hickey. On the morning of the 10th of November, 1813, this ship stood in for Halifax harbour in very thick weather, carefully feeling her way with the lead, and having look-out men at the jib-boom end, fore-yard-arms, and everywhere else from which a glimpse of the land was likely to be obtained. After
 40 breakfast, a fog signal-gun was fired, in the expectation of its being answered by the light-house on Cape Sambro, near which it was known they must be. Within a few minutes, accordingly, a gun was heard in the N. N. W. quarter, exactly where the light was supposed to lie. As the soundings agreed with the estimated
 45 position of the ship, and as the guns from the Atalante, fired at

intervals of fifteen minutes, were regularly answered in the direction of the harbour's mouth, it was determined to stand on, so as to enter the port under the guidance of these sounds alone. By a fatal coincidence of circumstances, however, these answering guns were fired, not by Cape Sambro, but by His Majesty's ship 5 *Barrossa*, which was likewise entangled by the fog. She, too, supposed that she was communicating with the light-house, whereas it was the guns of the unfortunate *Atalante* that she heard all the time.

There was, certainly, no inconsiderable risk incurred by running 10 in for the harbour's mouth under such circumstances, even if the guns had been fired by the light-house. But it will often happen that it becomes an officer's duty to put his ship, as well as his life, in hazard; and this appears to have been exactly one of those cases. Captain Hickey was charged with urgent despatches relative to the 15 enemy's fleet, which it was of the greatest importance should be delivered without an hour's delay. But there was every appearance of this fog lasting a week; and as he and his officers had passed over the ground a hundred times before, and were as intimately acquainted with the spot as any pilot could be, it was resolved to 20 try the bold experiment; and the ship was forthwith steered in the supposed direction of Halifax.

They had not, however, stood on far, before one of the look-out men exclaimed, "Breakers ahead! Hard a-starboard!" But it was too late, for, before the helm could be put over, the 25 ship was amongst those formidable reefs known by the name of the Sisters' Rocks, or eastern ledge of Sambro Island. The rudder and half of the stern-post, together with great part of the false keel, were driven off at the first blow, and floated up along side. There is some reason to believe, indeed, that a portion of the 30 bottom of the ship, loaded with 120 tons of iron ballast, was torn from the upper works by this fearful blow, and that the ship, which instantly filled with water, was afterwards buoyed up merely by the empty casks, till the decks and sides were burst through or riven asunder by the waves. 35

The captain, who throughout the whole scene, continued as composed as if nothing remarkable had occurred, now ordered the guns to be thrown overboard; but before one of them could be cast loose, or a breeching cut, the ship fell over so much that the men could not stand. It was, therefore, with great difficulty that 40 a few guns were fired as signals of distress. In the same breath that this order was given, Captain Hickey desired the yard tackles to be hooked, in order that the pinnace might be hoisted out; but as the masts, deprived of their foundation, barely stood, tottering from side to side, the people were called down again. The quarter 45

boats were then lowered into the water with some difficulty; but the jolly-boat, which happened to be on the poop undergoing repairs, in being launched overboard, struck against one of the stern davits, bilged and went down. As the ship was now falling
5 fast over on her beam ends, directions were given to cut away the fore and main mast. Fortunately, they fell without injuring the large boat on the booms—their grand hope. At the instant of this crash, the ship parted in two, between the main and mizen masts; and within a few seconds afterwards, she again broke right
10 across, between the fore and main-masts: so that the poor *Atalante* now formed a mere wreck, divided into three pieces, crumbling into smaller fragments at every send of the swell.

By this time a considerable crowd of the men had scrambled into the pinnace on the booms, in hopes that she might float off
15 as the ship sunk; but Captain Hickey, seeing that the boat, so loaded, could never swim, desired some twenty of the men to quit her; and, what is particularly worthy of remark, his orders, which were given with the most perfect coolness, were as promptly obeyed as ever. Throughout the whole of these trying moments, indeed
20 the discipline of the ship appears to have been maintained, not only without the smallest trace of insubordination, but with a degree of cheerfulness which is described as truly wonderful. Even when the masts fell, the sound of the crashing spars were drowned in the animating huzzas of the undaunted crew, though they were
25 then clinging to the weather gunwale, with the sea, from time to time, making a clean breach over them, and when they were expecting every instant to be carried to the bottom!

As soon as the pinnace was relieved from the pressure of the crowd, she floated off the booms, or rather was knocked off by a
30 sea, which turned her bottom upwards, and whelmed her into the surf amidst the fragments of the wreck. The people, however, imitating the gallant bearing of their captain, and keeping their eyes fixed upon him, never, for one instant, lost their self-possession. By dint of great exertions, they succeeded in not only righting
35 the boat, but in disentangling her from the confused heap of spars, and the dash of the breakers, so as to place her at a little distance from the wreck, where they waited for further orders from the captain, who, with about forty men, still clung to the poor remains of the gay *Atalante*, once so much admired!

40 An attempt was next made to construct a raft, as it was feared the three boats could not possibly carry all hands; but the violence of the waves prevented this, and it was resolved to trust to the boats alone, though they were already, to all appearance, quite full. It became now, however, absolutely necessary to take to them, as
45 the wreck was disappearing rapidly; and in order to pack close,

most of the men were removed to the pinnacle, where they were laid flat in the bottom, like herrings in a barrel, while the small boats returned to pick off the rest. This proved no easy matter in any case, while in others it was found impossible; so that many men had to swim for it; others were dragged through the waves by ropes, and some were forked off by oars and other small spars. 5

Amongst the crew there was one famous merry fellow, a black fiddler, who was discovered, at this critical juncture, clinging to the main chains, with his beloved cremona squeezed lightly but delicately under his arm — a ludicrous picture of distress, and a subject of 10 some joking amongst the men, even at this moment. It soon became indispensable, that he should lose one of two things — his fiddle or his life. So at last, after a painful struggle, the professor and his violin were obliged to part company!

The poor negro musician's tenacity of purpose arose from sheer 15 love of his art; but there was another laugh raised about the same time, at the expense of the captain's clerk, who, stimulated purely by a sense of duty, lost all recollection of himself, in his anxiety to save what was entrusted to his care, and thus both he and his charge had nearly gone to the bottom. This zealous person had general 20 instructions, that whenever guns were fired, or any other circumstance occurred likely to shake the chronometer, he was to hold it in his hand, to prevent the concussion deranging its works. As soon, therefore, as the poor ship dashed against the rocks, the clerk's thoughts naturally turned exclusively on the time-piece. He caught 25 up the precious watch, and ran on deck; but being no swimmer, was obliged to cling to the mizen-mast, where he stuck fast, careless of every thing but his important trust. When the ship fell over, the mast became nearly horizontal, and he managed to creep along till he reached the mizen-top, where he seated himself in some 30 trepidation, grinning like a monkey who has run off with a coconut, till the spar gave way, and he was plunged, chronometer and all, right overboard. Every eye was now turned to the spot, to see whether this most public-spirited of scribes was ever to appear again; when to the great joy of all hands, he emerged from the 35 waves — watch still in hand! but it was not without great difficulty that he was dragged into one of the boats, half drowned.

With the exception of this fortunate chronometer, and the Admiral's dispatches, which the captain had secured when the ship first struck, every thing on board was lost. 40

The pinnacle now contained seventy-nine men and one woman, the cutter forty-two, and the gig eighteen, with which cargoes they barely floated. Captain Hickey, of course, was the last man who left the wreck; though such had become the respect and affection felt for him by his crew, that those who stood along with him on 45

the last vestige of the ship, evinced great reluctance at leaving their commander even for a moment in such a perilous predicament. So speedy, indeed, was the work of destruction, that by the time the captain reached the boat, the wreck had almost entirely "melted
5 into the yest of waves." As she went down, the crew gave her three hearty cheers, and then finally abandoned the scattered fragments of what had been their house and home for nearly seven years.

The fog still continued as thick as ever; and as the binnacles had both been washed overboard, no compass could be procured.
10 The wind also being still light, there was great difficulty in steering in a straight line. Had there been a breeze, it would perhaps have been easier to have shaped a course. In this dilemma a resource was hit upon, which, for a time, answered pretty well to guide them. It being known, loosely, before leaving the wreck, in what
15 direction the land was situated, the three boats were placed in a row pointing that way. The sternmost boat then quitted her station in the rear, and pulled ahead till she came in a line with the other two boats; but took care not to go so far as to be lost in the fog; the boat which was now furthest astern then rowed ahead, as the
20 first had done; and so on, doubling along, one after the other. This tardy method of proceeding answered only for a time; for at length they found themselves completely at a loss which way to steer. Precisely at this moment of greatest need, an old quarter-master (Samuel Shanks by name) recollected that at the end of his watch-
25 chain there hung a small compass-seal. This precious discovery being announced to the other boats by a joyous shout from the pinnace, and the compass being speedily handed into the gig for the captain, it was placed on the top of the chronometer, so nobly saved by the clerk. As this instrument worked on jimbles, the
30 little needle remained upon it sufficiently steady for steering the boats within a few points.

The course now secured insured their hitting the land, from which they had been steering quite wide. Before reaching the shore, they fell in with an old fisherman, who piloted them to a bight
35 called Portuguese Cove, where they all landed in safety, at the distance of twenty miles from the town of Halifax.

The fishermen lighted great fires, to warm their shivering guests, most of whom being very lightly clad, and all, of course, dripping wet, were in a very sorry predicament; many of them, also, were
40 miserably cramped by close packing in the boats. Some of the men, especially of those who entered the boats last, having been obliged to swim for their lives, had thrown off everything but their trousers; so that the only respectably-dressed person out of the whole party was Old Shanks, the owner of the watch and
45 compass-seal, — a steady hard-a-weather sailor, who throughout

took the whole affair as deliberately as if shipwreck had been an every-day occurrence. He did not even take off his hat, except, indeed, to give his good ship a cheer as she went to the bottom.

Their subsequent measures were soon decided upon. The captain carried the three boats round to the harbour taking with him the 5 men who had suffered most from fatigue, and those who were worst off for clothes. The officers then set out with the rest, to march across the country to Halifax, in three divisions, keeping together with as much regularity as if they had been proceeding upon some previously-arranged piece of service. Very few of the party could 10 boast of shoes, an inconvenience which was felt more severely than it would otherwise have been, from their having to trudge over a country but partially cleared of wood. Notwithstanding all this, there was not a single straggler; and the whole ship's company, officer, man, and boy, assembled in the evening at Halifax, in as 15 exact order as if their ship had met with no accident.

(Captain Basil Hall.)

14. THE MOON AND THE LONGITUDE.

After a ship is commissioned, rigged, stored, manned, and armed, and is ordered to sea, it becomes necessary to consider how 20 she is to be carried in safety over the boundless ocean.

Well may our glorious satellite, the Moon, be called the sailor's friend! She not only lights up the night for us, and cheers us on our progress, but guides our steps in security over trackless seas, which, but for her aid, must be traversed with doubt and difficulty. 25 Yet no one, I suspect, can fully understand these advantages who has not been repeatedly made to feel the contrast between navigating with and without such companionship. When a ship is near the shore, especially if the coast be unknown, the difference between a moonlight evening and a dark one is immense. If the 30 moon be up, her benignant influence extends to every part of the ship, and every member of her crew. The frenzy and confusion she is supposed to impart to her votaries, is all a libel, for she is the mistress of order and sobriety. Aided by her, the navigator acts with the vigour and confidence which become his station, 35 steers in for the shore — be it steep or shallow — scruples not to enter his port, or to wind his way among rocks and shoals, till at last he drops his anchor in his proper berth without the loss of an hour, instead of dilly-dallying till daybreak. As the ship sweeps gaily along the land, lighted up, as it were, for the 40 occasion, the officers look about them, remark the coasts, take notice of the soundings and the courses steered; and even the drowsiest

among the middies are excited to something like a generous enthusiasm, by the vivid interest of a fine moonlight scene, in a country unvisited before.

In a dark night, near a dangerous coast, with a baffling wind, 5 occasional fogs, a drizzling rain, an uncertain tide, and perplexing soundings, different from those of the chart, the whole aspect of affairs is changed. The commander feels harassed and distracted, and often, with the most active zeal, and the best information possible, is left totally at a loss which way to act. The officers under 10 him, who share little of his heavy responsibility, become stupified by the obscurity, and cease to make any great exertion — knowing or fancying it to be useless. The sailors, fagged, drenched, and confused by the uncertainty of purpose in the higher councils, drop into various out-of-the-way corners, or stow-holes, and are with 15 difficulty brought to act together at the moment of need, in the midst of the rain, cold, and darkness.

But when the merry Moon is shining bright, Jack is always alive. Instead of skulking under the bows of the boats, on the booms, to escape the pattering of the tiresome sleet, or cowering 20 to leeward of the masts silent and comfortless, he joins his companions in the middle of the deck, on the spot where the light shines freest from the shadows of the sails and ropes. There he tells old tales of deeds done in former years — or carols, light of heart, to the stars and planets sparkling above him. Fatigued 25 though his limbs may be, his mind is fresh and ready for service; and at the first sound of his officer's voice, or the preparatory notes of the boatswain's call, before its shrill tones are heard, he leaps to his post, conscious that his activity is noted, and feeling assured that his exertions are not wasted, he works, as it is called, 30 with a will. Even the sails appear animated on such occasions, and hold a better wind. The yards are trimmed sharper and more in unison with one another; the topsail-sheets come closer home, and the bowlines are better hauled. Every rope is drawn to its proper degree of tightness, and the ship, grateful for the assistance, 35 sails all the better. The heavy dew which, in such a serene night, settles upon the canvass, closes up the pores, and thus, by catching every puff of wind, enables the seamen to profit by airs so faint, that in dark nights their existence would not be known and their service lost.

40 If, however, the sky is overcast, the Moon below the horizon, and the chill wind, drifting past, sighs mournfully amongst the dripping shrouds, not one sail fore or aft is properly trimmed, and the poor ship bags sadly to leeward. If a squall comes, the ropes get foul; the yards stick aloft; the sails are split; the men 45 appear torpid and paralysed; away goes a mast; the shore and

surf make their appearance; the helm is put down, but she refuses to come about; the anchor is cut away; the cable is jammed in the tier; the keel takes the ground, and all is lost!

Although it is, undoubtedly, in the fine-weather regions of the globe that the picturesque or poetical beauties of the Moon are most felt and seen, her highest utility to seamen lies in the tempestuous latitudes beyond the tropics. Many a stout-souled mariner's heart beats with anxiety and apprehension as he steers his bark round the stormy capes which bound Africa and America, or, worse still, into the British Channel, before a hard south-wester, and prays for the Moon to rise. Even to this hour, though many years have passed over my head since then, I remember the joyous feeling with which I blessed the coming of her pale light, when my poor ship was entangled with icebergs off Cape Horn, in the long and dreary nights of the Antarctic July. Smugglers, like the borderers of England and Scotland, alternately profit by the Moon's light and by her absence — calculating their secret purpose for the dark period — that which is open for the evenings which are bright. "*Reparabit cornua Phoebe*" — wait till the moon refills her horns — is a motto well known on Tweedside! In like manner, squadrons blockading and blockaded court the aid of the changing Moon, and shape their proceedings accordingly. When she rises, and the in-shore frigate, after many an hour of anxiety, by counting the enemy's fleet, can ascertain that none have escaped, the relief to the officer on the watch is unspeakable. But what must be the stealthy delight of a well-freighted enemy's ship that has passed the blockading squadron, and discovers, when the Moon gets up, that her powerful antagonists are no longer to be seen!

The ever-varying nature of her light, the irregular periods at which she rises and sets, the power which clouds of a certain degree of thickness possess of extinguishing her lustre altogether, produce an endless diversity, which defies all calculation, and often renders those who depend upon her the most wretched of mortals.

In singing the praises of the Moon, I need not dwell on the mysterious but irresistible connexion existing between her chaste ladyship and the waters which cover the face of the earth — a tangible evidence of the action of gravitation, of which no familiarity with the phenomenon ever lessens the interest. Even on coasts where the rise and fall of the tides is but trifling, circumstances occur to mark the empire of the Moon over the waves in characters not to be mistaken. On the south coast of Peru, I remember well, that although the perpendicular elevation and depression of the sea was small at any period of the month, yet at the seasons of full and change, the surf lining the shore became more than doubly formidable and difficult of passage, while the waves which dashed

against the cliffs rose to many times their common altitude. I am really afraid to state how high I have seen these masses of water travel up the face of the rocks at Mollendo, and, curling backwards, tumble again into the sea with a roar so loud, that it made all
 5 on board quake, though we were anchored at more than a mile off, with stout iron cables. I speak of regions where no storms are known, and where, except at its margin, the ocean, as its name imports, is truly Pacific. Even at a short distance from the land, little if any augmentation of the long regular swell is perceptible
 10 at the period of full and change. But the increased movement caused by the joint action of the moon and sun at those epochs, materially, though insensibly to our observation, augments the great tide waves, or oscillations, in the deep sea; and when these are interrupted in their gigantic play by the shelving ashore, however
 15 steep, the result is a most enormous increase of breakers on the coast causing the interruption.

That which affords merely an object of curiosity, or, at most, a topic of philosophical speculation to indifferent observers, may become of great practical importance to an officer whose mind is
 20 open to every opportunity of turning the resources of nature to purpose. This fact of the high surf on the coast of Peru, was known to every one in those countries, but it required the master-mind of Lord Cochrane — now Rear-Admiral Lord Dundonald — to seize upon the advantages which it furnished to his daring
 25 enterprises. When a landing was to be effected, or troops to be embarked, his lordship always contrived to drop, as if by magic, on the fittest spot, at the very quartering of the Moon; but when it became his policy to avoid communication between him and the shore, he took care to fix the period of his operations at the change
 30 or full — seasons when the surf always ran so high, that not even the balsas of the country could pass it.

The professional instances might be indefinitely multiplied, in which the indirect influence of the Moon, or the direct benefit of her light, modifies the operations of seamanship in all climates.
 35 But it is only between the tropics that the full splendour of her surpassing beauty is acknowledged. No poet, unless it were Moore, nor painter, unless Turner should be tempted to visit those seas, could do justice to the exquisite scenery of the Straits of Sunda, or Sincapore, or Malacca. To sail about in those regions in a
 40 bright moonlight evening forms truly the beau ideal of navigation; and so little can I bear the thoughts of never enjoying it again, that if any excellent old lady, or good-natured and worthy old gentleman, were to leave me a fortune, I should be half tempted to buy me a ship of my own, and sail back to the East, to banquet
 45 as I was wont in those delicious countries!

But the genuine triumph of the Moon, after all, consists in her power, when duly propitiated, of conducting her votaries round the world, and leading them into unknown seas and bays, and far from land, with as much certainty as if they were sailing close to their own shores, familiar to their eyes from infancy. A very few words will render her paramount utility in this respect obvious, and make the mighty mystery of nautical astronomy intelligible in some degree to every one who has considered the subject even in the most superficial manner. 5

As the earth wheels round on its axis once in every day, 10 each spot will, in succession, bring the sun upon its meridian, or plane, passing through the zenith of the place and both the poles of the world. The moment when the sun's centre reaches this plane is called noon; and as there are three hundred and sixty degrees in the whole circuit of the globe, and we choose to divide 15 the period of time into twenty-four hours, there must pass, every hour, exactly fifteen of these degrees; or, in other words, a place which lies so far to the westward of us as to require an hour's interval to bring its meridian to the sun, after our own meridian has passed it, is said to be in longitude 15° west of us; and it 20 will be one o'clock with us when it is noon at that spot. In like manner, a place situated so far to the eastward as to get the sun on its meridian an hour before ours reaches it, is said to lie in 15° of east longitude; and it will be one o'clock there when it is noon with us. And so for all intervals of a greater or smaller 25 magnitude. Thus, if we possess the means of discovering, at any particular spot, and at any given instant, the exact hour of the day; and if we also possess the means of determining the hour of the day, at the same moment, on the meridian of any other spot, we obtain the difference of time between the two places. That is 30 to say, we learn how long it takes for the sun to pass from the meridian of one of these places to that of the other. If this difference of time be then reduced into longitude at the rate of 15° to an hour, we ascertain the difference of longitude or distance east and west, between the two places. This is the 35 grand problem of the longitude, the attempt to discover which has turned so many heads.

The whole difficulty, therefore, resolves itself into these two points:—First, to determine the "Time at ship" or exact hour of the day, counting from noon when we are observing; and, 40 secondly, to discover the "Time" or hour of the day, at some other meridian (say that of Greenwich), at the same instant. The one subtracted from the other gives the difference of time between the two meridians; and thence, by remembering that 15 degrees of

the earth wheel round in one hour, we obtain the difference of longitude between the two places.

There are various methods in use for working out this question, but I shall mention only two, which have infinitely higher claims to notice than all the rest put together, at least in the practice of navigation.

One of these is called the method of Lunar Distances; the other the method of chronometers. That by chronometers is extremely simple. It consists in regulating a watch, constructed upon particular principles, side by side with a clock at Greenwich, so that the two may keep going correctly together; that is, always showing the same hour at the same moment. If this watch, or chronometer, be good of its kind, it will continue to show the same time as the Greenwich clock, under any change of temperature, and in every place to which it may be carried, whether the distance be a few yards, or include the whole circuit of the earth.

I need scarcely pause to remark, that, in practice, it is a matter of indifference whether the chronometer so carried about from place to place really shows Greenwich time, or whether its daily rate of going, and consequently its accumulated error, be known at any stated moment. All that is required of the chronometer is, that it should afford the means (with or without correction) of ascertaining what is the true time at Greenwich at any given moment.

Supposing our chronometer to possess this property, we have then only to find out, by means of a very simple observation, the true time at the ship at any given instant (that is to say, the sun's distance from the meridian), and carefully to note the exact hour and minute shown by the chronometer, or, which is the same thing, by its old companion the clock at Greenwich at that moment. The difference between the ship's Time, so found on the spot by actual observation, and the Greenwich Time, shown by the chronometer, (when reduced to degrees at the rate of 15° to an hour,) is the longitude required.

The method of lunar observations is, in principle, identically the same. The only difference between them consists in the manner of arriving at the results. Dr. Wollaston, in a letter to me, dated 23^d April, 1826, says, "The Moon is the hand of a great Greenwich clock, seen all over the world, with which you compare the chronometer, to see how it differs and how it goes. You then compare it with the sun as clock of place, having by another separate observation determined the latitude."

In practice it is easy to press the Moon into our service, and make her act as the hand of a Greenwich clock in the sky. The Moon, as every one knows, moves, like all the planets and satellites, from west to east, amongst the stars, and performs the complete

circuit of the heavens once in every month; that is to say, she moves to the eastward through the heavens at the average rate of about 13 degrees a day, or somewhat more than half a degree an hour. Thus her apparent motion amongst the stars is about one minute of space in two minutes of Time; and this, which is a rate of movement distinctly perceptible even to the naked eye under some circumstances, is always observable with the instrument in use at sea. The consequence is, that whenever the sky is clear, and the Moon up, we can ascertain, at any given moment of time, by actual observation, her exact place in the heavens relatively to the sun or planets, or stars lying in her path. We then refer to the Nautical Almanac, an ephemeris in which the Moon's place has been previously computed by astronomers, and there we discover the Greenwich Time at which it has been predicted that she will reach the point in the heavens we have observed her to occupy at the moment of "taking the lunar," as it is called. Having likewise ascertained what was the "ship's Time" at the same instant, by other observations made on board, we ascertain their difference by subtracting one from the other, (precisely as in the case of the chronometer) and we arrive at the difference of longitude between the ship and Greenwich.

Dr. Wollaston's remark, that the Moon is the hand of a great Greenwich clock in the sky, will now, I think, readily be understood. All that we require of our chronometers, indeed, or of the Moon, is to tell us the Time, or hour of the day, at Greenwich while, by means of other instruments, we determine the Time, or hour of the day at the ship at the very same moment. These two Times being known, the ship's place on the globe at that moment, so far as longitude is concerned, becomes known likewise by simply taking their difference and converting it into longitude, at the rate of 15° to each hour.

To make this matter perfectly clear, one more illustration will suffice. Let it be supposed that the clock at Greenwich were to strike so loud as to be heard over the whole globe at the same moment, (and suppose the allowance for the slow rate of sound out of the question), then any navigator, who had the means of ascertaining by observation the time at his ship, at any given moment, would be able to ascertain his longitude, by comparing the Time so found with that derived from hearing the Greenwich clock strike the hour. Now the Moon answers — and answers admirably — the same purpose to the eye as the sound of the clock would to the ear; both give the time of the day at Greenwich, which is all we require to have given us, either by chronometer or by the Moon. The rest we can find by observation for ourselves.

The Latitude of the ship, or her distance north or south of the equator, is determined by a much simpler and totally independent process. It will easily be understood, that if there had happened to be a brilliant star fixed in the pole of the heavens, or
5 that point to which the axis of the earth points, this star would have been seen by Captain Parry directly over his head had he reached the pole of the earth; and, for similar reasons, the same star would be seen in the horizon by any one when crossing the equator. There happens not to be any star exactly in either pole;
10 but that does not essentially matter, since, if we know what is called the Polar distance, that is, how far any star is distant from that point, we can easily make allowances to our observed altitudes, and come at the truth with as much precision, and almost as much facility, as if a blazing star really were permanently lighted up for
15 us in the very pole itself. In practice, we have merely to watch till the sun, moon, planets, or some one of the numerous bright objects whose places in the heavens have been well ascertained, comes to the meridian of the ship: we then measure, by a sextant, its altitude or angular elevation above the horizon, and having
20 applied to that angle the correction due to the star's known distance from the pole, we come at the latitude required. I need not repeat that, were the star which we observe situated actually in the pole, no such correction would be necessary. This may be repeated with other stars throughout the night, though many navigators
25 content themselves with observing the sun's altitude at noon for the latitude. I used always to make my middies determine the ship's latitude in their respective night-watches, and write the result on the logboard, as a current matter of duty.

The exact moment of noon, it may be thought, is the only
30 one at which the sun's altitude ought to be taken for determining the latitude; and so in strictness it is. But the change of altitude during about half an hour before, or half an hour after noon, is so small, and its rate of variation so well known, that if the ship's Time, which is generally known near enough, be only carefully
35 noted by watch, while repeated observations of the sun's altitude are taken during the twenty minutes before and after noon, the latitude may be determined with nearly as much precision as if the exact meridian observation had been obtained.

It is very curious, but very true, that the extreme simplicity of
40 the methods of ascertaining the latitude at sea, both at night and in the day-time, compared with the operose and delicate operations necessary for finding the longitude, give to the longitude an importance which it is by no means entitled to claim relatively to the latitude. One is exactly as material as the other; with this great
45 difference in practice, that if the sky be clear, the latitude may

easily be determined half-a-dozen times during every hour of the night, whereas the longitude by lunars can be gained only when the moon is above the horizon, and when she is at a particular age. By the help of a chronometer, indeed, the longitude may be corrected almost as often as the latitude; and navigators are much too 5 remiss in using stars for the purpose of determining their Time at ship. If advantage be taken of the half hour, or three quarters of an hour after the sun is well below the horizon, or before he rises again in the morning, the altitude of stars may be observed with great precision by using the inverting telescope of the sextant: 10 and if during the same period the meridian altitude of two or three stars be observed, the ship's place, both in latitude and longitude, may be settled very accurately.

I venture to recommend my brother-officers in command to make their young gentlemen observe the latitude regularly at these 15 periods, and also to acquire the habit of taking sights for the chronometer with the stars. It is surely needless to point out the importance, as far as security is concerned, of knowing correctly our place on the surface of the ocean, or to dwell upon the vast consequence of which that knowledge may prove to the public service. 20 I remember one occasion in particular when a knowledge of the latitude was very useful to me when in command of a ship.

We were running for the British Channel before a hard southwest gale, and it was of considerable importance that we should reach some port in England without delay, for we were not only 25 charged with despatches, but were very short of provisions and water. The only chronometer I had on board happened not to be very good, and the sky had been so completely overcast for more than a week before, that we could take no lunars. Thus I felt uncertain of my longitude, to the extent of a degree at least; and all 30 who have tried the experiment know what a nervous thing it is to run in for the land, in the dark, and in stormy weather, when the ship's place is not correctly known. But I felt exceedingly loath to lose so magnificent a wind, before which we spun along at the rate of ten knots, under a reefed foresail and close-reefed main- 35 topsail. As long as daylight lasted I felt very confident and bold about the matter; but as the night closed in, the doubts and difficulties of the Channel navigation crowded round my thoughts, and almost determined me to bring the ship to, and wait for the dawn. After poring for a long while over the chart, however, I satisfied 40 myself that if, by any means I could be sure of keeping in the latitude of $49\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$, or within ten or a dozen miles on either side of that parallel, I should have clear ground to run over for three degrees of longitude at least, greatly within which I felt sure that the error of my chronometer must lie. But how was I to determine 45

this point with any degree of certainty in such weather? The sky had not shown a patch of blue as large as my hand for several days, and though the sun had been seen through the clouds occasionally, we had not succeeded in catching a meridian observation.

5 In this dilemma I bethought me of the pole-star, proverbially the mariner's friend, and having fixed my sextant by the cabin light at the angle about which I knew the latitude must give the altitude of the pole, I cast my boat-clock over my shoulder, and went on deck. There I stationed myself on the larboard side of the
10 quarter-deck, with the instrument sheltered from the rain and spray under the cloak, and grasped in my right hand, while I kept my eye fixed on that part of the heavens in which I hoped, at some momentary opening, to detect the bright star of my night's fortunes. I had to wait more than an hour before there occurred anything
15 like a chance, by which time my limbs had become cramped and stiffened by the constraint of one posture, while my eye ached and throbbed with its vain attempts to pierce the thick courses of clouds sweeping past.

At last I did get sight of the star, for three or four seconds,
20 and though it glimmered so faintly through the mist that it could hardly have been identified as Polaris even by Sir James South himself, I knew by its altitude that it must be the object I was watching for. The horizon was but a shabby one, indistinctly seen in the dark, and hacked by the topping waves like the Sierra
25 Morena. Nevertheless, I succeeded in bringing the star in contact with the edge of the sea in the north, where, fortunately, there chanced at that moment to occur a faint gleam in the lower atmosphere.

I ran below, read off the angle, computed the latitude, and found it not more than twenty miles from what I had expected, and quite
30 enough, to keep the ship safe for some hours' run. But as one insulated observation, made under such circumstances, could not be depended upon, I hastened on deck again, and presently — that is in less than half-an-hour caught a second glimpse of my friendly light-house in the sky. The result agreed with that of the first
35 observation within ten miles, and of course gave me greater confidence. Still, as the night was dark, the horizon bad, and the observations both to the north, I could not rely upon them to the extent which was desirable, I may say indispensable, in running for the channel in such a night and at such a rate. So I cast about to fish for a
40 star on the southern side of the zenith, and was rejoiced to find that a brilliant planet, either Jupiter or Saturn, I forget which, came to the meridian before midnight. On deck I went again, sextant in hand, and although I possessed no very certain means of telling "the Time at ship," I watched for the planet, and caught it for a
45 moment not very far from the meridian, as I knew by the "com-

pass bearing." With a flushed cheek, and hand trembling so that I could scarcely hold the pencil, I worked out the latitude, and found it to differ from the mean of the two results by the pole-star rather less than twenty miles. A second cast at the planet, after it had passed the meridian a few minutes, gave, when properly 5 reduced, a latitude which differed only five or six miles from the first. Putting all these observations together I felt quite certain that the ship's path lay within the limits marked along the chart as a safe track, and having given orders to shake out a reef, pressed forward as fast as masts, yards, and hull would bear. 10

The ever welcome dawn at length appeared, and not long afterwards I had the infinite satisfaction of discovering from the deck the well-known Lizard Point, with its two light houses, streaming with the night's rain, one above the other, and shining brightly in the morning sun. 15

(*Captain Basil Hall.*)

15. TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

It was a fine day, and the temperature was delicious, and 20 though we had left Summer behind us in the west and were fast leaving spring, we were moving towards Niagara, and home. We alighted in a pleasant wood towards the middle of the day, dined on a fallen tree, and leaving our best fragments with a cottager, and our worst with the pigs (who swarm in this part of country 25 like grains of sand on the sea-shore, to the great comfort of our commissariat in Canada), we went forward again, gaily.

As night came on, the track grew narrower and narrower, until at last it so lost itself among the trees, that the driver seemed to find his way by instinct. We had the comfort of knowing, at least, 30 that there was no danger of his falling asleep, for every now and then a wheel would strike against an unseen stump with such a jerk, that he was fain to hold on pretty tight and pretty quick, to keep himself upon the box. Nor was there any reason to dread the least danger from furious driving, inasmuch as over that broken 35 ground the horses had enough to do to walk; as to shying, there was no room for that; and a herd of wild elephants could not have run away in such a wood, with such a coach at their heels. So we stumbled along, quite satisfied.

These stumps of trees are a curious feature in American travell- 40 ing. The varying illusions they present to the unaccustomed eye as it grows dark, are quite astonishing in their number and reality. Now there is a Grecian urn erected in the centre of a lonely field; now there is a woman weeping at a tomb; now a very common- 45 place old gentleman in a white waistcoat, with a thumb thrust into

each arm-hole of his coat; now a student poring on a book; now a crouching negro; now, a horse, a dog, a cannon, an armed man; a hunch-back throwing off his cloak and stepping forth into the light. They were often as entertaining to me as so many
5 glasses in a magic lantern, and never took their shapes at my bidding, but seemed to force themselves upon me, whether I would or no; and strange to say, I sometimes recognised in them, counterparts of figures once familiar to me in pictures attached to childish books, forgotten long ago.

10 It soon became too dark, however, even for this amusement and the trees were so close together that their dry branches rattled against the coach on either side, and obliged us all to keep our heads within. It lightened too, for three whole hours; each flash being very bright, and blue, and long; and as the vivid streaks
15 came darting in among the crowded branches, and the thunder rolled gloomily above the tree tops, one could scarcely help thinking that there were better neighbourhoods at such a time than thick woods afforded.

At length, between ten and eleven o' clock at night, a few
20 feeble lights appeared in the distance, and Upper Sandusky, an Indian village, where we were to stay till morning, lay before us.

They were gone to bed at the log Inn, which was the only house of entertainment in the place, but soon answered to our knocking, and got some tea for us in a sort of kitchen or common
25 room, tapestried with old newspapers, pasted against the wall. The bedchamber in which my wife and I were shown, was a large, low, ghostly room; with a quantity of withered branches on the hearth, and two doors without any fastening, opposite to each other, both opening on the black night and wild country, and so contrived,
30 that one of them always blew the other open: a novelty in domestic architecture, which I do not remember to have seen before, and which I was somewhat disconcerted to have forced on my attention after getting into bed, as I had a considerable sum in gold for our travelling expenses, in my dressing-case. Some of the luggage,
35 however, piled against the pannels, soon settled this difficulty, and my sleep would not have been very much affected that night, I believe, though it had failed to do so.

My Boston friend climbed up to bed, somewhere in the roof, where another guest was already snoring hugely. But being bitten
40 beyond his power of endurance, he turned out again, and fled for shelter to the coach, which was airing itself in front of the house. This was not a very politic step, as it turned out; for the pigs scenting him, and looking upon the coach as a kind of pie with some manner of meat inside, grunted round it so hideously, that
45 he was afraid to come out again, and lay there shivering, till morn-

ing. Nor was it possible to warm him, when he did come out, by means of a glass of brandy; for in Indian villages, the legislature, with a very good and wise intention, forbids the sale of spirits by tavern keepers. The precaution, however, is quite inefficacious, for the Indians never fail to procure liquor of a worse kind, at a 5 dearer price, from travelling pedlars.

It is a settlement of the Wyandot Indians who inhabit this place. Among the company at breakfast was a mild old gentleman, who had been for many years employed by the United States Government in conducting negotiations with the Indians, and who 10 had just concluded a treaty with these people by which they bound themselves, in consideration of a certain annual sum, to remove next year to some land provided for them, west of the Mississippi, and a little way beyond St. Louis. He gave me a moving account of their strong attachment to the familiar scenes of 15 their infancy, and in particular to the burial-places of their kindred; and of their great reluctance to leave them. He had witnessed many such removals, and always with pain, though he knew that they departed for their own good. The question whether this tribe should go or stay, had been discussed among them 20 a day or two before, in a hut erected for the purpose, the logs of which still lay upon the ground before the inn. When the speaking was done, the ayes and noes were ranged on opposite sides, and every male adult voted in his turn. The moment the result was known, the minority (a large one) cheerfully yielded to 25 the rest, and withdrew all kind of opposition.

We met some of these poor Indians afterwards, riding on shaggy ponies. They were so like gipsies, that if I could have seen any of them in England, I should have concluded, as a matter of course, that they belonged to that wandering and restless 30 people.

Leaving this town directly after breakfast, we pushed forward again, over a rather worse road than yesterday, if possible, and arrived about noon at Tiffin, where we parted with the extra. At two o'clock, we took the railroad: the travelling on which was very 35 slow, its construction being indifferent, and the ground wet and marshy; and arrived at Sandusky in time to dine that evening. We put up at a comfortable little hotel on the brink of Lake Erie, lay there that night, and had no choice but to wait there next day, until a steamboat bound for Buffalo appeared. The 40 town, which was sluggish and uninteresting enough, was something like the back of an English watering-place, out of the season.

Our host, who was very attentive and anxious to make us comfortable, was a handsome middle-aged man, who had come to this town from New England, in which part of the country he was 45

“raised”. When I say that he constantly walked in and out of room with his hat on; and stopped to converse in the same free-and-easy state; and lay down on our sofa, and pulled his newspaper out of his pocket, and read it at his ease; I merely mention
 5 these traits as characteristic of the country: not at all as being matter of complaint, or as having been disagreeable to me. I should undoubtedly be offended by such proceedings at home, because there they are not the custom, and where they are not, they would be impertinences; but in America, the only desire of a good-
 10 natured fellow of this kind, is to treat his guests hospitably and well: and I had no more right, and I can truly say no more disposition, to measure his conduct by our English rule and standard, than I had to quarrel with him for not being of the exact stature which would qualify him for admission into the Queen’s grenadier
 15 guards. As little inclination had I to find fault with a funny old lady who was an upper domestic in this establishment, and who, when she came to wait upon us at any meal, sat herself down comfortably in the most convenient chair, and producing a large pin to pick her teeth with, remained performing that ceremony,
 20 and steadfastly regarding us meanwhile with much gravity and composure, (now and then pressing us to eat a little more), until it was time to clear away. It was enough for us, that whatever we wished done was done with great civility and readiness, and a desire to oblige, not only here, but everywhere else; and that our
 25 wants were, in general, zealously anticipated.

We were taking an early dinner at this house, on the day after our arrival, which was Sunday, when a steamboat came in sight, and presently touched at the wharf. As she proved to be on her way to Buffalo, we hurried on board with all speed, and
 30 soon left Sandusky far behind us.

She was a large vessel of five hundred tons, and handsomely fitted up, though with high-pressure engines; which always conveyed that kind of feeling to me, which I should be likely to experience, I think, if I had lodgings on the first floor of a powdermill. She was laden with flour, some casks of which commodity
 35 we stored upon the deck. The captain coming up to have a little conversation, and to introduce a friend, seated himself astride of one of these barrels, like a Bacchus of private life; and pulling a great clasp-knife out of his pocket, began to “whittle” it as he
 40 talked, by paring thin slices off the edges. And he whittled with such industry and hearty good will, that but for his being called away very soon, it must have disappeared bodily, and left nothing in its place but grist and shavings.

After calling at one or two flat places, with low dams stretching
 45 ing out into the lake, whereon were stumpy lighthouses, like wind-

mills without sails, the whole looking like a Dutch vignette, we came at midnight to Cleveland, where we lay all night, and until nine o' clock next morning.

We called at the town of Erie, at eight o' clock that night, and lay there an hour. Between five and six next morning, we arrived 5 at Buffalo, where we breakfasted; and being too near the Great Falls to wait patiently anywhere else, we set off by the train, the same morning at nine o' clock, to Niagara.

It was a miserable day; chilly and raw; a damp mist falling; and the trees in that northern region quite bare and wintry. 10 Whenever the train halted, I listened for the roar; and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them; every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of our stopping, not before, I saw two great white clouds rising up 15 slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted: and then for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet.

The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half- 20 melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing, with two English officers who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense tor- 25 rent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity.

When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was: but I was in a manner stunned, and unable 30 to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked — Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water! — that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one — instant and lasting — of the 35 tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of Mind: Tranquillity; Calm recollections of the Dead: Great Thoughts of Eternal Rest and Happiness; nothing of Gloom or Terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an Image of Beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, for ever. 40

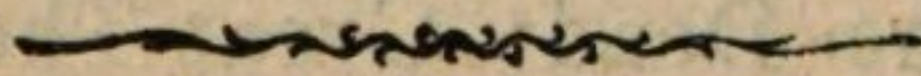
Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that Enchanted Ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what Heavenly 45

promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side, whither
5 I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse-Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water
10 gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful
15 plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline,
20 and grey as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough.

I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on
25 them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave
30 arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid: which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge — Light — came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

(Charles Dickens.)



DRITTE ABTHEILUNG.

HISTORY.

G e s c h i c h t e.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

LIBRARY

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1. DEATH AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Some incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who described the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation: she even refused food and sustenance; and throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal: but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the

carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on
 5 her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain her-
 10 self more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon
 15 after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had
 20 shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity.
 25 The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a
 30 uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent
 35 to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from tur-
 40 bulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command
 45 over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her

people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though acquainted with the practice 5 of toleration — the true secret for managing religious factions — she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least 10 scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening 15 the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the 20 force of the tender passion was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the pre- 25 judices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice. which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration 30 of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of these amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the 35 true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable 40 exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

(David Hume.)

2. CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form she added those accomplishments which render their impression
 5 irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No
 10 stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which
 15 we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that
 20 she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-
 25 requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and in-
 30 famous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the
 35 latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who
 40 had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair
 45 was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she fre-

quently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. "No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

(William Robertson.)

3. THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

The execution of the king, though a far less violent measure than that of Lord Strafford, is an event of so singular a nature, that we cannot wonder that it should have excited more sensation than any other in the annals of England. This exemplary act of substantial justice, as it has been called by some, of enormous wickedness, by others, must be considered in two points of view. First, was it not in itself just and necessary? Secondly, was the example of it likely to be salutary or pernicious? In regard to the first of these questions, Mr. Hume, not perhaps intentionally, makes the best justification of it, by saying, that while Charles lived, the projected republic could never be secure. But to justify taking away the life of an individual, upon the principle of self-defence, the danger must be, not problematical and remote, but evident and immediate. The danger in this instance was not of such a nature; and the imprisonment, or even banishment, of Charles, might have given to the republic such a degree of security as any government ought to be content with. It must be confessed, however, on the other side, that if the republican government had suffered the king to escape, it would have been an act of justice and generosity wholly unexampled; and to have granted him even his life, would have been one among the more rare efforts of virtue. The short interval between the deposal and death of princes is become proverbial; and though there may be some few examples on the other side, as far as life is concerned, I doubt whether a single instance can be found, where liberty has been granted to a deposed monarch. Among the modes of destroying persons in such a situation, there can be little doubt but that adopted by Cromwell and his adherents is the least dishonourable. Edward II., Richard II., Henry VI., Edward V., had none of them long survived their deposal; but this

was the first instance, in our history at least, where of such an act it could be truly said that it was not done in a corner.

As to the second question, whether the advantage to be derived from the example was such as to justify an act of such violence, 5 it appears to me to be a complete solution of it to observe, that with respect to England (and I know not upon what ground we are to set examples for other nations, or, in other words, to take the criminal justice of the world into our hands), it was wholly needless, and therefore unjustifiable, to set one for kings, at a 10 time when it was intended the office of king should be abolished, and consequently, that no person should be in the situation to make it the rule of his conduct. Besides the miseries attendant upon a deposed monarch seem to be sufficient to deter any prince, who thinks of consequences, from running the risk of being placed 15 in such a situation; or, if death be the only evil that can deter him, the fate of former tyrants deposed by their subjects, would by no means encourage him to hope he could avoid even that catastrophe. As far as we can judge from the event, the example was certainly not very effectual, since both the sons of Charles, 20 though having their father's fate before their eyes, yet feared not to violate the liberties of the people even more than he had attempted to do.

If we consider this question of example in a more extended view, and look to the general effect produced upon the minds of 25 men, it cannot be doubted but the opportunity thus given to Charles, to display his firmness and piety, has created more respect for his memory than it could otherwise have obtained. Respect and pity for the sufferer, on the one hand, and hatred to his enemies, on the other, soon produce favour and aversion to their respective 30 causes; and thus, even though it should be admitted (which is doubtful) that some advantage may have been gained to the cause of liberty by the terror of the example operating upon the minds of princes, such advantage is far outweighed by the zeal which admiration for virtue, and pity for sufferings, the best passions of 35 the human heart, have excited in favour of the royal cause. It has been thought dangerous to the morals of mankind, even in fiction and romance, to make us sympathize with characters whose general conduct is blamable; but how much greater must the effect be, when in real history our feelings are interested in favour of a 40 monarch with whom, to say the least, his subjects were obliged to contend in arms for their liberty? After all, however, notwithstanding what the more reasonable part of mankind may think upon this question, it is much to be doubted whether this singular proceeding has not, as much as any other circumstance, served to 45 raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe

in general. He who has read, and still more, he who has heard in conversation, discussion upon this subject by foreigners, must have perceived, that, even in the minds of those who condemn the act, the impression made by it has been far more that of respect and admiration, than that of disgust and horror. The truth is, that the guilt of the action, that is to say, the taking away of the life of the king, is what most men in the place of Cromwell and his associates would have incurred; what there is of splendour and of magnanimity in it, I mean the publicity and solemnity of the act, is what few would be capable of displaying. It is a degrading fact to human nature, that even the sending away of the duke of Gloucester was an instance of generosity almost unexampled in the history of transactions of this nature. 5 10

(*Charles James Fox.*)

4. THE PROTECTORATE.

In no long time it became manifest that those political and religious zealots, to whom the execution of Charles I. is to be ascribed, had committed, not only a crime, but an error. They had given to a prince, hitherto known to his people chiefly by his faults, an opportunity of displaying, on a great theatre, before the eyes of all nations and all ages, some qualities which irresistibly call forth the admiration and love of mankind, the high spirit of a gallant gentleman, the patience and meekness of a penitent Christian. Nay, they had so contrived their revenge that the very man whose whole life had been a series of attacks on the liberties of England now seemed to die a martyr in the cause of those liberties. No demagogue ever produced such an impression on the public mind as the captive King who, retaining in that extremity all his regal dignity, and confronting death with dauntless courage, gave utterance to the feelings of his oppressed people, manfully refused to plead before a court unknown to the law, appealed from military violence to the principles of the constitution, asked by what right the House of Commons had been purged of its most respectable members and the House of Lords deprived of its legislative functions, and told his weeping hearers that he was defending not only his own cause, but theirs. His long misgovernment, his innumerable perfidies, were forgotten. His memory was, in the minds of the great majority of his subjects, associated with those free institutions which he had, during many years, laboured to destroy: for those free institutions had perished with him, and, amidst the mournful silence of a community kept down by arms, had been defended by his voice alone. From that day began a reaction in favour of monarchy and of the exiled 15 20 25 30 35 40

house, a reaction which never ceased till the throne had again been set up in all its old dignity.

At first, however, the slayers of the King seemed to have derived new energy from that sacrament of blood by which they
5 had bound themselves closely together, and separated themselves for ever from the great body of their countrymen. England was declared a commonwealth. The House of Commons, reduced to a small number of members, was nominally the supreme power in the State. In fact, the army and its great chief governed every
10 thing. Oliver had made his choice. He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, and had broken with almost every other class of his fellow-citizens. Beyond the limits of his camps and fortresses he could scarcely be said to have a party. Those elements of force which, when the civil war broke out, had appeared arrayed against
15 each other, were combined against him; all the Cavaliers, the great majority of the Roundheads, the Anglican Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Roman Catholic Church, England, Scotland, Ireland. Yet such was his genius and resolution that he was able to overpower and crush everything that crossed his path,
20 to make himself more absolute master of his country than any of her legitimate Kings had been, and to make his country more dreaded and respected than she had been during many generations under the rule of her legitimate Kings.

England had already ceased to struggle. But the two other
25 kingdoms which had been governed by the Stuarts were hostile to the new republic. The Independent party was equally odious to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and to the Presbyterians of Scotland. Both those countries, lately in rebellion against Charles the First, now acknowledged the authority of Charles the Second.
30 But everything yielded to the vigour and ability of Cromwell. In a few months he subjugated Ireland, as Ireland had never been subjugated during the five centuries of slaughter which had elapsed since the landing of the first Norman settlers. He resolved to put an end to that conflict of races and religions which had
35 so long distracted the island, by making the English and Protestant population decidedly predominant. For this end he gave the rein to the fierce enthusiasm of his followers, waged war resembling that which Israel waged on the Canaanites, smote the idolaters with the edge of the sword, so that great cities were
40 left without inhabitants, drove many thousands to the West Indies, and supplied the void thus made by pouring in numerous colonists, of Saxon blood, and of Calvinistic faith. Strange to say, under that iron rule, the conquered country began to wear an outward face of prosperity. Districts which had recently been as wild as
45 those where the first white settlers of Connecticut were contending

with the red men were in a few years transformed into the likeness of Kent and Norfolk. New buildings, roads, and plantations were everywhere seen. The rent of estates rose fast; and soon the English land-owners began to complain that they were met in every market by the products of Ireland, and to clamour for 5 protecting laws.

From Ireland the victorious chief, who was now in name, as he had long been in reality, Lord General of the armies of the Commonwealth, turned to Scotland. The young King was there. He had consented to profess himself a Presbyterian, and 10 to subscribe the Covenant; and, in return for these concessions, the austere Puritans who bore sway at Edinburgh had permitted him to assume the crown, and to hold, under their inspection and control, a solemn and melancholy court. This mock loyalty was of short duration. In two great battles Cromwell annihilated the 15 military force of Scotland. Charles fled for his life, and, with extreme difficulty, escaped the fate of his father. The ancient kingdom of the Stuarts was reduced, for the first time, to profound submission. Of that independence, so manfully defended against the mightiest and ablest of the Plantagenets, no vestige was left. 20 The English Parliament made laws for Scotland. English judges held assizes in Scotland. Even that stubborn Church, which has held its own against so many governments, scarce dared to utter an audible murmur.

Thus far there had been at least the semblance of harmony 25 between the warriors who subjugated Ireland and Scotland and the politicians who sate at Westminster: but the alliance which had been cemented by danger was dissolved by victory. The Parliament forgot that it was but the creature of the army. The army was less disposed than ever to submit to the dictation of 30 the Parliament. Indeed the few members who made up what was contemptuously called the Rump of the House of Commons had no more claim than the military chiefs to be esteemed the representatives of the nation. The dispute was soon brought to a decisive issue. Cromwell filled the House with armed men. The 35 Speaker was pulled out of his chair, the mace taken from the table, the room cleared, and the door locked. The nation, which loved neither of the contending parties, but which was forced, in its own despite, to respect the capacity and resolution of the General, looked on with patience, if not with complacency. 40

King, Lords, and Commons, had now in turn been vanquished and destroyed; and Cromwell seemed to be left the sole heir of the powers of all three. Yet were certain limitations still imposed on him by the very army to which he owed his immense authority. That singular body of men was, for the most part, composed of 45

zealous republicans. In the act of enslaving their country, they had deceived themselves into the belief that they were emancipating her. The book which they most venerated furnished them with a precedent which was frequently in their mouths. It was
5 true that the ignorant and ungrateful nation murmured against its deliverers. Even so had another chosen nation murmured against the leader who brought it, by painful and dreary paths, from the house of bondage to the land flowing with milk and honey. Yet had that leader rescued his brethren in spite of themselves; nor
10 had he shrunk from making terrible examples of those who contemned the proffered freedom, and pined for the flesh-pots, the task-masters, and the idolatries of Egypt. The object of the warlike saints who surrounded Cromwell was the settlement of a free and pious commonwealth. For that end they were ready to
15 employ, without scruple, any means, however violent and lawless. It was not impossible, therefore, to establish by their aid a monarchy absolute in effect: but it was probable that their aid would be at once withdrawn from a ruler who, even under strict constitutional restraints, should venture to assume the regal name
20 and dignity.

The sentiments of Cromwell were widely different. He was not what he had been; nor would it be just to consider the change which his views had undergone as the effect merely of selfish ambition. When he came up to the Long Parliament, he brought
25 with him from his rural retreat little knowledge of books, no experience of great affairs, and a temper galled by the long tyranny of the government and of the hierarchy. He had, during the thirteen years which followed, gone through a political education of no common kind. He had been a chief actor in a suc-
30 cession of revolutions. He had been long the soul, and at last the head, of a party. He had commanded armies, won battles, negotiated treaties, subdued, pacified, and regulated kingdoms. It would have been strange indeed if his notions had been still the same as in the days when his mind was principally occupied by
35 his fields and his religion, and when the greatest events which diversified the course of his life were a cattle fair or a prayer meeting at Huntingdon. He saw that some schemes of innovation for which he had once been zealous, whether good or bad in themselves, were opposed to the general feeling of the country,
40 and that, if he persevered in those schemes, he had nothing before him but constant troubles, which must be suppressed by the constant use of the sword. He therefore wished to restore, in all essentials, that ancient constitution which the majority of the people had always loved, and for which they now pined. The
45 course afterwards taken by Monk was not open to Cromwell.

The memory of one terrible day separated the great regicide for ever from the House of Stuart. What remained was that he should mount the ancient English throne, and reign according to the ancient English polity. If he could effect this, he might hope that the wounds of the lacerated State would heal fast. Great numbers of honest and quiet men would speedily rally round him. Those Royalists whose attachment was rather to institutions than to persons, to the kingly office than to King Charles the First or King Charles the Second, would soon kiss the hand of King Oliver. The peers, who now remained sullenly at their country houses, and refused to take any part in public affairs, would, when summoned to their House by the writ of a King in possession, gladly resume their ancient functions. Northumberland and Bedford, Manchester and Pembroke, would be proud to bear the crown and the spurs, the sceptre and the globe before the restorer of aristocracy. A sentiment of loyalty would gradually bind the people to the new dynasty; and, on the decease of the founder of that dynasty, the royal dignity might descend with general acquiescence to his posterity. 5 10 15

The ablest Royalists were of opinion that these views were correct, and that, if Cromwell had been permitted to follow his own judgment, the exiled line would never have been restored. But his plan was directly opposed to the feelings of the only class which he dared not offend. The name of King was hateful to the soldiers. Some of them were indeed unwilling to see the administration in the hands of any single person. The great majority, however, were disposed to support their general, as elective first magistrate of a commonwealth, against all factions which might resist his authority: but they would not consent that he should assume the regal title, or that the dignity, which was the just reward of his personal merit, should be declared hereditary in his family. All that was left to him was, to give to the new republic a constitution as like the constitution of the old monarchy as the army would bear. That his elevation to power might not seem to be his own mere act, he convoked a council, composed partly of persons whose opposition he might safely defy. This assembly, which he called a Parliament, and which the populace nicknamed, from one of the most conspicuous members, Barebone's Parliament, after exposing itself during a short time to the public contempt, surrendered back to the General the powers which it had received from him, and left him at liberty to frame a plan of government. 20 25 30 35 40

His plan bore, from the first, a considerable resemblance to the old English constitution; but, in a few years, he thought it safe to proceed further, and to restore almost every part of the 45

ancient system under new names and forms. The title of King was not revived; but the kingly prerogatives were intrusted to a Lord High Protector. The sovereign was called not His Majesty, but His Highness. He was not crowned and anointed in Westminster Abbey, but was solemnly enthroned, girt with a rich Bible, in Westminster Hall. His office was not declared hereditary: but he was permitted to name his successor; and none could doubt that he would name his son.

A House of Commons was a necessary part of the new polity. In constituting this body, the Protector showed a wisdom and a public spirit which were not duly appreciated by his contemporaries. The vices of the old representative system, though by no means so serious as they afterwards became, had already been remarked by far-sighted men. Cromwell reformed that system on the same principles on which Mr. Pitt, a hundred and thirty years later, attempted to reform it, and on which it was at length reformed in our own times. Small boroughs were disfranchised even more unsparingly than in 1832; and the number of county members was greatly increased. Very few unrepresented towns had yet grown into importance. Of those towns the most considerable were Manchester, Leeds, and Halifax. Representatives were given to all three. An addition was made to the number of the members for the capital. The elective franchise was placed on such a footing that every man of substance, whether possessed of freehold estates in land or not, had a vote for the county in which he resided. A few Scotchmen and a few of the English colonists settled in Ireland, were summoned to the assembly which was to legislate, at Westminster, for every part of the British isles.

To create a House of Lords was a less easy task. Democracy does not require the support of prescription. Monarchy has often stood without that support. But a patrician order is the work of time. Oliver found already existing a nobility, opulent, highly considered, and as popular with the commonalty as any nobility has ever been. Had he, as King of England, commanded the peers to meet him in Parliament according to the old usage of the realm, many of them would undoubtedly have obeyed the call. This he could not do; and it was to no purpose that he offered to the chiefs of illustrious families seats in his new senate. They conceived that they could not accept a nomination to an upstart assembly without renouncing their birthright and betraying their order. The Protector was, therefore, under the necessity of filling his Upper House with new men who, during the late stirring times, had made themselves conspicuous. This was the least happy of his contrivances, and displeased all parties. The Levellers were angry with him for instituting a privileged class. The mul-

titude, which felt respect and fondness for the great historical names of the land, laughed without restraint at a House of Lords, in which lucky draymen and shoemakers were seated, to which few of the old nobles were invited, and from which almost all those old nobles who were invited turned disdainfully away. 5

How Oliver's Parliaments were constituted, however, was practically of little moment: for he possessed the means of conducting the administration without their support, and in defiance of their opposition. His wish seems to have been to govern constitutionally, and to substitute the empire of the laws for that of 10 the sword. But he soon found that, hated as he was, both by Royalists and Presbyterians, he could be safe only by being absolute. The first House of Commons which the people elected by his command, questioned his authority, and was dissolved without having passed a single act. His second House of Com- 15 mons, though it recognised him as Protector, and would gladly have made him King, obstinately refused to acknowledge his new Lords. He had no course left but to dissolve the Parliament. "God", he exclaimed, at parting, "be judge between you and me!"

Yet was the energy of the Protector's administration in nowise 20 relaxed by these dissensions. Those soldiers who would not suffer him to assume the kingly title stood by him when he ventured on acts of power, as high as any English King has ever attempted. The government, therefore, though in form a republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the wisdom, the sobriety, and the 25 magnanimity of the despot. The country was divided into military districts. Those districts were placed under the command of Major Generals. Every insurrectionary movement was promptly put down and punished. The fear inspired by the power of the sword in so strong, steady, and expert a hand, quelled the spirit both of 30 Cavaliers and Levellers. The loyal gentry declared that they were still as ready as ever to risk their lives for the old government and the old dynasty, if there were the slightest hope of success: but to rush at the head of their serving men and tenants on the pikes of brigades victorious in a hundred battles and sieges, 35 would be a frantic waste of innocent and honourable blood. Both Royalists and Republicans, having no hope in open resistance, began to revolve dark schemes of assassination: but the Protector's intelligence was good: his vigilance was unremitting; and, whenever he moved beyond the walls of his palace, the drawn 40 swords and cuirasses of his trusty bodyguards encompassed him thick on every side.

Had he been a cruel, licentious, and rapacious prince, the nation might have found courage in despair, and might have made a convulsive effort to free itself from military domination. But 45

the grievances which the country suffered, though such as excited serious discontent, were by no means such as impel great masses of men to stake their lives, their fortunes, and the welfare of their families against fearful odds. The taxation, though heavier
 5 than it had been under the Stuarts, was not heavy when compared with that of the neighbouring states and with the resources of England. Property was secure. Even the Cavalier, who refrained from giving disturbance to the new settlement, enjoyed in peace whatever the civil troubles had left him. The laws were violated
 10 only in cases where the safety of the Protector's person and government was concerned. Justice was administered between man and man with an exactness and purity not before known. Under no English government, since the Reformation, had there been so little religious persecution. The unfortunate Roman Catholics,
 15 indeed, were held to be scarcely within the pale of Christian charity. But the clergy of the fallen Anglican Church were suffered to celebrate their worship on condition that they would abstain from preaching about politics. Even the Jews, whose public worship had, ever since the thirteenth century, been interdicted, were, in
 20 spite of the strong opposition of jealous traders and fanatical theologians, permitted to build a synagogue in London.

The Protector's foreign policy at the same time extorted the ungracious approbation of those who most detested him. The Cavaliers could scarcely refrain from wishing that one who had
 25 done so much to raise the fame of the nation had been a legitimate King; and the Republicans were forced to own that the tyrant suffered none but himself to wrong his country, and that, if he had robbed her of liberty, he had at least given her glory in exchange. After half a century during which England had been
 30 of scarcely more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony, she at once became the most formidable power in the world, dictated terms of peace to the United Provinces, avenged the common injuries of Christendom on the pirates of Barbary, vanquished the Spaniards by land and sea, seized one of the finest
 35 West Indian islands, and acquired on the Flemish coast a fortress which consoled the national pride for the loss of Calais. She was the head of the Protestant interest. All the reformed Churches scattered over Roman Catholic kingdoms acknowledged Cromwell as their guardian. The Huguenots of Languedoc, the shepherds
 40 who, in the hamlets of the Alps, professed a Protestantism older than that of Augsburg, were secured from oppression by the mere terror of his great name. The Pope himself was forced to preach humanity and moderation to Popish princes. For a voice which seldom threatened in vain had declared that, unless favour were
 45 shown to the people of God, the English guns should be heard in

the Castle of Saint Angelo. In truth, there was nothing which Cromwell had, for his own sake and that of his family, so much reason to desire as a general religious war in Europe. In such a war he must have been the captain of the Protestant armies. The heart of England would have been with him. His victories 5 would have been hailed with an unanimous enthusiasm unknown in the country since the rout of the Armada, and would have effaced the stain which one act, condemned by the general voice of the nation, has left on his splendid fame. Unhappily for him he had no opportunity of displaying his admirable military talents, 10 except against the inhabitants of the British isles.

While he lived his power stood firm, an object of mingled aversion, admiration, and dread to his subjects. Few indeed loved his government; but those who hated it most hated it less than they feared it. Had it been a worse government, it might perhaps 15 have been overthrown in spite of all its strength. Had it been a weaker government, it would certainly have been overthrown in spite of all its merits. But it had moderation enough to abstain from those oppressions which drive men mad; and it had a force and energy which none but men driven mad by oppression would 20 venture to encounter.

It has often been affirmed, but apparently with little reason, that Oliver died at a time fortunate for his renown, and that, if his life had been prolonged, it would probably have closed amidst disgraces and disasters. It is certain that he was, to the last, 25 honoured by his soldiers, obeyed by the whole population of the British islands, and dreaded by all foreign powers, that he was laid among the ancient sovereigns of England with funeral pomp such as London had never before seen, and that he was succeeded by his son Richard as quietly as any King had ever been succeeded 30 by any Prince of Wales. (Lord Macaulay.)

5. CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent*; ["whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time"]; for 35 he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or 40

friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and command and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to
 5 cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *ausum eum, quae nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quae a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent* — [“he attempted those things which no good man durst have
 10 ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.”] Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never
 15 have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of
 20 those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

25 After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary.
 30 What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but exorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to
 35 the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind
 40 of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an
 45 entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those

nations by an army that was indevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him.

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, "that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government," but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man. *(Lord Clarendon.)*

6. CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal

return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full
 5 reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him. While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued
 10 all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to
 15 find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application.
 20 He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that
 25 he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were
 30 become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything
 35 that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed
 40 to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations
 45 of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of

vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best-bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew. So that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him, which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signor Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best,

thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, make such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Ruvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He showed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it; and thought, that seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, that if the king must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

No part of his character looked wicked, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not

showing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants; and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his. 5

(*Bishop Burnet.*)

7. WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

The place which William Henry, Prince of Orange Nassau occupies in the history of England and of mankind is so great that it may be desirable to portray with some minuteness the strong lineaments of his character. 10

He was now in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and in mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counsellors. Sculptors, painters, and medallists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity; and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as, once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humoured man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers. 15
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Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler; and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense, and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy then supreme in the United Provinces. The common people fondly attached during a century to his house, indicated, whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay 30
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their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched: every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down; nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be
5 placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in
10 the eyes of the young state prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotious which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned
15 to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the
20 Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the Court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his inter-
25 course with the world in general he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favour and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him;
30 and he was glad to turn away from the stage and to talk about public affairs, while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elmira's hand. He had indeed some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint, indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however,
35 in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for
40 the construction of a ravelin or a hornwork. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer without assistance everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood
45 Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English,

and German, inelegantly, it is true, and inexactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organizing great alliances, and in commanding armies assembled from different countries.

One class of philosophical questions had been forced on his 5 attention by circumstances, and seems to have interested him more than might have been expected from his general character. Among the Protestants of the United Provinces, as among the Protestants of our island, there were two great religious parties which almost exactly coincided with two great political parties. The chiefs of 10 the municipal oligarchy were Arminians, and were commonly regarded by the multitude as little better than Papists. The princes of Orange had generally been the patrons of the Calvinistic divinity, and owed no small part of their popularity to their zeal for the doctrines of election and final perseverance, a zeal not always 15 enlightened by knowledge or tempered by humanity. William had been carefully instructed from a child in the theological system to which his family was attached, and regarded that system with even more than the partiality which men generally feel for a hereditary faith. He had ruminated on the great enigmas which 20 had been discussed in the Synod of Dort, and had found in the austere and inflexible logic of the Genevese school something which suited his intellect and his temper. That example of intolerance indeed which some of his predecessors had set he never imitated. For all persecution he felt a fixed aversion, which he 25 avowed, not only where the avowal was obviously politic, but on occasions where it seemed that his interest would have been promoted by dissimulation or by silence. His theological opinions, however, were even more decided than those of his ancestors. The tenet of predestination was the keystone of his religion. He 30 often declared that, if he were to abandon that tenet, he must abandon with it all belief in a superintending Providence, and must become a mere Epicurean. Except in this single instance, all the sap of his vigorous mind was early drawn away from the speculative to the practical. The faculties which are necessary 35 for the conduct of important business ripened in him at a time of life when they have scarcely begun to blossom in ordinary men. Since Octavius the world had seen no such instance of precocious statesmanship. Skilful diplomatists were surprised to hear the weighty observations which at seventeen the Prince made on public 40 affairs, and still more surprised to see a lad, in situations in which he might have been expected to betray strong passion, preserve a composure as imperturbable as their own. At eighteen he sate among the fathers of the commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, in a day of 45

gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration. At twenty-three he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet: he was the soul of a mighty coalition; and he had contended
5 with honour in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age.

His personal tastes were those rather of a warrior than of a statesman: but he, like his greatgrandfather, the silent prince who founded the Batavian commonwealth, occupies a far higher
10 place among statesmen than among warriors. The event of battles, indeed, is not an unfailing test of the abilities of a commander; and it would be peculiarly unjust to apply this test to William: for it was his fortune to be almost always opposed to captains who were consummate masters of their art, and to troops far
15 superior in discipline to his own. Yet there is reason to believe that he was by no means equal, as a general in the field, to some who ranked far below him in intellectual powers. To those whom he trusted he spoke on this subject with the magnanimous frankness of a man who had done great things, and who could well afford
20 to acknowledge some deficiencies. He had never, he said, served an apprenticeship to the military profession. He had been placed, while still a boy, at the head of an army. Among his officers there had been none competent to instruct him. His own blunders and their consequences had been his only lessons. "I would give,"
25 he once exclaimed, "a good part of my estates to have served a few campaigns under the Prince of Condé before I had to command against him." It is not improbable that the circumstance which prevented William from attaining any eminent dexterity in strategy may have been favourable to the general vigour of his
30 intellect. If his battles were not those of a great tactician, they entitled him to be called a great man. No disaster could for one moment deprive him of his firmness or of the entire possession of all his faculties. His defeats were repaired with such marvellous celerity that, before his enemies had sung the Te Deum, he was
35 again ready for conflict; nor did his adverse fortune ever deprive him of the respect and confidence of his soldiers. That respect and confidence he owed in no small measure to his personal courage. Courage, in the degree which is necessary to carry a soldier without disgrace through a campaign, is possessed, or might, under
40 proper training, be acquired, by the great majority of men. But courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test; by war, by wounds, by painful and depressing maladies, by raging seas, by the imminent and constant risk of assassination, a risk which has shaken very strong nerves, a risk which severely
45 tried even the adamantite fortitude of Cromwell. Yet none could

ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared. His advisers could with difficulty induce him to take any precaution against the pistols and daggers of conspirators. Old sailors were amazed at the composure which he preserved amidst roaring breakers on a perilous coast. In battle his bravery made him conspicuous even among tens of thousands of brave warriors, drew forth the generous applause of hostile armies, and was never questioned even by the injustice of hostile factions. During his first campaigns he exposed himself like a man who sought for death, was always foremost in the charge and last in the retreat, fought, sword in hand, in the thickest press, and, with a musket ball in his arm and the blood streaming over his cuirass, still stood his ground and waved his hat under the hottest fire. His friends adjured him to take more care of a life invaluable to his country; and his most illustrious antagonist, the great Condé, remarked, after the bloody day of Seneff, that the Prince of Orange had in all things borne himself like an old general, except in exposing himself like a young soldier. William denied that he was guilty of temerity. It was, he said, from a sense of duty and on a cool calculation of what the public interest required that he was always at the post of danger. The troops which he commanded had been little used to war, and shrank from a close encounter with the veteran soldiery of France. It was necessary that their leader should show them how battles were to be won. And in truth more than one day which had seemed hopelessly lost was retrieved by the hardihood with which he rallied his broken battalions and cut down with his own hand the cowards who set the example of flight. Sometimes, however, it seemed that he had a strange pleasure in venturing his person. It was remarked that his spirits were never so high and his manners never so gracious and easy as amidst the tumult and carnage of a battle. Even in his pastimes he liked the excitement of danger. Cards, chess, and billiards gave him no pleasure. The chase was his favourite recreation; and he loved it most when it was most hazardous. His leaps were sometimes such that his boldest companions did not like to follow him. He seems even to have thought the most hardy field sports of England effeminate, and to have pined in the Great Park of Windsor for the game which he had been used to drive to bay in the forests of Guelders, wolves, and wild boars, and huge stags with sixteen antlers.

The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a

constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up
5 the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body.

10 He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities: but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who
15 brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief: but those who knew him well and saw him near were aware that under all this ice a
20 fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself. But when he was really enraged the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self command, he made such
25 ample reparation to those whom he had wronged as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved; the few who witnessed his agonies trembled
30 for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, cordial, open, even convivial and jocose, would sit
35 at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation. Highest in his favour stood a gentleman of his household named Bentinck, sprung from a noble Batavian race, and destined to be the founder of one of the great patrician houses of England. The fidelity of Bentinck had been tried by no com-
40 mon test. It was while the United Provinces were struggling for existence against the French power that the young Prince on whom all their hopes were fixed was seized by the small pox. That disease had been fatal to many members of his family, and at first wore, in his case, a peculiarly malignant aspect. The
45 public consternation was great. The streets of the Hague were

crowded from daybreak to sunset by persons anxiously asking how his Highness was. At length his complaint took a favourable turn. His escape was attributed partly to his own singular equanimity, and partly to the intrepid and iudefatigable friendship of Bentinck. From the hands of Bentinck alone William took food and medicine. By Bentinck alone William was lifted from his bed and laid down in it. "Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said William to Temple, with great tenderness, "I know not. But this I know, that, through sixteen days and nights, I never once called for anything but that Bentinck was instantly at my side." Before the faithful servant had entirely performed his task, he had himself caught the contagion. Still, however, he bore up against drowsiness and fever till his master was pronounced convalescent. Then, at length Bentinck asked leave to go home. It was time: for his limbs would no longer support him. He was in great danger, but recovered, and, as soon as he left his bed, hastened to the army, where, during many sharp campaigns, he was ever found, as he had been in peril of a different kind, close to William's side.

Such was the origin of a friendship as warm and pure as any that ancient or modern history records. The descendants of Bentinck still preserve many letters written by William to their ancestor: and it is not too much to say that no person who has not studied those letters can form a correct notion of the Prince's character. He whom even his admirers generally accounted the most distant and frigid of men here forgets all distinctions of rank, and pours out all his thoughts with the ingenuousness of a schoolboy. He imparts without reserve secrets of the highest moment. He explains with perfect simplicity vast designs affecting all the governments of Europe. Mingled with his communications on such subjects are other communications of a very different, but perhaps not of a less interesting kind. All his adventures, all his personal feelings, his long runs after enormous stags, his carousals on St. Hubert's day, the growth of his plantations, the failure of his melons, the state of his stud, his wish to procure an easy pad nag for his wife, his vexation at learning that one of his household, after ruining a girl of good family, refused to marry her, his fits of sea-sickness, his coughs, his headaches, his devotional moods, his gratitude for the divine protection after a great escape, his struggles to submit himself to the divine will after a disaster, are described with an amiable garrulity hardly to have been expected from the most discreet and sedate statesman of the age. Still more remarkable is the careless effusion of his tenderness, and the brotherly interest which he takes in his friend's domestic felicity. When an heir is born to Bentinck, "he will

live, I hope," says William, "to be as good a fellow as you are; and, if I should have a son, our children will love each other, I hope, as we have done." : Through life he continues to regard the little Bentincks with paternal kindness. He calls them by
 5 endearing diminutives: he takes charge of them in their father's absence, and, though vexed at being forced to refuse them any pleasure, will not suffer them to go on a hunting party, where there would be risk of a push from a stag's horn, or to sit up late at a riotous supper. When their mother is taken ill during
 10 her husband's absence, William, in the midst of business of the highest moment, finds time to send off several expresses in one day with short notes containing intelligence of her state. On one occasion, when she is pronounced out of danger after a severe attack, the Prince breaks forth into fervent expressions of gratitude
 15 to God. "I write," he says, "with tears of joy in my eyes." There is a singular charm in such letters, penned by a man whose irresistible energy and inflexible firmness extorted the respect of his enemies, whose cold and ungracious demeanour repelled the attachment of almost all his partisans, and whose
 20 mind was occupied by gigantic schemes which have changed the face of the world. *(Lord Macaulay.)*

8. CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

The proclamation of William and Mary consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have,
 25 during the last sixty years, overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. Why that character was so peculiar is sufficiently obvious, and yet seems not to have been always understood either by eulogists or by censors.

The continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth
 30 centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the middle ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money had, during many generations, been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril,
 35 be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once
 40 curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot

wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct, that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty, that they should have 5 proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system, and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and 10 Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded 15 in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions, similar to that which was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of ship-money, transferred to the crown the right of 20 taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or at Naples; had our Kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had 25 six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the farthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have 30 fallen! How many thousand of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled 35 up in barricades, the houses dented with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy! How many years of blood and confusion would it have cost us to 40 learn the very rudiments of political science! How many childish theories would have duped us! How many rude and ill poised constitutions should we have set up, only to see them tumble down! Happy would it have been for us if a sharp discipline of half

a century had sufficed to educate us into a capacity of enjoying true freedom.

These calamities our Revolution averted. It was a revolution strictly defensive, and had prescription and legitimacy on its side. 5 Here, and here only, a limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had come down unimpaired to the seventeenth century. Our parliamentary institutions were in full vigour. The main principles of our government were excellent. They were not, indeed, formally and exactly set forth in a single written instrument; but they were 10 to be found scattered over our ancient and noble statutes; and, what was of far greater moment, they had been engraven on the hearts of Englishmen during four hundred years. That, without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no legislative act could be passed, no tax imposed, no regular soldiery kept up, 15 that no man could be imprisoned, even for a day, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign, that no tool of power could plead the royal command as a justification for violating any right of the humblest subject, were held, both by Whigs and Tories, to be fundamental laws of the realm. A realm of which these were the fundamental 20 laws stood in no need of a new constitution.

But, though a new constitution was not needed, it was plain that changes were required. The misgovernment of the Stuarts, and the troubles which that misgovernment had produced, sufficiently proved that there was somewhere a defect in our polity; 25 and this defect it was the duty of the Convention to discover and to supply.

Some questions of great moment were still open to dispute. Our constitution had begun to exist in times when statesmen were not much accustomed to frame exact definitions. Anomalies, there- 30 fore, inconsistent with its principles and dangerous to its very existence, had sprung up almost imperceptibly, and, not having, during many years, caused any serious inconvenience, had gradually acquired the force of prescription. The remedy for these evils was to assert the rights of the people in such language as should 35 terminate all controversy, and to declare that no precedent could justify any violation of those rights.

When this had been done it would be impossible for our rulers to misunderstand the law: but, unless something more were done, it was by no means improbable that they might violate it. 40 Unhappily the Church had long taught the nation that hereditary monarchy, alone among our institutions, was divine and inviolable; that the right of the House of Commons to a share in the legislative power was a right merely human, but that the right of the King to the obedience of his people was from above; 45 that the Great Charter was a statute which might be repealed

by those who had made it, but that the rule which called the princes of the blood royal to the throne in order of succession was of celestial origin, and that any Act of Parliament inconsistent with that rule was a nullity. It is evident that, in a society in which such superstitions prevail, constitutional freedom must ever 5 be insecure. A power which is regarded merely as the ordinance of man cannot be an efficient check on a power which is regarded as the ordinance of God. It is vain to hope that laws, however excellent, will permanently restrain a King who, in his own opinion, and in that of a great part of his people, has an au- 10 thority infinitely higher in kind than the authority which belongs to those laws. To deprive royalty of these mysterious attributes, and to establish the principle that Kings reigned by a right in no respect differing from the right by which Judges granted writs of Habeas Corpus, was absolutely necessary to the security of 15 our liberties.

Thus the Convention had two great duties to perform. The first was to clear the fundamental laws of the realm from ambiguity. The second was to eradicate from the minds, both of the governors and of the governed, the false and pernicious notion 20 that the royal prerogative was something more sublime and holy than those fundamental laws. The former object was attained by the solemn recital and claim with which the Declaration of Right commences; the latter by the resolution which pronounced the throne vacant, and invited William and Mary to fill it. 25

The change seems small. Not a single flower of the crown was touched. Not a single new right was given to the people. The whole English law, substantive and adjective, was, in the judgment of all the greatest lawyers, of Holt and Treby, of Maynard and Somers, exactly the same after the Revolution as 30 before it. Some controverted points had been decided according to the sense of the best jurists; and there had been a slight deviation from the ordinary course of succession. This was all; and this was enough.

As our Revolution was a vindication of ancient rights, so 35 it was conducted with strict attention to ancient formalities. In almost every word and act may be discerned a profound reverence for the past. The Estates of the Realm deliberated in the old halls and according to the old rules. Powle was conducted to his chair between his mover and his seconder with the accustomed 40 forms. The Serjeant with his mace brought up the messengers of the Lords to the table of the Commons; and the three obeisances were duly made. The conference was held with all the antique ceremonial. On one side of the table, in the Painted Chamber, the managers of the Lords sate covered and robed in 45

ermine and gold. The managers of the Commons stood bare-headed on the other side. The speeches present an almost ludicrous contrast to the revolutionary oratory of every other country. Both the English parties agreed in treating with solemn
 5 respect the ancient constitutional traditions of the state. The only question was, in what sense those traditions were to be understood. The assertors of liberty said not a word about the natural equality of men and the inalienable sovereignty of the people, about Harmodius or Timoleon, Brutus the elder or Brutus the
 10 younger. When they were told that, by the English law, the crown, at the moment of a demise, must descend to the next heir, they answered that, by the English law, a living man could have no heir. When they were told that there was no precedent for declaring the throne vacant, they produced from among the
 15 records in the Tower a roll of parchment, near three hundred years old, on which, in quaint characters and barbarous Latin, it was recorded that the Estates of the Realm had declared vacant the throne of a perfidious and tyrannical Plantagenet. When at length the dispute had been accommodated, the new
 20 sovereigns were proclaimed with the old pageantry. All the fantastic pomp of heraldry was there, Clarencieux and Norroy, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon, the trumpets, the banners, the grotesque coats embroidered with lions and lilies. The title of King of France, assumed by the conqueror of Cressy, was not
 25 omitted in the royal style. To us, who have lived in the year 1848, it may seem almost an abuse of terms to call a proceeding, conducted with so much deliberation, with so much sobriety, and with such minute attention to prescriptive etiquette, by the terrible name of Revolution.

30 And yet this revolution, of all revolutions the least violent, has been of all revolutions the most beneficent. It finally decided the great question whether the popular element which had, ever since the age of Fitzwalter and De Montfort, been found in the English polity, should be destroyed by the monarchical element,
 35 or should be suffered to develop itself freely, and to become dominant. The strife between the two principles had been long, fierce, and doubtful. It had lasted through four reigns. It had produced seditions, impeachments, rebellions, battles, sieges, proscriptions, judicial massacres. Sometimes liberty, sometimes royalty,
 40 had seemed to be on the point of perishing. During many years one half of the energy of England had been employed in counter-acting the other half. The executive power and the legislative power had so effectually impeded each other that the state had been of no account in Europe. The King at Arms, who proclaimed
 45 William and Mary before Whitehall Gate, did in truth announce

that this great struggle was over; that there was entire union between the throne and the Parliament; that England, long dependent and degraded, was again a power of the first rank; that the ancient laws by which the prerogative was bounded would thenceforth be held as sacred as the prerogative itself, and would 5 be followed out to all their consequences; that the executive administration would be conducted in conformity with the sense of the representatives of the nation; and that no reform, which the two Houses should, after mature deliberation, propose, would be obstinately withstood by the sovereign. The Declaration of 10 Right, though it made nothing law which had not been law before, contained the germ of the law which gave religious freedom to the Dissenter, of the law which secured the independence of the Judges, of the law which limited the duration of Parliaments, of the law which placed the liberty of the press under the protection 15 of juries, of the law which prohibited the slave trade, of the law which abolished the sacramental test, of the law which relieved the Roman Catholics from civil disabilities, of the law which reformed the representative system of every good law which has been passed during a hundred and sixty years, of every good 20 law which may hereafter, in the course of ages, be found necessary to promote the public weal, and to satisfy the demands of public opinion.

The highest eulogy which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was our last revolution. Several 25 generations have now passed away since any wise and patriotic Englishman has meditated resistance to the established government. In all honest and reflecting minds there is a conviction, daily strengthened by experience, that the means of effecting every improvement which the constitution requires may be found within 30 the constitution itself.

Now, if ever, we ought to be able to appreciate the whole importance of the stand which was made by our forefathers against the House of Stuart. All around us the world is convulsed by the agonies of great nations. Governments which lately 35 seemed likely to stand during ages have been on a sudden shaken and overthrown. The proudest capitals of Western Europe have streamed with civil blood. All evil passions, the thirst of gain and the thirst of vengeance, the antipathy of class to class, the antipathy of race to race, have broken loose from the control of 40 divine and human laws. Fear and anxiety have clouded the faces and depressed the hearts of millions. Trade has been suspended, and industry paralysed. The rich have become poor; and the poor have become poorer. Doctrines hostile to all sciences, to all arts, to all industry, to all domestic charities, doctrines which, 45

if carried into effect, would, in thirty years, undo all that thirty centuries have done for mankind, and would make the fairest provinces of France and Germany as savage as Congo or Patagonia, have been avowed from the tribune and defended by the sword.

5 Europe has been threatened with subjugation by barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under Attila and Alboin were enlightened and humane. The truest friends of the people have with deep sorrow owned that interests more precious than any political privileges were in jeopardy, and that it might be

10 necessary to sacrifice even liberty in order to save civilisation. Meanwhile in our island the regular course of government has never been for a day interrupted. The few bad men who longed for license and plunder have not had the courage to confront for one moment the strength of a loyal nation, rallied in firm array

15 round a parental throne. And, if it be asked what has made us to differ from others, the answer is that we never lost what others are wildly and blindly seeking to regain. It is because we had a preserving revolution in the seventeenth century that we have not had a destroying revolution in the nineteenth. It is because

20 we had freedom in the midst of servitude that we have order in the midst of anarchy. For the authority of law, for the security of property, for the peace of our streets, for the happiness of our homes, our gratitude is due, under Him who raises and pulls down nations at his pleasure, to the Long Parliament, to the Convention,

25 and to William of Orange. (Lord Macaulay.)

9. ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight, Montesquieu, wisest in his age of the reflecting statesmen of France, apprised the cultivated world, that a free, prosperous,

30 and great people was forming in the forests of America, which England had sent forth her sons to inhabit. The hereditary dynasties of Europe, all unconscious of the rapid growth of the rising powers, which was soon to involve them in its new and prevailing influence, were negotiating treaties among themselves to

35 bring their last war of personal ambition definitively to an end. The great maritime powers, weary of hopes of conquest, and ignorant of coming reform, desired repose. To restore possessions as they had been, or were to have been, was accepted as the condition of peace; and guarantees were devised to keep them

40 safe against vicissitude. But the eternal flow of existence never rests, bearing the human race onwards through continuous change.

Principles grow into life by informing the public mind, and in their maturity gain the mastery over events; following each other as they are bidden, and ruling without a pause. No sooner do the agitated waves begin to subside, than amidst the formless tossing of the billows a new messenger from the Infinite Spirit moves over the waters; and the ship of Destiny, freighted with the fortunes of mankind, yields to the gentle breath as it first whispers among the shrouds, even while the beholders still doubt if the breeze is springing, and whence it comes, and whither it will go. 5 10

The hour of revolution was at hand, promising freedom to conscience and dominion to intelligence. History, escaping from the dictates of authority and the jars of insulated interests, enters upon new and unthought-of domains of culture and equality, the happier society where power springs freshly from ever renewed consent; the life and activity of a connected world. 15

For Europe, the crisis foreboded the struggles of generations. The strong bonds of faith and affection, which once united the separate classes of its civil hierarchy, had lost their vigour. In the impending chaos of states, the ancient forms of society, after convulsive agonies, were doomed to be broken in pieces; and the fragments to become distinct, and seemingly lifeless, like the dust; ready to be whirled in clouds by the tempest of public rage, with a force as deadly as that of the sand storm in the Libyan desert. The voice of reform, as it passed over the desolation, would inspire animation afresh; but in the classes whose power was crushed, as well as in the oppressed, who knew not that they were redeemed, it might also awaken wild desires, which the ruins of a former world could not satiate. In America the influences of time were moulded by the creative force of reason, sentiment, and nature. Its political edifice rose in lovely proportions, as if to the melodies of the lyre. Peacefully and without crime, humanity was to make for itself a new existence. 20 25 30

A few men of Anglo Saxon descent, chiefly farmers, planters, and mechanics, with their wives and children, had crossed the Atlantic in search of freedom and fortune. They brought the civilisation which the past had bequeathed to Great Britain; they were followed by the slave-ship and the African; their happiness invited emigrants from every lineage of Central and Western Europe; the mercantile system, to which they were subjected, prevailed in the councils of all metropolitan states, and extended its restrictions to every continent that allured to conquest, commerce, or colonisation. The accomplishment of their independence would agitate the globe, would assert the freedom of the oceans as commercial highways, vindicate power in the commonwealth for the united 35 40 45

judgment of its people, and assure to them the right to a self-directing vitality.

The authors of the American Revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the
 5 service of their own and of all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers; and all are bondsmen for one another. All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for that federative humanity
 10 which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of Government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged unity of the race.

15 From the dawn of social being, there has appeared a tendency towards commerce and intercourse between the scattered inhabitants of the earth. That mankind have ever earnestly desired this connexion, appears from their willing homage to the adventurers and to every people, who have greatly enlarged the boundaries of
 20 the world, as known to civilisation. The traditions of remotest antiquity celebrate the half-divine wanderer who raised pillars on the shores of the Atlantic; and record, as a visitant from the skies, the first traveller from Europe to the central rivers of Asia. It is the glory of Greece, that, when she had gathered
 25 on her islands and among her hills the scattered beams of human intelligence, her numerous colonies carried the accumulated light to the neighbourhood of the ocean and to the shores of the Euxine. Her wisdom and her arms connected continents.

When civilisation intrenched herself within the beautiful
 30 promontory of Italy, and Rome led the van of European reform, the same movement continued with still vaster results; for, though the military republic bounded the expansive spirit of independence by giving dominion to property, and extended her own influence by the sword, yet, heaping up conquests, adding island to continent,
 35 crushing nationalities, offering a shrine to strange gods, and citizenship to every vanquished people, she extended over a larger empire the benefits of fixed principles of law, and a cosmopolitan polytheism prevailed as the religion of the world.

To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind was the dis-
 40 tinctive glory of the Christian religion. No more were the nations to be severed by the worships of exclusive deities. The world was instructed that all men are of one blood; that for all there is but one divine nature and but one moral law; and the renovating faith taught the singleness of the race, of which it embodied the
 45 aspirations and guided the advancement.

The tribes of Northern Europe, emerging freshly from the wild nurseries of nations, opened new regions to culture, commerce and refinement. The beams of the majestic temple, which antiquity had reared to its many gods, were already falling in; the roving invaders, taking to their hearts the regenerating creed, became its 5 intrepid messengers, and bore its symbols even to Iceland and Siberia.

Still nearer were the relations of the connected world, when an enthusiast reformer, glowing with selfish ambition, and angry at the hollow forms of Eastern superstition, caught life in the deserts of Arabia, and founded a system, whose emissaries hurried 10 lightly on the camel's back beyond pathless sands, and, never diverging far from the warmer zone, conducted armies from Mecca to the Ganges and the Ebro. How did the two systems animate all the continents of the Old World to combat for the sepulchre of Christ, till Europe, from Spain to Scandinavia, came into 15 conflict and intercourse with the South and East, from Morocco to Hindostan!

In due time appeared the mariner from Genoa. To Columbus God gave the keys that unlocked the barriers of the ocean; so that he filled Christendom with his glory. The voice of the world 20 had whispered to him that the world is one; and as he went forth towards the west, ploughing a wave which no European keel had entered, it was his high purpose not merely to open new paths to islands or to continents, but to bring together the ends of the earth, and join all nations in commerce and spiritual life. 25

And how has spiritual life always been advancing; to the just judgments of the past, adding the discoveries of successive ages! The generations that hand the torch of truth along the lines of time, themselves become dust and ashes; but the light still increases its ever-burning flame, and is fed more and more 30 plenteously with consecrated oil. How is progress manifest in religion, from the gross symbols of the East to the sublime philosophy of Greece, from the Fetichism of the savage to the Polytheism of Rome; from the multiplied forms of ancient superstition and the lovely representations of deities in stone, to the clear 35 conception of the unity of divine power, and the idea of the presence of God in the soul! How has mind, in its inquisitive freedom, taught man to employ the elements as mechanics do their tools, and already, in part, at least, made him the master and possessor of nature! How has knowledge not only been increased, 40 but diffused! How has morality been constantly tending to subdue the supremacy of brute force, to refine passion, to enrich literature with the varied forms of pure thought and delicate feeling! How has social life improved, and every variety of toil in the field and in the workshop been ennobled by the willing industry of freemen! 45

How has humanity been growing conscious of its unity and watchful of its own development, till public opinion, bursting the bonds of nationality, knows itself to be the spirit of the world, in its movement on the tide of thought from generation to generation!

5 From the intelligence that had been slowly ripening in the mind of cultivated humanity, sprung the American Revolution, which was designed to organise social union through the establishment of personal freedom, and thus emancipate the nations from all authority not flowing from themselves. In the old civi-
10 lisation of Europe, power moved from a superior to inferiors and subjects; a priesthood transmitted a common faith, from which it would tolerate no dissent; the government esteemed itself, by compact or by divine right, invested with sovereignty, dispensing protection and demanding allegiance. But a new principle, far
15 mightier than the church and state of the Middle Ages, was forcing itself into power. Successions of increasing culture and heroes in the world of thought had conquered for mankind the idea of the freedom of the individual; the creative but long latent energy that resides in the collective reason was next to be revealed. From
20 this state it was to emerge, like the fabled spirit of beauty and love out of the foam of the ever-troubled ocean. It was the office of America to substitute for hereditary privilege the natural equality of man; for the irresponsible authority of a sovereign, a dependent government emanating from the concord of opinion; and as she
25 moved forward in her high career, the multitudes of every clime gazed towards her example with hopes of untold happiness and all the nations of the earth sighed to be renewed.

The American Revolution was most radical in its character, yet achieved with such benign tranquillity, that even conservatism
30 hesitated to censure. A civil war armed men of the same ancestry against each other, yet for the advancement of the principles of everlasting peace and universal brotherhood. A new plebeian democracy took its place by the side of the proudest empires. Religion was disenthralled from civil institutions. Thought obtained
35 for itself free utterance by speech and by the press. Industry was commissioned to follow the bent of its own genius. The system of commercial restrictions between states was reprobated and shattered; and the oceans were exfranchised for peaceful keel. International law was humanised and softened; and a new, milder
40 and more just maritime code was concerted and enforced. The trade in slaves was branded and restrained. The home of the language of Bacon and Milton, of Chatham and Washington, became so diffused, that in every zone, and almost in every longitude, childhood lisps the English as its mother tongue. The equality
45 of all men was declared; personal freedom secured in its complete

individuality; and common consent, recognised as the only just origin of fundamental laws, so that the people in thirteen separate states, with ample territory for creating more, each formed its own political institutions. By the side of the principle of the freedom of the separate states, the noblest work of human intellect was consummated in a federative union. And that union put away every motive to its destruction, by ensuring to each successive generation the right to better its constitution, according to the increasing intelligence of the living people. Astonishing deeds, throughout the world, attended these changes. Armies fought in the wilderness for rule, over the solitudes which were to be the future dwelling-place of millions. Navies hunted each other through every sea, engaging in battle now near the region of icebergs, now among the islands of the tropics. Inventive art was summoned to make war more destructive, and to signalise sieges by new miracles of ability and daring. Africa was invaded, and, in part, appropriated by rival nations of white men. Asia was subjected to the influence and dominion of the higher culture of Europe, and an adventurous company of British traders succeeded by conquest to the empire of the Great Mogul.

For America, the period abounded in new forms of virtue and greatness. Fidelity to principle pervaded the masses. An unorganised people of their own free will suspended commerce by universal assent. Poverty rejected bribes. Heroism, greater than that of chivalry, burst into action from lowly men. Citizens, with their families, fled from their homes and wealth in towns, rather than yield to oppression. Battalions sprung up in a night from spontaneous patriotism. Where eminent statesmen hesitated, the instinctive action of the multitude revealed the counsels of magnanimity. Youth and genius gave up life freely for the liberties of mankind. A nation without union, without magazines and arsenals, without a treasury, without credit, without government, fought successfully against the whole strength and wealth of Great Britain. An army of veteran soldiers capitulated to insurgent husbandmen.

The world could not watch with indifference the spectacle. The oldest aristocracy of France, the proudest nobles of Poland, the bravest hearts of Germany, sent their representatives to act as the peers of plebeians, to die gloriously, or to live beloved, as the champions of humanity and freedom. Russia and the northern nations protected the young republic by an armed neutrality; while the Catholic and feudal monarchies of France and Spain, children of the Middle Age, were wonderfully swayed to open the gates of futurity to the new empire of democracy; so that, in human affairs, God never showed more visibly his gracious providence and love.

(George Bancroft's History of the American Revolution.)

10. ENGLAND'S COLONIAL POWER.

In Asia, the victories of Clive at Plassy, of Coote at the Wanderwash, and of Watson and Pococke on the Indian seas, had
5 given England the undoubted ascendancy in the East Indies, opening to her suddenly the promise of untold treasures and territorial acquisitions without end.

In America, the Teutonic race, with its strong tendency to individuality and freedom, was become the master from the Gulf
10 of Mexico to the Poles; and the English tongue which, but a century and a half before, had for its entire world a part only of two narrow islands on the outer verge of Europe, was now to spread more widely than any that had ever given expression to human thought.

15 Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country, take possession of the North American continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and for man! Give an echo to the new
20 silent and solitary mountains; gush out with the fountains that as yet sing their anthems all day long without response. Fill the valleys with the voices of love in its purity, the pledges of friendship in its faithfulness; and as the morning sun drinks the dewdrops from the flowers all the way from the dreary Atlantic to the
25 Peaceful Ocean, meet him with the joyous hum of the early industry of freemen! Utter boldly and spread widely through the world the thoughts of the coming apostles of the people's liberty, till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity, and the lips of the messenger of the people's power, as
30 he stands in beauty upon the mountains, shall proclaim the renovating tidings of equal freedom for the race.

England exulted in its conquest; enjoying the glory of extended dominion in the confident expectation of a boundless increase of wealth. But its success was due to its having taken the lead in
35 the good old struggle for liberty; and was destined to bring fruits, not so much to itself, as to the cause of freedom and mankind. France, of all the states on the continent of Europe, the most powerful by territorial unity, wealth, numbers, industry, and culture, seemed, by its place, marked out for maritime ascendancy. Set
40 between many seas, it rested upon the Mediterranean, possessed harbours on the German Ocean, and embraced within its wide shores and jutting headlands, the bays and open waters of the Atlantic; its people, infolding at one extreme the offspring of colonists of Greece, and at the other, the hardy children of the North-
45 men, were called, as it were, to the inheritance of life upon the

sea. The nation, too, readily conceived or appropriated great ideas and delighted in bold resolves. Its travellers had penetrated farthest into the fearful interior of unknown lands, its missionaries won most familiarly the confidence of the aboriginal hordes; its writers described with keener and wiser observation the form of nature in her wildness, and the habits and languages of savage man; its soldiers and every lay Frenchman in America owing to a military service, uniting beyond all others celerity with courage, knew best how to endure the hardship of forest life and to triumph in forest warfare. Its ocean chivalry had given a name and a colony to Carolina, and its merchants a people to Acadia. The French discovered the basin of the St. Lawrence, were the first to explore and possess the banks of the Mississippi and planned an American empire that should unite the widest valleys and most copious inland waters of the world.

But New France was governed exclusively by the monarchy of its metropolis, and was shut against the intellectual daring of its philosophy, the liberality of its political economists, the movements of its industrial genius, its legal skill, and its infusion of Protestant thought in modern France; nothing went to America. Nothing had leave to go there, but what was old and worn out. The Government thought only to transmit to its American empire, the exhausted polity of the middle ages; the castes of feudal Europe; its monarchy, its hierarchy, its nobility, and its dependent peasantry; while commerce was enfeebled by protection, stifled under the weight of inconvenient regulations, and fettered by exclusive grants. The land was parcelled out in seignories; and while quit-rents were moderate, transfers and sales of leases were burdened with restrictions and heavy fines. The men who held the plough were tenants and vassals, of whom few could either write or read. No village school was open for their instruction; nor was there one printing press in either Canada or Louisiana. The central will of the administration, though checked by concessions of monopolies, was neither guided by local legislatures, nor restrained by parliaments or courts of law. But France was reserved for a nobler influence in the New World, than that of propagating institutions, which in the Old World were giving up the ghost; nor had Providence set apart America for the reconstruction of the decaying framework of feudal tyranny.

The colonists from England brought over the forms of the government of the mother country, and the purpose of giving them a better development and a fairer career in the Western World. The French emigrants took with them only what belonged to the past, and nothing that represented modern freedom. The English emigrants retained what they called English privileges, but left

behind in the parent country, English inequalities, the monarch, and nobility, and prelacy. French America was closed against even a gleam of intellectual independence; nor did it contain so much as one dissenter from the Román Church. English America
 5 had English liberties in greater purity and with far more of the power of the people than England. Its inhabitants were self organised bodies of freeholders, pressing upon the receding forests, winning their way farther and farther forward every year, and never going back. They had schools, so that in several of the
 10 colonies there was no one to be found beyond childhood, who could not read and write; they had the printing press, scattering among them books, and pamphlets, and many newspapers; they had a Ministry chiefly composed of men of their own election. In private life they were accustomed to take care of themselves; in public
 15 affairs they had local legislatures, and municipal self direction. And now this continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to where civilised life is stayed by barriers of frost, was become their dwelling-place and their heritage.

Reasoning men in New York, as early as 1748, foresaw and
 20 announced that the conquest of Canada, by relieving the Northern Colonies from danger, would hasten their emancipation. An attentive Swedish traveller in that year heard the opinion, and published it to Sweden and to Europe; the early dreams of John Adams made the removal of "the turbulent Gallics" a preliminary to the
 25 coming glories of his country. During the negotiations for peace, the kinsman and bosom friend of Edmund Burke, employed the British press to unfold the danger to England from retaining Canada; and the French Minister for Foreign Affairs frankly warned the British Envoy, that the cession of Canada would lead to the
 30 independence of North America.

Unintimidated by the prophecy, and obeying a higher and wiser instinct, England happily persisted. We have caught them at last, said Choiseul to those around him on the definitive surrender of New France; and at once giving up Louisiana to Spain, his
 35 eager hopes anticipated the speedy struggle of America for separate existence. So soon as the sagacious and experienced Vergennes, the French ambassador at Constantinople, a grave, laborious man, remarkable for a calm temper and moderation of character, heard the conditions of the peace, he also said to his friends, and even
 40 openly to a British traveller, that the consequences of the entire cession of Canada were obvious. And afterwards he himself recalled his prediction to the notice of the British ministry — England will ere long repent of having removed the only check that could keep her colonies in awe. They stand no longer in
 45 need of her protection; she will call on them to contribute towards

supporting the burdens they have helped to bring on her; and they will answer by striking off all dependence. Lord Mansfield, also, used often to declare that he too, ever since the peace of Paris, always thought the Northern Colonies were meditating a state of Independency of Great Britain. 5

The colonial system, being founded on injustice, was at war with itself. The principle which confined the commerce of each colony to its own metropolis, was not only introduced by England into its domestic legislation, but was accepted as the law of nations in its treaties with other powers, so that while it wantonly re- 10 strained its colonists, it was jealously, and on its own theory right-fully excluded from the rich possessions of France and Spain. Those regions could be thrown open to British traders, only by the general abrogation of the mercantile monopoly, which would extend the benefit to universal commerce, or by British conquest, 15 which would close them once more against all the world but the victors, even against the nations which have discovered and planted them. Leaving the nobler policy of liberty to find its defenders where it could, and wilfully, and as it were fatally blind to what would follow, England chose the policy of conquest and exclusion; 20 and had already acquired much of the empire of Spain in America, and nearly the whole of that of France in both hemispheres.

The balance of the colonial system was destroyed for ever; there existed no longer the community of interest for its support on the part of the great maritime powers of Europe. The Seven 25 Years' War which doubled the debt of England, increasing it to seven hundred millions of dollars, had been begun by her for the possession of the Ohio Valley. She achieved that conquest, but not for herself. Driven out from its share in the great colonial system, France was swayed by its own commercial and political 30 interests, by its wounded pride, and by that enthusiasm which the support of a good cause enkindles, to take up the defence of the freedom of the seas, and heartily to desire the enfranchisement of the English plantations. This policy was well devised; and we shall see that England became not so much the possessor 35 of the Valley of the West, as the transient trustee commissioned to transfer it from the France of the Middle Ages to the free people, who were making for humanity a new existence in America.

(George Bancroft.)

40

11. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

The glory of Mr. Burke's career certainly was the American war, during which he led the Opposition in the House of Commons, 45

until, having formed a successor more renowned than himself, he was succeeded rather than superseded in the command of that victorious band of the champions of freedom. This disciple, as he was proud to acknowledge himself, was Charles James Fox, one
 5 of the greatest statesmen, and if not the greatest orator certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of public affairs in any age of the world. To the profuse, the various learning of his master; to his exuberant fancy, to his profound and mature philosophy, he had no pretensions. His know-
 10 ledge was confined to the ordinary accomplishments of an English education — intimate acquaintance with the classics; the exquisite taste which that familiarity bestows; and a sufficient knowledge of history. These stores he afterwards increased rather than diminished; for he continued to delight in classical reading; and
 15 added a minute and profound knowledge of modern languages, with a deep and accurate study of our own history and the history of other modern states; insomuch that it may be questioned if any politician in any age ever knew so thoroughly the various interests and the exact position of all the countries with which his own
 20 had dealings to conduct or relations to maintain. Beyond these solid foundations of oratory and ample stores of political information his range did not extend. Of natural science, of metaphysical philosophy, of political economy, he had not even the rudiments; and he was apt to treat those matters with the neglect, if not the
 25 contempt, which ignorance can rather account for than excuse. He had come far too early into public life to be well grounded in a statesman's philosophy; like his great rival, and indeed like most aristocratic politicians, who were described as "rocked and dandled into legislators" by one, himself exempt from this de-
 30 fective education; and his becoming a warm partisan at the same early age, also laid the foundation of another defect, the making party principle the only rule of conduct, and viewing every truth of political science through this distorting and discolouring medium.

But if such were the defects of his education, the mighty
 35 powers of his nature often overcame them, always threw them into the shade. A preternatural quickness of apprehension, which enabled him to see at a glance what cost other minds the labour of an investigation, made all attainments of an ordinary kind so easy, that it perhaps disinclined him to those which not even his
 40 acuteness and strength of mind could master without the pain of study. But he was sure as well as quick; and where the heat of passion, or the prejudice of party, or certain little peculiarities of a personal kind — certain mental idiosyncracies in which he indulged, and which produced capricious fancies or crotchets — left his fa-
 45 culties unclouded and unstunted, no man's judgment was more

sound or could more safely be trusted. Then his feelings were warm and kindly; his temper was sweet though vehement; like that of all the Fox family, his nature was generous, open, manly; above everything like dissimulation or duplicity; governed by the impulses of a great and benevolent soul. This virtue, so much 5 beyond all intellectual graces, yet bestowed its accustomed influence upon the faculties of his understanding, and gave them a reach of enlargement to which meaner natures are ever strangers. It was not more certain that such a mind as his should be friendly to religious toleration, eager for the assertion of civil liberty, the 10 uncompromising enemy of craft and difficulty in all their forms, — from the corruption of the Treasury and the severity of the penal code, up to the oppression of our American colonies and the African slave-traffic, — than that it should be enlarged and strengthened, made powerful in its grasp and consistent in its purpose, by the 15 same admirable and amiable qualities which bent it always towards the right pursuit.

The great intellectual gifts of Mr. Fox, the robust structure of his faculties, naturally governed his oratory, made him singularly affect argument, and led him to a close grappling with every 20 subject; despising all flights of imagination, and shunning everything collateral or discursive. This turn of mind, too, made him always careless of ornament, often negligent of accurate diction. There never was a greater mistake, as has already been remarked, than the fancying a close resemblance between his eloquence 25 and that of Demosthenes; although an excellent judge (Sir James Mackintosh) fell into it, when he pronounced him "the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes." That he resembled his immortal predecessor in despising all useless ornament, and all declamation for declamation's sake, is true enough; but it applies to 30 every good speaker as well as to those two signal ornaments of ancient and modern rhetoric. That he resembled him in keeping more close to the subject in hand, than many good and even great speakers have often done, may also be affirmed; yet this is far too vague and remote a likeness to justify 35 the proposition in question; and it is only a difference in degree, and not a specific distinction between him and others. That his eloquence was fervid, rapid, copious, carrying along with it the minds of the audience, not suffering them to dwell upon the speaker or the speech, but engrossing their whole attention, and 40 keeping it fixed on the question, is equally certain; and is the only real resemblance which the comparison affords. But then the points of difference are as numerous as they are important, and they strike indeed upon the most cursory glance. The one was full of repetitions, recurring again and again to the same topic, 45

nay, to the same view of it, till he had made his impression complete; the other never came back upon a ground which he had utterly wasted and withered up by the tide of fire he had rolled over it. The one dwelt at length, and with many words, on his
 5 topics; the other performed the whole at a blow, sometimes with a word, always with the smallest number of words possible. The one frequently was digressive, even narrative and copious in illustration; in the other no deviation from his course was ever to be perceived; no disporting on the borders of his way, more than
 10 any lingering upon it; but carried rapidly forward, and without swerving to the right or to the left, like the engines flying along a railway, and like them driving everything out of sight that obstructed his resistless course. In diction as well as in thought the contrast was alike remarkable. It is singular that any one should
 15 have thought of likening Mr. Fox to the orator of whom the great Roman critic, comparing him with Cicero, has said so well and so judiciously — *In illo plus curae, in hoc plus naturae*. This Greek was, of all speakers, the one who most carefully prepared each sentence; showing himself as sedulous in the collocation of
 20 his words as in the selection. His composition, accordingly, is a model of the most artificial workmanship; yet of an art so happy in its results that itself is wholly concealed. The Englishman was negligent, careless, slovenly beyond most speakers; even his most brilliant passages were the inspirations of the moment; and he
 25 frequently spoke for half an hour at a time, sometimes delivered whole speeches, without being fluent for five minutes, or, excepting in a few sound and sensible remarks which were interspersed, rewarding the hearer with a single redeeming passage. Indeed, to the last, he never possessed, unless when much animated, any
 30 great fluency; and probably despised it, as he well might, if he only regarded its effects in making men neglect more essential qualities, — when the curse of being *fluent speakers*, and nothing else, has fallen on them and on their audience. Nevertheless, that fluency — the being able easily to express his thoughts in correct
 35 words — is as essential to a speaker as drawing to a painter. This we cannot doubt, any more than we can refuse our assent to the proposition, that though merely giving pleasure is no part of an orator's duty, yet he has no vocation to give his audience pain: — which any one must feel who listens to a speaker de-
 40 livering himself with difficulty and hesitation.

In most of the external qualities of oratory, Mr. Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which, when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or
 45 squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when

the torrent began to pour. Some of the undertones of his voice were peculiarly sweet; and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our language was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure and 5 chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all; so, in his choice of words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages; and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the re- 10 sources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in writing and in speaking.

If from the orator we turn to the man, we shall find much more to blame and to lament, whether his private character be regarded or his public; but for the defects of the former, there are 15 excuses to be offered, almost sufficient to remove the censure, and leave the feeling of regret entire and alone. The foolish indulgence of a father, from whom he inherited his talents certainly, but little principle, put him, while yet a boy, in the possession of pecuniary resources which cannot safely be trusted to more ad- 20 vanced stages of youth; and the dissipated habits of the times drew him, before the age of manhood, into the whirlpool of fashionable excess. In the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost as unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for 25 the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seventeenth century, in writing a history of the Roman empire, to denounce the immoralities of Julius Caesar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden 30 all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm-house; or rather as if he had not outlived his childish years. (Henry Lord Brougham.) 35

12. WILLIAM PITT.

The grief, indeed, was yet recent which the people had felt for the loss of Lord Chatham's genius, so proudly towering above all party views and personal ties, so entirely devoted to the cause of his principles and his patriotism — when his son appeared to 40 take his station, and contest the first rank in the popular affection

with the son of him whose policy and parts had been sunk into obscurity by the superior lustre of his rival's capacity and virtues. But the young statesman's own talents and conduct made good the claim which his birth preferred. At an age when others are
 5 but entering upon the study of state affairs and the practice of debating, he came forth a mature politician, a finished orator, — even, as if by inspiration, an accomplished debater. His knowledge, too, was not confined to the study of the classics, though with these he was familiarly conversant; the more severe pursuits
 10 of Cambridge had imparted to him some acquaintance with the stricter sciences which have had their home upon the banks of the Granta since Newton made them his abode; and with political philosophy he was more familiar than most Englishmen of his own age. Having prepared himself, too, for being called to the bar,
 15 and both attended on courts of justice and frequented the Western Circuit, he had more knowledge and habits of business than can fall to the share of our young patricians; — the material out of which British statesmen are for the most part fashioned by an attendance upon debates in Parliament, and a study of newspapers
 20 in the clubs. Happy had he not too soon removed into office from the prosecution of studies which his rapid political success broke off never to be resumed! For the leading defect of his life, which is seen through all his measures, and which not even his great capacity and intense industry could supply, was an ignorance
 25 of the principles upon which large plans are to be framed, and nations to be at once guided and improved. As soon as he entered upon official duties, his time was at the mercy of every one who had a claim to prefer, a grievance to complain of, or a nostrum to propound; nor could the hours of which the day consists suffice at once to give all these their audience; to transact
 30 the routine business of his station; to direct or to counteract the intrigues of party; and, at the same time, to learn all that his sudden transplanting from the study to the Cabinet, and from the Bar to the Senate, had of necessity left unlearned.

35 From hence, and from the temptation always afforded in times of difficulty to avoid as much as possible all unnecessary embarrassments and all risks not forced upon him, arose the peculiarity which marks his story, and marks it in a way not less hurtful to his own renown, through after ages, than unfortunate for his country.
 40 With more power than any minister ever possessed — with an Opposition which rather was a help than a hindrance to him during the greater part of his rule — with a friendly Court, an obsequious Parliament, a confiding people — he held the supreme place in the public councils for many years, and, excepting the
 45 Union with Ireland, which was forced upon him by a rebellion,

and which was both corruptly and imperfectly carried, so as to produce the smallest possible benefit to either country, he has not left a single measure behind him for which the community, whose destinies he so long swayed, has any reason to respect his memory; while by want of firmness, he was the cause of an impolicy 5 and extravagance, the effects of which are yet felt, and will oppress us beyond the life of the youngest now alive.

The charge against Mr. Pitt is his having suffered himself to be led away by the alarms of the Court, and the zeal of his new allies, the Burke and Windham party, from the ardent love of 10 peace which he professed and undoubtedly felt, to the eager support of the war against France, which might well have been avoided had he but stood firm. The deplorable consequences of his change in his conduct are too well known: they are still too sensibly felt. But are the motives of it wholly free from suspicion? *Cui bono?* 15 was the question put by the Roman lawyer when the person really guilty of any act was sought for. "Whom does it profit?" — A similar question may often be put, without any want of charity, when we are in quest of the motives which prompted a doubtful or suspicious course of action, proved by experience to have been 20 disastrous to the world. That, as the chief of a party, Mr. Pitt was incalculably a gainer by the event which, for a while, well-nigh annihilated the Opposition to his Ministry, and left that Opposition crippled as long as the war lasted, no man can doubt. That independent of its breaking up the Whig party, the war 25 gave their antagonist a constant lever wherewithal to move at will both parliament and people, as long as the sinews of war could be obtained from the resources of the country, is at least as unquestionable a fact.

But that he very soon opened his eyes to the disastrous ef- 30 fects of the war is certain. The violence and misrepresentations of party long concealed the truth, and left men to doubt whether or not the minister was desirous of a peace which should restore prosperity to his own country and impose bounds to the widespread conquests of the enemy. It was even very confidently 35 affirmed that he was unforgiving towards Mr. Wilberforce, who brought forward a motion which it was alleged — falsely though confidently alleged — forced him reluctantly into a negotiation with France. The most ample contradiction of these factious slanders has now been given to the world by Lord Malmesbury's publica- 40 tion of his grandfather's papers — a publication which I am very far from approving in all its parts, but which bears the most honourable testimony to Mr. Pitt's conduct in many essential particulars. No one can rise from a perusal of the ambassador's 'Diary and Correspondence' without feeling at once how amiable and hon- 45

ourable Mr. Pitt was in all the relations of private life, and how sincerely desirous he was of making peace with the Executive Directory, almost at any price. The falsehoods caused by factious virulence, and believed by the blindness of dupes, never received
5 a more complete exposure.

He may indeed well have felt conscious that to preside over the war was not his natural vocation. His conduct in it betrayed no extent of views, no commanding notions of policy. Anything more commonplace can hardly be imagined. To form one coal-
10 tion after another in Germany, and subsidise the allies with millions of free gift, or aid them with profuse loans, until all the powers in our pay were defeated in succession, and most of them either destroyed or converted into tools of the enemy — such were all the resources of his diplomatic skill. To shun any effectual con-
15 flict with the enemy, while he wasted our military force in petty expeditions; to occupy forts, and capture colonies, which, if France prevailed in Europe, were useless acquisitions, only increasing the amount of the slave-trade, and carrying abroad our own capital, and which, if France were beaten in Europe, would all of them-
20 selves fall into our hands — such was the whole scheme of his warlike policy. The operations of our navy, which were undertaken as a matter of course, and would have been performed, and must have led to our brilliant maritime successes, whoever was the minister, nay, whether or not there was any minister at all, may
25 be added to the account; but can have little or no influence upon the estimate to be formed of his belligerent administration. When, after a most culpable refusal to treat with Napoleon in 1800 — the work of his associates, and chiefly of the Canning school — a refusal grounded on the puerile hope of the newly-gotten Con-
30 sular power being soon overthrown, he found it impossible any longer to continue the ruinous expenditure of the war, he retired, placing in his office a friend, with whom he quarrelled for refusing to retire when he was bidden. But the ostensible ground of his resignation was the King's bigoted refusal to emancipate
35 the Irish catholics. Nothing could have more redounded to his glory than this. But he resumed office in 1804, refused to make any stipulation for those same catholics, and always opposed those who urged their claims, on the utterly unconstitutional ground of the king's personal prejudices; a ground quite as solid for yield-
40 ing to that monarch in 1801 as for not urging him in 1804. It was quite as discreditable to him that, on the same occasion, after pressing Mr. Fox upon George III. as an accession of strength necessary for well carrying on the war, he agreed to take office without any such accession, rather than thwart the personal anti-
45 pathy, the capriciousness, the despicable antipathy of that narrow-

minded and vindictive prince against the most illustrious of his subjects.

These are heavy charges; but I fear the worst remains to be urged against the conduct of this eminent person. No man felt more strongly on the subject of the African Slave Trade than he; 5 and all who heard him are agreed that his speeches against it were the finest of his noble orations. Yet did he continue for eighteen years of his life, suffering every one of his colleagues, nay, of his mere underlings in office, to vote against the question of Abolition, if they thought fit; men, the least inconsiderable of 10 whom durst no more have thwarted him upon any of the more trifling measures of his government, than they durst have thrust their heads into the fire. Even the foreign slave-trade, and the traffic which his war policy had trebled by the captured enemy's colonies, he suffered to grow and prosper under the fostering in- 15 fluence of British capital; and after letting years and years glide away, and hundreds of thousands be torn from their own country, and carried to perpetual misery in ours, while one stroke of his pen could, at any moment, have stopped it for ever, he only could be brought to issue, a few months before his death, the Order in 20 Council which at length destroyed the pestilence. This is by far the gravest charge to which Mr. Pitt's memory is exposed.

If from the statesman we turn to the orator, the contrast is indeed marvellous. He is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging 25 more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed — with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner — he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go; and then 30

"So charming left his voice, that we, awhile,
Still thought him speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never for a moment left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation, requiring no effort of the 35 speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglement, and fall each into its place; by the clearness of his statements, which presented at once a picture to the mind; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feel- 40 ing, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction; by the depth and fulness of the most sonorous voice, and the unbending dignity of the manner, which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater — that there stood before us a ruler of the 45

people. Such were invariably the effects of this singular eloquence; and they were as certainly produced on ordinary occasions, as in those grander displays when he rose to the height of some great argument; or indulged in vehement invective against some individual, and variegated his speech with that sarcasm of which he was so great a master, and indeed so little sparing an employer; although even here all was uniform and consistent; nor did anything, in any mood of mind, ever drop from him that was unsuited to the majestic frame of the whole, or could disturb the serenity of the full and copious flood rolled along.

But if such was the unfailing impression at first produced, and which, for a season absorbing the faculties, precluded all criticism; upon reflection, faults and imperfections certainly were disclosed. There prevailed a monotony in the matter, as well as in the manner; and even the delightful voice which so long prevented this form being felt, was itself almost without any variety of tone. All things were said nearly in the same way; as if by some curious machine, periods were rounded and flung off; as if, in like moulds, though of different sizes, ideas were shaped and brought out. His composition was correct enough, but not peculiarly felicitous; his English was sufficiently pure without being at all racy, or various, or brilliant; his style was, by Mr. Windham, called "a state paper style," in allusion to its combined dignity and poverty; and the same nice observer, referring to the eminently skilful way in which he balanced his phrases, sailed near the wind, and seemed to disclose much whilst he kept the greater part of his meaning to himself, declared that "he verily believed Mr. Pitt could speak a King's speech off-hand." His declamation was admirable, mingling with and clothing the argument, as to be good for any thing declamation always must; and no more separable from the reasoning than the heat is from the metal in a stream of lava. Yet, with all this excellence, the last effect of the highest eloquence was for the most part wanting; we seldom forgot the speaker, or lost the artist in the work. He was earnest enough; he seemed quite sincere; he was moved himself as he would move us; we even went along with him, and forgot *ourselves*; but we hardly forgot *him*; and while thrilled with the glow which his burning words diffused, or transfixed with wonder at so marvellous a display of skill, we yet felt that it was admiration of a consummate artist which filled us, and that after all we were present at an exhibition; gazing upon a wonderful performer indeed, but still a performer.

Nothing that we have yet said of this extraordinary person has touched upon his private character, unless so far as the graver faults of the politician must ever border upon the vices or the

frailties of the man. But it must be admitted, what even his enemies were willing to confess, that in his failings, or in his delinquencies, there was nothing mean, paltry, or low. His failings were ascribed to love of power and of glory; and pride was the harshest feature that disfigured him to the public eye. We doubt 5 if this can all be said with perfect justice; still more that, if it could, any satisfactory defence would thus be made. The ambition cannot be pronounced very lofty which showed that place, mere high station, was so dear to it as to be sought without regard to its just concomitant power, and clung by, after being stript of this, 10 the only attribute that can recommend it to noble minds. Yet he well described his office as "the pride of his heart and the pleasure of his life," when boasting that he had sacrificed it to his engagements with Ireland at the Union; and then, within a very short period, he proved that the pleasure and the pride were far 15 too dearly loved to let him think of that tie when he again grasped them, wholly crippled, and deprived of all power to carry a single measure of importance. Nor can any thirst for power itself, any ambition, be it of the most exalted kind, ever justify the measures which he contrived for putting to death those former coadjutors 20 of his own, whose leading object was reform; even if they had overstepped the bounds of law, in the pursuit of their common purpose. His conduct on the slave-trade falls within the same view; and leaves a dark shade resting upon his reputation as a man, a shade which, God be praised, few would take, to be the 25 first of orators and greatest of ministers.

In private life he was singularly amiable; his spirits were naturally buoyant and even playful; his affections warm; his veracity scrupulously exact; his integrity wholly without a stain; and, although he was, from his situation, cut off from most of the re- 30 lations of domestic life, as a son and a brother he was perfect, and no man was more fondly beloved or more sincerely mourned by his friends.

It was a circumstance broadly distinguishing the parliamentary position of the two great leaders whom we have been surveying, 35 that while the one had to fight the whole battle of his government for many years, the first and most arduous of his life, if not single handed, yet with but one coadjutor of any power, the other was surrounded by "troops of friends," any one of whom might well have borne the foremost part. Against such men as Burke, Wind- 40 ham, Sheridan, North, Erskine, Lee, Barré — Mr. Pitt could only set Mr. Dundas; and it is certainly the most astonishing part of his history, that against such a phalanx, backed by the majority of the Commons, he could struggle all through the first session of his administration. Indeed, had it not been for the support which 45

he received both from the Court and the Lords, and from the People, who were justly offended with the unnatural coalition of his adversaries, that session would not only have been marvellous but impossible.

(*Lord Brougham.*)

6

12. FRANKLIN.

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part
10 in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First, he was the ar-
15 chitect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help of only ordinary abilities, great application and good luck; but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor
20 Printer's boy, who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the ambassador of a commonwealth which he had formed, at the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France who had been his allies.

25 Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no commonplace journeyman, ever laid the foundations of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank
30 him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in Courts, or assist at the Councils of Monarchs, ever bore his honours in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoilt by the enjoyment of them, than this common workman did when negotiating with Royal representatives, or caressed by
35 all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court in Europe. Again, he was self-taught in all he knew. His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and meals, or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence
40 tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors, by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries, by repeated

perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb he made to yield and bend to his own purposes — a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph after appearing desperate for many years; a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style without a classical education; a skilful negociator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favourite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and in workshops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action. Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution, and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every-day affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, distained not to make proverbs and feign parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated, or discoveries pursued.

His whole course both in acting and in speculation was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest and the shortest road, nor ever having recourse to any but the simplest means to compass his ends. His policy rejected all refinements, and aimed at accomplishing its purposes by the most rational and obvious expedients. His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thoughts, not of raising admiration; but it was pure, expressive, racy. His manner of reasoning was manly and cogent, the address of a rational being to others of the same order; and so concise, that preferring decision to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of an hour on any public address. His correspondence upon business, whether private or on state affairs, is a model of clearness and compendious shortness; nor can any state papers surpass in dignity and impression, those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the American revolutionary war. His mode of philosophising was the purest application of the Inductive principle, so eminently adapted to his nature and so clearly dictated by common sense, that we can have little doubt it would

have been suggested by Franklin, if it had not been unfolded by Bacon, though it is as clear that in this case it would have been expounded in far more simple terms. But of all this great man's scientific excellencies, the most remarkable is the smallness, the
5 simplicity, the apparent inadequacy, of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time, he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary description, he never rested satisfied until he had, as it were, afterwards translated
10 the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key. X

15 Upon the integrity of this great man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practised as well as inculcated in the lowest. The phrase which he once used when interrupted
20 in his proceedings upon the most arduous and important affairs, by a demand of some petty item in a long account — "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that threads out the corn," — has been cited against him as proving the laxity of his dealings when in trust of public money; it plainly proves the reverse; for he well knew that
25 in a country abounding in discussion, and full of bitter personal animosities, nothing could be gained of immunity by refusing to produce his vouchers at the fitting time; and his venturing to use such language demonstrates that he knew his conduct to be really above all suspicion.

30 In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humour and a playful wit, easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm,
35 and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken
40 up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was every thing that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion, he would by many be reckoned a latitudinarian; yet it is certain that
45 his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections,

a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his death-bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout, and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and comfortable assurance of the future.

(Lord Brougham.) 5

14. MIRABEAU.

Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, Count de MIRABEAU, was born at Bignon, near Nemours, on the 9th March 1749; so that, when the Revolution broke out, he was in the flower of his intellectual strength—aged forty years. He was son of the Marquis de 10 Mirabeau, a distinguished member of the sect of the Economists, and the author of one of the most popular of their works — *L'Ami des Hommes*. Endowed by nature with a herculean constitution, an ardent temperament, and burning passions, he possessed at once the intellectual vigour, energy of will, and physical 15 strength, which, for good or for evil, were fitted to raise him to the highest distinction among men. Like Voltaire and Rousseau, his character is better portrayed in his life than it could be in the most laboured diatribe or panegyric. His education was discursive rather than complete; varied than profound. He acquired a slight 20 knowledge of the classics, studied mathematics under the great La Grange, and at the age of seventeen entered the army. His spirit, however, was too ardent to be satisfied with the amusements of the theatre or the billiard-room, which generally at that period filled up the long leisure of a young officer's life, and too 25 aspiring to bend to the general prejudice against a nobleman's reading. He accordingly studied his profession in all its great authors, and published an éloge on the great Condé. Shortly after, he got involved in a love intrigue, and was, at the request of his father, immured in the state prison of the Isle de Rhè, as the 30 best method of cooling his ardent temperament. In 1769, after a short confinement, he served with some distinction in the reduction of Corsica, and soon after gave proof of the natural bent of his mind, by the publication of an essay on the political oppression which the Genoese had exercised in that island. 35

Wearied with the monotony of a pacific military life, he retired in 1770, at his father's request, to the Limousin, where he engaged in country pursuits; but after a short trial, finding these still more foreign to his disposition, in 1771, he returned to Paris, where he soon evinced such a repugnance to the despotic 40

system of the Abbé Terray, that he became estranged from his father, and, retiring to Provence, married Mademoiselle de Mari-gnane, a beautiful and richly endowed heiress; but whose fortune, chiefly consisting in inheritances which had not yet devolved to
 5 her, was soon grievously embarrassed by her husband's extravagance. And, as his father refused to make any arrangement with his creditors, he was constrained to remain in a sort of forced exile on his estates, where, smarting under the consequences of his imprudence, and real or supposed injuries, he wrote, after studying
 10 Tacitus and Rousseau, his "Essay on Despotism," in which rays of genius are to be discerned in the midst of the ravings of a disordered fancy. Having soon after broken his ban, or the space allotted to him during his exile, in the prosecution of a private quarrel, he was imprisoned in the chateau of If, from whence he
 15 was transferred to that of Joux in the Jura, in 1776. The magic of his conversation having there induced the governor to grant him permission to live on his parole in the neighbouring town of Pontarlier, he met and fell in love with a young lady of the name of Sophie de Ruffey, wife of the Marquis de Mounier, president of
 20 the *Chambre des Comptes*, at Dol, whom he soon seduced. This led him into new difficulties. The relations of his wife and of the Marquis de Mounier combined with his father to have him again imprisoned; and it required the intervention of Malesherbes, who was at that period on the eve of quitting the ministry, to
 25 obtain for him the mitigated penalty of leave to withdraw to a foreign country. He withdrew accordingly to Holland, was outlawed as for rape by the parliament of Besançon, and beheaded in effigy by their sentence, which involved a confiscation of the life interest in his estates.

30 Reduced now to subsist in exile, and maintain Sophie, who had fled to his protection, by the productions of his pen, the prodigious activity and mingled greatness and turpitude of his mind at once displayed itself. He translated several respectable works, of which Watson's Philip II. was the most remarkable; and at the
 35 same time published the most violent libels against his father, who had accused him of having corrupted his wife, Mirabeau's own mother. There being no end to his violence, and the scrapes into which it betrayed him, he was a third time seized by warrant of a *lettre-de-cachet*, backed by the Dutch authorities in Holland,
 40 and taken to Vincennes, where he was confined three years and a half. Again the charms of his conversation prevailed over the rules of his prison; and he obtained from the secretary of police leave secretly to correspond with Sophie, which he did during his confinement, and copies of his letters having been preserved by
 45 the police were afterwards published. For the edification of that

fond mistress, he translated in prison, and sent to her, *Boccacio's "Tales,"* and the *Baisers de Jean Second*, works which sufficiently prove the character of that liaison. He there also wrote some original compositions, licentious in the extreme, and abounding in the satire on the sacred writings then so prevalent; particularly *L'Erotica Biblion*, and *Ma Conversion*, the latter of which equals the grossest productions of Aretin, and was a perfect disgrace to a man of Mirabeau's genius. He could not rest, however, with such scandalous pursuits; and, in a treatise on prisons of state and *lettres-de-cachet*, gave vent to his indignation at the coercion to which he was subjected. 5 10

At length he extricated himself from prison, and made his peace with his father by attacking the reputation of his mother, whose tenderness to him had been uninterrupted during all the family dissensions which had so long embittered his existence. 15 Immediately after he returned to Provence, where he published his memoirs, which produced an extraordinary sensation. Subsequently he compromised the lawsuit with M. de Mounier; and, in order to regain Madame de Mirabeau's fortune, exerted all his eloquence and art, both with her and the legal tribunal before 20 which the process depended, to effect a reconciliation with that much-injured lady, whom he represented with truth as an "angel of sweetness and goodness." Having failed in that object, however, he thought no more of either his angel or Sophie, but came to London in company with a young Dutchwoman, who had succeeded 25 both in his inconstant affections. But the strict morals of England soon disconcerted a person of his licentious habits, and he afterwards passed into Prussia, the institutions and rapid rise of which, under the auspices of the Great Frederick, strongly arrested his attention. His residence there led to the composition of the most 30 bulky work which ever appeared with his name, and which related to the Prussian monarchy. During his stay in that country he corresponded regularly with Calonne, the minister of France, for whom he acted as a sort of spy, and to whom he furnished valuable statistical information regarding all the German states. 35 During the whole time he was so employed, he incessantly importuned the French minister for money. After various other literary sallies, in one of which M. Necker, then at the height of his reputation, became the object of his attacks, he was at length thrown into his proper sphere by the convocation of the States- 40 General, when he was elected representative of Aix in Provence. Even before the meeting of the assembly, he had given proof of the line he was to adopt in politics, by steering a middle part between the two extreme parties, whose collision was then shaking society to its centre in that remote province. 45

The preceding detail is necessary to a due appreciation of the character of Mirabeau, by far the most powerful man who appeared in the commencement of the Revolution. Impetuous in passion, unbridled in desire, vehement in anger, irascible in temper, vain
 5 and yet proud, alike without shame and without remorse, the tyrant of men, the corrupter of women, he had been at once an ungrateful son, a faithless husband, a brutal lover, an imperious master, and a needy suppliant. Overwhelmed with debt, without a profession, insatiable in desires, panting for fortune, *alieni*
 10 *appetens, sui profusus*; he realized the picture of those reckless yet formidable characters who formed Catiline's conspirators, and of whom the pencil of Sallust has left so graphic a picture. He looked to the Revolution as the means of reinstating his affairs, and reopening to him that round of licentious pleasures, for which,
 15 even in middle life, he panted with unextinguishable ardour. Necker said of him, with equal felicity and justice, that he was "an aristocrat by nature, and a tribune by calculation," and such in truth was his character. Notwithstanding all his declamations in favour of popular rights, he never at heart had in view to sur-
 20 render the vital privileges of his order, and entertained throughout a secret pride in those advantages of birth, with regard to which in public he professed himself to be so indifferent, and a thorough perception of the peril of those democratic principles of which he appeared so ardent a supporter. He espoused with vehemence
 25 the popular side, because he thought it likely to prevail, because he had suffered under authority, was bankrupt in fortune, and his ardent spirit, thirsting for enjoyment, chafed against all laws, human and divine. But he was equally ready to support the opposite side if it held out still greater advantages; and when at
 30 last he accepted the secret bribes of the court, and sought to allay the tempest which he had been so largely instrumental in creating, he acted not less in conformity with his real inclinations than with the ruling principle of his conduct, which was ever to throw for the highest stake. The air of sincerity, to which
 35 so large a share of his success was owing, was all assumed; his professions of public zeal were a mere cloak for private ambition. He said of Robespierre, whose abilities early attracted his notice, "That young man will go great lengths: *he believes all he says.*"

40 As an orator, Mirabeau was one of the most powerful that ever appeared on a great stage in public affairs. An ardent soul, a ready elocution, vast force of expression, a brilliant imagination, a voice of thunder, an unconquerable will, rendered him the natural leader of an assembly, in which the selfish and generous
 45 passions were tossed together in wild confusion, and both sought

their gratification in the most extravagant schemes for the reconstruction of society. Like Mr. Fox, he had no great store of acquired information, he trusted to others for the materials of his orations; and the greater part both of the most celebrated and laborious compositions which bear his name, were 5 the work of an able circle of friends, who, fascinated by his talents, had become the coadjutors of his labours. But though he got the materials, and often the exordium, from others, the great merit and unbounded success of his speeches were his own. Self-confident in the highest degree, no opposition could 10 daunt, no clamours disconcert him; his ready capacity seldom failed to retort an interruption with effect on his adversaries; vehement and impassioned, he always contrived, even when insincere, to throw into his speeches that vigour of expression, and earnestness of manner, which contribute so largely to ora- 15 torical fascination. No one saw so clearly where the vital points in every question discussed lay; none knew so well how to address himself, whether in support or opposition, to the prevailing feelings of the majority. Though steeped in gross ideas, and burning for sensual enjoyment, none could utter 20 more elevated sentiments, or avail himself with more skill of the generous affections. Ambitious in the extreme, conscious of powers which qualified him for the lead, he was impatient of attaining it, and fretted against every opposition he encountered. According as his speeches were applauded or in- 25 terrupted, he gave way to sanguine anticipations, or stigmatised the Assembly as the most deplorable set of imbeciles who were ever brought together. Yet did his self-confidence never desert him. There was something which savoured of the grand even in the resolution which sprang from his vices. Having lost 30 all private character, even in the corrupted circles of Paris, he resolved to rear up a new influence founded upon public achievements; gradually rose superior to all his rivals in the Assembly, and by his courage in difficulty, and energy amid the hesitation of others, ultimately acquired its entire direction. 35 Perhaps he was the only man in France, who had a chance of moderating or arresting the fervour of the Revolution. He frequently said of La Fayette, when at the head of the national guard of Paris, "La Fayette has an army; but, believe me, my head, too, is a power."

(Archibald Alison.) 40

15. EXECUTION OF LEWIS XVI.

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has
 5 been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold
 10 now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures;—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return “always home”,
 15 wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man’s tribunal is not in this Earth: that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at
 20 bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat: the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more*? Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy
 25 in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is
 30 it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A
 35 hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here*! Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches: and see the cruellest of scenes:

40 “At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened: the “Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame “Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves into “the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead

“his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them: “No”, said the King, “let us go into the dining-room, it is there only that I can see you.” They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth 5
 “on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his Father’s legs. They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, 10
 “the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak.” — And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly 15
 Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more! — NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. “Promise that you will see us on the morrow.” 20
 He promises: — Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me! — It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with woman’s vehemence, said through her tears, 25
“Vous êtes tous des scélérats.”

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair: while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now 30
 to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament: and continued in devotion and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, 35
 and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of 40
 three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. “Stamping on the ground with his right-foot, Louis answers: *Partons*, Let us go.” — How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife;

soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live, — not happily.

5 At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: "*Grace! Grace!*" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are
10 down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone: one
15 carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

20 As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orleans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers,
25 *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting, — vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of
30 it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

35 The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous, Silence!*" he cries "in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible.*" He mounts the scaffold, not without delay: he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns,
40 resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God
45 that I tell you so, I pardon my enemies; I desire that France —"

A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, 5 him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascent to Heaven." The Axe clanks down! a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days. 10

Executioner Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orleans drives off in his cabriolet: the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It 15 is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pikepoints in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.—And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing 20 out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffeehouses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was. 25

A grave thing it indisputably is; and will have consequences. On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the uttermost farthing: these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote 30 obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts; he will never get retired thither.

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier St. Fargeau's Funeral, and passage to the Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The 35 Body is borne aloft, half-bare; the winding-sheet disclosing the death-wound: sabre and bloody clothes parade themselves; a "lugubrious music" wailing harsh *nænicæ*. Oak-crowns shower down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every colour, all 40 mourning brotherlike.

Notable also for another thing, this Burial of Lepelletier: it was the last act these men ever did with concert! All Parties and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and its Convention, now stand, as it were, face to face, and dagger to dagger; 45

the King's Life, round which they all struck and battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say Dumouriez will have a King; that young D'Orleans Égalité shall be his King. Deputy
 5 Fauchet, in the *Journal des Amis*, curses his day, more bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of Regicides, of "Arras Vipers" or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send him swiftly to another world than *theirs*. This is *Te-Deum* Fauchet, of the Bastille Victory,
 10 of the *Cercle Social*. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day: but it was soft to such wreckage of high Hope as this; one's New Golden Era going down in leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting Darkness!

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and
 15 abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather
 20 Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy: England declares war,—
 25 being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay we find it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first; but that France herself declared war first on both of them; — a
 30 point of immense Parliamentary and Journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: "The coalised Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet,
 35 as gage of battle, the Head of a King." (Thomas Carlyle.)

✱ 16. PARALLEL BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND WASHINGTON.

After Lafayette had quitted the armies of the Republic, defaced by the crimes of 1792, and Carnôt himself, long the director
 40 of their marvellous achievements, and standing by his country in spite of all the excesses by which she was disfigured, had at length been driven from her side by the evil men that swayed her

destinies, victory, long so familiar to the French people, was for a season estranged from them, and the period of their conquests seemed at last to have arrived. A new and yet more triumphant course was then begun, under the genius of Napoleon Buonaparte, certainly the most extraordinary person who has appeared in modern times, and to whom, in some respects, no parallel can be found, if we search the whole annals of the human race. For though the conquests of Alexander were more extensive, and the matchless character of Caesar was embellished by more various accomplishments, and the invaders of Mexico and Peru worked their purposes of subjugation with far more scanty means, yet the military genius of Napoleon shines with a lustre peculiarly its own, or which he shares with Hannibal alone, when we reflect that he never had to contend, like those conquerors, with adversaries inferior to himself in civilization or discipline, but won all his triumphs over hosts as well ordered and regularly marshalled and amply provided as his own. 5 10 15

This celebrated man was sprung from a good family in Corsica, and while yet a boy fixed the attention and raised the hopes of all his connexions. In early youth his military genius shone forth; he soon gained the summit of his profession, he commanded at twenty-five a military operation of a complicated and difficult nature in Paris: being selected for superior command by the genius of Carnôt, he rapidly led the French armies through a series of victories till then unexampled, and to which, even now, his own after-achievements can alone afford any parallel, for the suddenness, the vehemence, and the completeness of the operations. That much of his success was derived from the mechanical adherence of his adversaries to the formal rules of ancient tactics cannot be doubted; and our Wellington's campaigns would, in the same circumstances, and had he been opposed to similar antagonists, in all likelihood have been as brilliant and decisive. But in this he excels, that he always had to combat the soldiers bred in Napoleon's school; while Napoleon, for the most part, was matched against men whose inveterate propensity to follow the rules of an obsolete science, not even the example of Frederick had been able to subdue; and who were resolved upon being a second time the victims of the same obstinate blindness which had in Frederick's days, made genius triumph over numbers by breaking through rules repugnant to common sense. It must, however, be confessed, that although this consideration accounts for the achievements of the great warrior, which else had been impossible, nothing is thus detracted from his praise, excepting that what he accomplished ceases to appear miraculous: for it was his glory never to let an error pass unprofitably to himself; nor ever to give his adversary 20 25 30 35 40 45

an advantage which he could not ravish from him, with ample interest, before it was turned to any fatal account.

Nor can it be denied that, when the fortune of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the
 5 more ample profusion. After the battle of Asperne he displayed more skill, as well as constancy, than in all his previous campaigns; and the struggle which he made in France, during the dreadful conflict that preceded his downfall, is by many regarded as the masterpiece of his military life. Nor let us forget that the grand
 10 error of his whole career, the mighty expedition to Moscow, was a political error only. The vast preparations for that campaign—the combinations by which he collected and marshalled and moved this prodigious and various force like a single corps, or a domestic animal, or a lifeless instrument in his hand—displayed, in the high-
 15 est degree, the great genius alike for arrangement and for action with which he was endowed; and his prodigious efforts to regain the ground which the disasters for that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful because no human power could in a month create an army of cavalry, nor a word of command give
 20 recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is, assuredly, only Hannibal who can be compared with him; and certainly, when we reflect upon the yet greater difficulties of the Carthaginian's position—the much longer time during which he maintained the unequal contest—still more, when we consider that
 25 his enemies have alone recorded his story, while Napoleon has been his own annalist—justice seems to require that the modern should yield to the ancient commander. ~~XXX~~

The mighty operation which led to his downfall, and in which all the resources of his vast capacity as well as all the reckless-
 30 ness of his boundless ambition were displayed, has long fixed, as it well might, the regards of mankind, and it has not been too anxiously contemplated. His course of victory had been for twelve years uninterrupted. The resources of France had been drawn forth without stint at his command. The destruction of her liber-
 35 ties had not relaxed the martial propensities of her people, nor thinned the multitudes that poured out their blood under his banners. The fervour of the revolutionary zeal had cooled, but the discipline which a vigorous despotism secures had succeeded, and the Conscription worked as great miracles as the Republic. The
 40 countless hosts which France thus sent forth, were led by this consummate warrior over all Italy, Spain, Germany; half the ancient thrones of Europe were subverted, the capitals of half her powers occupied in succession; and a monarchy was established which the existence of England and of Russia alone prevented
 45 from being universal.

But the vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last over-
 leapt itself. After his most arduous and perhaps most triumphant
 campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resources un-
 exampled in the annals of war, the ancient capital of the Russian
 empire was in his hands: yet, from the refusal of the enemy to
 make peace, and the sterility of the vast surrounding country, the
 conquest was bootless to his purpose. He had collected the
 mightiest army that ever the world saw; from all parts of the Con-
 tinent he had gathered his forces; every diversity of blood, and
 complexion, and tongue, and garb, and weapon, shone along his
 line; — the resources of whole provinces moved through the king-
 doms which his arms held in awe; the artillery of whole citadels
 traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the
 food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of Eastern
 Europe, where blood flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened
 with men's bones: but this gigantic enterprise, uniformly success-
 ful, was found to have no object, when it had no longer an enemy
 to overcome, and the victor in vain sued to the vanquished for
 peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his dis-
 comfiture, which the frost of another night completed! Upon the
 pomp and circumstance of unnumbered warriors — their cavalry,
 their guns, their magazines, their equipage — descended slowly,
 flake by flake, the snow of a northern night.

The hopes of Napoleon were blighted; the retreat of his ar-
 mament was cut off; and his doom sealed far more irreversibly
 than if the conqueror of a hundred fields had been overthrown in
 battle, and made captive with half his force. All his subsequent
 efforts to regain the power he had lost never succeeded in counter-
 vailing the effect of that Russian night. The fire of his genius
 burnt, if possible, brighter than ever: in two campaigns his efforts
 were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before,
 his valour more worthy of the prize he played for — but all was
 vain: his weapon was no longer in his hand; his army was gone;
 and his adversaries, no more quailing under the sense of his su-
 perior nature, had discovered him to be vincible like themselves,
 and grew bold in their turn, as the Mexicans gathered courage,
 three centuries before, from finding that the Spaniards were sub-
 ject to the accidents of mortality.

But his genius was not confined to war: he possessed a large
 capacity also for civil affairs. He saw as clearly, and as quickly
 determined on his course, in government as in the field. His public
 works, and his political reformatations, especially his Code of Laws,
 are monuments of his wisdom and his vigour, more imperishable,
 as time has already proved, and as himself proudly foretold, than
 all his victories. His civil courage was more brilliant than his

own, or most other men's, valour in the field. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed his wavering columns across the bridge swept by the field of Austrian artillery, compared with the undaunted and sublime courage that
 5 carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with the confidence, of overthrowing a dynasty, and overwhelming an empire, by the terror of his name!

Nor were his endowments merely those of the statesman and
 10 the warrior. If he was not, like Caesar, a consummate orator, he yet knew men so thoroughly, and especially Frenchmen, whom he had most nearly studied, that he possessed the faculty of addressing them in strains of singular eloquence, — an eloquence peculiar to himself. It is not more certain that he is the greatest
 15 soldier whom France ever produced, than it is certain that his place is high amongst her greatest writers, as far as composition or diction is concerned. Some of his bulletins are models for the purpose which they were intended to serve; his address to the soldiers of his Old Guard at Fontainebleau is a masterpiece of digni-
 20 fied and pathetic composition; his speech during the Hundred Days, at the Champ de Mars, beginning, "General, Consul, Empereur, je tiens tout du Peuple," is to be placed amongst the most perfect pieces of simple and majestic eloquence. These things are not the less true for being seldom or never remarked.

25 But with these great qualities of the will — the highest courage, the most easy formation of his resolutions, the most steadfast adherence to his purpose, the entire devotion of all his energies to his object — and with the equally shining faculties of the understanding by which that firm will worked — the clearest and
 30 quickest apprehension, the power of intense application, the capacity of complete abstraction from all interrupting ideas, the complete and most instantaneous circumspection of all difficulties, whether on one side, or even providently seen in prospect, the intuitive knowledge of men, and the power of mind and of tongue to
 35 mould their will to his purpose — with these qualities, which form the character held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of Napoleon must close. *He was a conqueror; — he was a Tyrant.* To gratify his ambition — to slake his thirst of power — to weary a lust of dominion which no conquest could satiate — he trampled
 40 on Liberty when his hand might have raised her to a secure place; and he wrapt the world in flames, which the blood of millions alone could quench. By those passions, a mind not originally unkindly, was perverted and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, all sense of the duties we owe
 45 to God and to man, had departed from one thus given up to a

single and a selfish pursuit. "*Tantas animi virtutes ingentia vitia aequabant; inhumana crudelitas; perfidia plusquam Punica; nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio.*" The death of Enghien, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, the tor- 5
 tures of Toussaint, have all been dwelt upon as the spots on his fame; because the fortunes of individuals presenting a more definite object to the mind, strike our imaginations, and rouse our feelings more than wretchedness in larger masses, less distinctly perceived. But to the eye of calm reflection, the declaration of 10
 an unjustifiable war, or the persisting in it a day longer than is necessary, presents a more grievous object of contemplation, implies a disposition more pernicious to the world, and calls down a reprobation far more severe.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover 15
 of virtue, experiences when, turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or of any age; — the only one upon whom an epithet so thought-
 lessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed! In Washington we truly 20
 behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of ap- 25
 prehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some 30
 secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles, — removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. If profound 35
 sagacity, unshaken steadiness of purpose, the entire subjugation of all the passions which carry havoc through ordinary minds, and oftentimes lay waste the fairest prospects of greatness, — nay, the discipline of those feelings which are wont to lull or to seduce genius, and to mar and to cloud over the aspect of virtue herself, 40
 — joined with, or rather leading to, the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle, — if these things can constitute a great character, without either quickness

of apprehension, or resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar, — then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by Divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue.

5 Nor could the human fancy create a combination of qualities, even to the very wants and defects of the subject, more perfectly fitted for the scenes in which it was his lot to bear the chief part; whether we regard the war which he conducted, the political constitution over which he afterwards presided, or the tempestuous
10 times through which he had finally to guide the bark himself had launched. Averse as his pure mind and temperate disposition naturally were from the atrocities of the French Revolution, he yet never leant against the cause of liberty, but clung to it even when degraded by the excesses of its savage votaries. Towards France,
15 while he reprobated her aggressions upon other states, and bravely resisted her pretensions to control his own, he yet never ceased to feel the gratitude which her aid to the American cause had planted eternally in every American bosom; and for the freedom of a nation which had followed the noble example of his country-
20 men in breaking the chains of a thousand years, he united with those countrymen in cherishing a natural sympathy and regard. Towards England, whom he had only known as a tyrant, he never, even in the worst times of French turbulence at home, and injury to foreign states, could unbend from the attitude of distrust
25 and defiance into which the conduct of her sovereign and his Parliament, not unsupported by her people, had forced him, and in which the war had left him. Nor was there ever, among all the complacent self-delusions with which the fond conceits of national vanity are apt to intoxicate us, one more utterly fantastical than
30 the notion wherewith the politicians of George III.'s school were wont to flatter themselves and beguile their followers, — that simply because the Great American would not yield either to the bravadoes of the Republican envoy, or to the fierce democracy of Jefferson, he therefore had become weary of republics, and a friend
35 to monarchy and to England. In truth, his devotion to liberty, and his intimate persuasion that it can only be enjoyed under the republican scheme, constantly gained strength to the end of his truly glorious life; and his steady resolution to hold the balance even between contending extremes at home, as well as to repel
40 any advance from abroad incompatible with perfect independence, was not more dictated by the natural justice of his disposition, and the habitual sobriety of his views, than it sprang from a profound conviction that a commonwealth is most effectually served by the commanding prudence which checks all excesses, and guarantees
45 it against the peril that chiefly besets popular governments.

His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than to be by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weak- 5 nesses or self-delusions, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune — such was this great man, — great, pre-eminently great, whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage — presiding over the jarring 10 elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes — or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man — or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created 15 and whose destinies he had quitted as long as his aid was required — retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of Washington: a triumphant warrior 20 where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup 25 might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his Country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a Captain, the patron of Peace, and a Statesman, the friend of Justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword 30 which he had worn in the War of Liberty, and charged them “Never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them, that when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheath it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to 35 the relinquishment thereof” — words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome.

It will be the duty of the Historian and the Sage in all ages to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and 40 until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON!

(*Lord Brougham.*)

17. BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

About half past nine in the morning of the 19th, the Mars, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal, that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this
 5 time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S. S. W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced, that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were
 10 in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the Victory hove to; and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English
 15 began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the Euryalus, telegraphed, that they appeared determined to go to the westward, — “And that,” said the admiral in his diary, “they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them.”
 20 Nelson had signified to Blackwood, that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet: for
 25 this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the Victory’s deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of
 30 twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little
 35 did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his
 40 uncle, Capt. Suckling, in the Dreadnought, with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line, and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once ex-

pressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in 5 the Royal Sovereign, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the Victory led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, 10 and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me: and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my 15 country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen!"

Blackwood went on board the Victory about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen: 20 he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Petro 25 under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman; worthy of serving a better 30 master, and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what 35 he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be 40 satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him, if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Capt. Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as 45

long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure; — Nelson's last signal: — "*England Expects Every Man To Do His Duty!*" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which
5 it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing
10 on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would
15 be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained
20 them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject, in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was
25 concerned, — but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out
30 of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far
35 was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails
40 of the enemy; and their well formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; — but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other,
45 what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing — Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. 5
As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Capt. Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line of battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, 10
“God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again.” 15

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. “See,” cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as he steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: “see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!” Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed: 25
“Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!” Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him, where his captain was? and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other! “Terms!” said Nelson; — “good terms with each other!” Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, — “Look; yonder are the enemy!” bade them 30
shake hands like Englishmen. 40

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides aiming chiefly at her 45

rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to
5 strike. For this reason, the Santissima Trinidad, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the Victory to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the Victory. The admiral's secretary was one of the first
10 who fell; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Capt. Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott: but he anxiously asked: "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so,
15 exclaimed: "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Capt. Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck
20 the fore brace bits on the quarter deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled and said. "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."
25 The Victory had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded; and her maintopmast, with all her studding sails and her booms shot away. Nelson declared, that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four
30 minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered
35 to put the helm to port, and the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable, just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like
40 those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice; not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked
45 off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Capt. Hardy, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Téméraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fire-man of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water; which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. — "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. — "I hope not," cried Hardy. — "Yes!" he replied, "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: — then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Capt. Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood, he felt momentarily

within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." — All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Capt. Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" — An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us? — "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." — "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered: "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast: — it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied: "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Capt. Hardy then, once more shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast." — putting his hand on his left side, — "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead," "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added — "what would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Capt. Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander,

congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." 5 Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. 10 Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. — 15 Kiss me Hardy," said he, Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." 20 And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short 25 pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty. These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at 30 thirty minutes after four — three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before 35 there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire; and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This 40 quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop; — the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. 45

But the old quarter-master, as he cried out, "That's he — that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped
5 in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizzen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The Redoutable struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been
10 twice on fire, — in her fore-chains and in her fore-castle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use in this, of fire-balls and other combustibles; implements of destruction, which other nations, from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside; which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without deter-
15 mining the issue of the combat: which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the Redoutable, to some ropes and canvass on the Victory's booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit: but even this dreadful cry pro-
20 duced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the Redoutable had struck, it was not
25 practicable to board her from the Victory; for though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much, that there was a great space between their gangways, and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam, and offered
30 to swim under her bows, and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the Santissima Trinidad did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the Victory, whose larboard guns
35 played against the great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped overboard, and swam to the Victory; and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than
40 their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The Argonauta and Bahama were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the San Juan Nepomuceno lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has
45 been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were

engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French: In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns; while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that ⁵ he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer; — doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation — that joy — that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; ¹⁰ and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. *(Robert Southey.)*

5. EPAMINONDAS.

Scarcely any character in Grecian history has been judged with so much unanimity as Epaminondas. He has obtained a ¹⁵ meed of admiration from all, sincere and hearty — from some, enthusiastic. Cicero pronounces him to be the first man of Greece. The judgment of Polybius, though not summed up so emphatically in a single epithet is delivered in a manner hardly less significant and laudatory. Nor was it merely historians or critics who formed ²⁰ this judgment. The best men of action, combining the soldier and the patriot, such as Timoleon and Philopoemen, set before them Epaminondas as their model to copy. The remark has been often made, and suggests itself whenever we speak of Epaminondas, though its full force will be felt only when we come to follow the ²⁵ subsequent history — that with him the dignity and commanding influence of Thebes both began and ended. The military merits alone of Epaminondas, had they merely belonged to a general of mercenaries, combined with nothing praiseworthy in other ways, would have stamped him as a man of high and original genius, ³⁰ above every other Greek, antecedent or contemporary. But it is the peculiar excellence of this great man that we are not compelled to borrow from one side of his character in order to compensate deficiencies in another. His splendid military capacity was never prostituted to personal ends; neither to avarice, nor ambition, ³⁵ nor overweening vanity. Poor at the beginning of his life, he left at the end of it not enough to pay his funeral expenses; having despised the many opportunities for enrichment which his position afforded, as well as the richest offers from foreigners. Of ambition he had so little, by natural temperament, that his friends accused him of torpor. But as soon as the perilous exposure of ⁴⁰

Thebes required it, he displayed as much energy in her defence as the most ambitious of her citizens, without any of that captious exigence, frequent in ambitious men, as to the amount of glorification or deference due to him from his countrymen. And his
5 personal vanity was so faintly kindled, even after the prodigious success at Leuktra, that we find him serving in Thessaly as a private hoplite in the ranks, and in the city as an aedile or inferior street-magistrate, under the title of Telearchus. An illustrious specimen of that capacity and goodwill, both to command and to
10 be commanded, which Aristotle pronounces to form in their combination the characteristic feature of the worthy citizen. The mildness of his antipathies against political opponents at home was undeviating; and what is even more remarkable, amidst the precedents and practice of the Grecian world, his hostility against
15 foreign enemies, Boeotian dissentients and Theban exiles, was uniformly free from reactionary vengeance. Sufficient proofs have been adduced, in the preceding pages of this rare union of attributes in the same individual; of lofty disinterestedness, not merely as to corrupt gains, but as to the more seductive irritabilities of
20 ambition, combined with a just measure of attachment towards partisans, and unparalleled gentleness towards enemies. His friendship with Pelopidas was never disturbed during the fifteen years of their joint political career; an absence of jealousy, signal and creditable to both, though most creditable to Pelopidas, the richer,
25 as well as the inferior, man of the two. To both and to the harmonious co-operation of both, Thebes owed her short-lived splendour and ascendancy. Yet when we compare the one with the other, we not only miss in Pelopidas the transcendent strategic genius and conspicuous eloquence, but even the constant vigilance
30 and prudence, which never deserted his friend. If Pelopidas had had Epaminondas as his companion in Thessaly, he would hardly have trusted himself to the good faith, nor tasted the dungeon, of the Pheraean Alexander, nor would he have rushed forward to certain destruction, in a transport of phrensy, at the view of that
35 hated tyrant in the subsequent battle. In Eloquence, Epaminondas would doubtless have found superiors at Athens; but at Thebes, he had neither equal, nor predecessor, nor successor. Under the new phase into which Thebes passed by the expulsion of the Lacedaemonians out of the Kadmaeia, such a gift was second in
40 importance only to the great strategic qualities; while the combination of both elevated their possessor into the envoy, the counsellor, the debater of his country, as well as her minister at war and commander-in-chief. The shame of acknowledging Thebes as leading state in Greece, embodied in the current phrases about
45 Boeotian stupidity, would be sensibly mitigated, when her repre-

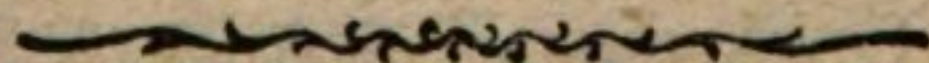
sentative in an assembled congress spoke with the flowing abundance of the Homeric Odysseus, instead of the loud, brief, and hurried bluster of Menelaus. The possession of such eloquence, amidst the uninspiring atmosphere of Thebes, implied far greater mental force than a similar accomplishment would have betokened at Athens. In Epaminondas, it was steadily associated with thought and action that triple combination of thinking, speaking and acting, which Isokrates and other Athenian sophists set before their hearers as the stock and qualification for meritorious civic life. To the bodily training and soldierlike practice, common to all Thebans, Epaminondas added an ardent intellectual impulse and a range of discussion with the philosophical men around, peculiar to himself. He was not floated into public life by the accident of birth or wealth, nor hoisted and propped up by oligarchical clubs, nor even determined to it originally by any spontaneous ambition of his own. But the great revolution of 379 B. C. which expelled from Thebes both the Lacedaemonian garrison and the local oligarchy who ruled by its aid, forced him forward by the strongest obligations both of duty and interest; since nothing but an energetic defence could rescue both him and every other free Theban from slavery. It was by the like necessity that the American revolution, and the first French revolution, thrust into the front rank the most instructed and capable men of the country, whether ambitious by temperament or not. As the pressure of the time impelled Epaminondas forward, so it also disposed his countrymen to look out for a competent leader wherever he was to be found, and in no other living man could they obtain the same union of the soldier, the general, the orator, and the patriot. Looking through all Grecian history, it is only in Perikles that we find the like many-sided excellence; though he is much inferior to Epaminondas as a statesman. But it is alike true of both — and the remark tends much to illustrate the sources of Grecian excellence — that neither sprang exclusively from the school of practice and experience. They both brought to that school minds exercised in the conversation of the most instructed philosophers and sophists accessible to them — trained to varied intellectual combinations and to a larger range of subjects than those that came before the public assembly familiarized with reasonings which the scrupulous piety of Nikias forswore, and which the devoted military patriotism of Pelopidas disdained.

(Grote's History of Greece.)

19. ROMAN DISCIPLINE.

That public virtue which among the ancients was denominated patriotism, is derived from a strong sense of our own interest in the preservation and prosperity of the free government of which we are members. Such a sentiment, which had rendered the legions
5 of the republic almost invincible, could make but a very feeble impression on the mercenary servants of a despotic prince; and it became necessary to supply that defect by other motives, of a different, but not less forcible nature — honour and religion. The peasant, or mechanic, imbibed the useful prejudice that he was
10 advanced to the more dignified profession of arms, in which his rank and reputation would depend on his own valour; and that, although the prowess of a private soldier must often escape the notice of fame, his own behaviour might sometimes confer glory or disgrace on the company, the legion, or even the army, to whose
15 honours he was associated. On his first entrance into the service, an oath was administered to him, with every circumstance of solemnity. He promised never to desert his standard, to submit his own will to the commands of his leaders, and to sacrifice his life for the safety of the emperor and the empire. The attachment
20 of the Roman troops to their standards was inspired by the united influence of religion and of honour. The golden eagle, which glittered in the front of the legion, was the object of their fondest devotion; nor was it esteemed less impious, than it was ignominious, to abandon that sacred ensign in the hour of danger. These mo-
25 tives, which derived their strength from the imagination, were enforced by fears and hopes of a more substantial kind. Regular pay, occasional donatives, and a stated recompense, after the appointed time of service, alleviated the hardships of the military life, whilst, on the other hand, it was impossible for cowardice or
30 disobedience to escape the severest punishment. The centurions were authorised to chastise with blows, the generals had a right to punish with death, and it was an inflexible maxim of Roman discipline, that a good soldier should dread his officers far more than the enemy. From such laudable arts did the valour of the
35 Imperial troops receive a degree of firmness and docility, unattainable by the impetuous and irregular passions of barbarians.

(Edward Gibbon.)



A N H A N G I.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

Parlaments-Reden.

1. LORD CHATHAM.

Speech in respect to the right the Americans had to take up arms.

My Lords,

I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of Truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, "and England might have stood against the world—now, none so poor to do her reverence." The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts for ever will be vain and impotent; doubly so indeed from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an

American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never! never! never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, our army can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier. No longer are their feelings awake to “the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;” — but the sense of honour is degraded into a vile spirit of plunder, and the systematic practice of murder. From the ancient connexion between Great Britain and her colonies, both parties derived the most important advantage. While the shield of our protection was extended over America, she was the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the basis of our power. It is not, my lords, a wild and lawless banditti whom we oppose; the resistance of America is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots. Let us then seize with eagerness the present moment of reconciliation. America has not yet finally given herself up to France: there yet remains a possibility of escape from the fatal effect of our delusions. In this complicated crisis of danger, weakness, and calamity, terrified and insulted by the neighbouring powers, unable to act in America, or acting only to be destroyed, where is the man who will venture to flatter us with the hope of success from perseverance in measures productive of these dire effects? Who has the effrontery to attempt it? Where is that man? Let him, if he dare, stand forward and show his face. You cannot conciliate America by your present measures: you cannot subdue her by your present or any measures. What then can you do? You cannot conquer, you cannot gain; but you can address: you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into ignorance of the danger that should produce them. I did hope, instead of that false and empty pride, engendering high conceits and presumptuous imaginations, that ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors, would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late repentance, have endeavoured to redeem them. But, my lords, since they have neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun those calamities — since not even bitter experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of parliament must interpose. I shall therefore, my lords, propose to you an amendment to the address to his majesty — To recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries. This, my lords, is yet in our power; and let not the wisdom and justice of your lordships neglect the happy and perhaps the only opportunity.

Lord Suffolk, secretary of state, contended for the employment of Indians in the American war; “Besides its policy and necessity,” his lordship said “that the measure was also allowable on principle, for that it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means which God and nature had put into our hands.” This moving the indignation of lord Chatham, he suddenly rose, and gave full vent to his feelings in one of the most extraordinary bursts of eloquence that the pen of history has recorded.

I am astonished, shocked to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country. My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity — *That God and nature put into our hands!* What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity! What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! — to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that reverend and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? Your protestant brethren! — to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My lords, I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify their country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

2. EDMUND BURKE.

Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775.

Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this

growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough "*acta parentum jam legere, et qua sit poterit cognoscere virtus.*" Suppose, sir, that the angel of this suspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils) was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him — "Young man, there is America — which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!" If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day! * *

You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars, and, pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and all the slaves that adhere to them. Such would, and in no long time must be, the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence — "increase and multiply." Such would be the happy result of an endeavour to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by an express charter, has given to the children of men. Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. We have invited the husbandman to look to authority for his title. We have taught

him piously to believe in the mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. We have thrown each tract of land, as it was peopled, into districts, that the ruling power should never be wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could, and we have carefully attended every settlement with government.

Adhering, sir, as I do to this policy, as well as for the reasons I have just given, I think this new project of hedging in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task, I freely confess it. We have shown a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offence; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them unserviceable, in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old, and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny, which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your system of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course; and that discontent will increase with misery; and that there are critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity, may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.*

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. * *

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone — the cohesion is loosened — and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and

through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land-tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber. All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America, with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests; not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first stone of the temple of peace.

3. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

*Speech on moving for a committee to inquire into the state of the nation,
March 24th, 1795.*

This solemn mode of inquiry ought not to be resorted to, but in cases of peculiar emergency; and such I esteem the present. Whatever differences of opinion may prevail concerning the general state of Europe, no man, I think, will be

hardy enough to deny that the dangers, which impend over this country, are many and great; and, at such a crisis, the Commons will not do their duty to their constituents, if they afford confidence to any administration, but on the strongest grounds, and the firmest conviction of its integrity and competence to the charge. I introduced a similar motion in the year 1777, after the surrender at Saratoga; and though the majority then differed from me as to the cause of the misfortunes of the country, they did not think it consistent with the dignity or duty of the House, at so awful a moment, to decline going into an inquiry, by which all the strength of our means would be fairly compared with the justice and value of the object to be obtained, and a retrospect taken of the conduct of those who were intrusted with our affairs. But how trifling and insignificant were the perils of that moment compared with those which now threaten every part of the empire? Besides a spirit of discontent is diffused through the country, not arising from the influence of French principles, — but the natural effect of a system of misfortune and disgrace. The number of dissatisfied minds is daily increasing; nor do they conceal the cause. They assert, that this House is not the representative of the people, — not even virtually the representative of the people, — neither taking upon itself the guardianship of their rights, nor showing the smallest alacrity in the superintendence of their interests. If then such an opinion has gone forth, what better argument can the persons have who are desirous of gaining proselytes and of spreading the dissatisfaction which they feel, than to say that, even at such a moment as the present, the House of Commons not only can sit still, without bringing the executive government to account for the millions of money which have been squandered, and the oceans of blood which have been spilt, but can resist a motion for inquiring into the measures which have uniformly produced such calamity and disasters? This argument will be greatly strengthened by the known fact, that the general wish of the people is for peace; and that even those who were originally the loudest and most vehement declaimers for the justice and necessity of the war, are now eager for opening a door to an immediate negotiation. If the House then shall pay no regard to the change of public opinion, but maintain a blind and implicit confidence in ministers, and be ready, without any inquiry into their past conduct, to support them in the prosecution of the most ruinous hostilities, must it not give uncommon force to the assertion, that the House is in reality lost to all the functions for which it was designed? In what way, except by invidious distinctions and declarations against the present ministry, will the admirers of the British constitution be now able to defend it? How can they say that it is essentially good, when it suffers such a train of misfortunes, not merely without punishment, but without inquiry? What can be brought in excuse for the supineness of this House, or what possible answer can be given to the just charge of our relinquishing our duty, and of our resisting the general voice of the people? Can that constitution be essentially good, where less attention is paid to the people even than in arbitrary governments? I have always thought that the best defence of the constitution is not, that it tallies with the theories of speculative men; nor that in its letter there is more appearance of regard to the abstract ideas of liberty — but its best defence is its practical uses — its best character is, that it has produced substantial happiness to man. Take away this argument, and leave it to those who are dissatisfied with our government to call upon its defenders to look at its practice, and to say that our executive government has gone on for two years in a system which involved an expense of blood and

treasure beyond comparison, in pursuit of an object which they have never explained. — by measures which have uniformly failed, — in which every one event has been marked by disaster, or disgrace, or by both; and that at the end of this time, the House of Commons abets the government in the continuance of the same course; it will be in vain to contend that the beauty of the constitution can be illustrated by its practice. Must it not naturally occur, if this constitution be practically good, what constitution can be practically bad? What is the true character of a bad government? That the measures of a prince, though wicked and flagitious, may be persevered in for a time against the interests of his people. This, however, is not always true; for the most despotic princes have not always been able to keep their ministers against the indignation of the country. But if it be possible for the ministers of Great Britain to persevere in their measures, under such a series of disasters as we have suffered, not only without responsibility, but even without inquiry, then the most just accusation against despotic governments will be applicable to this; and thus the advocates for the British constitution will be deprived of their very best argument in its defence. Were I, therefore, to do nothing but state to this House that we have been now two years engaged in a war, in every part of which we have failed, — in which all our measures have been disastrous, — in which we have lost the object for which we at first pretended to undertake the war; — and in which our enemies have gained more than the wildest imaginations of those who drove us into it ever ascribed either to their ambition or their principles, — I think I should require no farther inducements to prevail on a House of Commons, eager to discharge its duty, to go into a committee on the state of the nation.

The grand objects of investigation, the resources of the country, and the probability of their being employed with effect, may be subdivided into a variety of heads; First, our population, money, trade, and manufactures; Secondly, our connexions with foreign states, the will and power of our allies to serve the common cause; and Thirdly, the principle of the war, and our conduct in it. to which all eyes would be naturally turned. If it shall appear, as ministers assert, that we entered upon the war with spirit, and conducted it with temper and prudence, the result will be absolute despair. Upon this view, an inquiry must be favourable to ministers. Admit this position, and the confidence which has been given to them will be justified. If they have acted with wisdom and vigour, it will be manifest that the cause of failure lay in the principle itself, not in them. But if they have not acted with wisdom and vigour, it will be seen that the principle was good, though the conduct was defective. In a measure which involves so deeply the dearest interests of mankind, it is surely of importance to ascertain this essential truth before we proceed any farther.

With respect to the first branch of the inquiry, it is my intention, if the House shall go into a committee, to move for a complete and accurate account of our loss of men by the war. A paper has been laid on the table, said to be a return of the British loss, but which is obviously defective in many particulars: for comparing it even with the occasional reports made in the London Gazette, a vehicle for which I have not the highest reverence, considerable differences will be detected. This is not all — it is not merely the loss of British troops; it is not the horrible consideration of the slaughter of our fellow-subjects only; — but the mortality of our allies also, that the committee will have to ascertain. It is true, as has been asserted in the only documents which we receive of the proceedings in France, that more than sixty thousand men surrendered as

prisoners of war in the last campaign? If this is true, it surely ought to instigate this House into an inquiry, before it proceeds farther in a war so calamitous. What must the amount of the mortality be, if sixty thousand men are made prisoners? Ought not the state of British population to be ascertained as clearly as possible, before the House consents to new drains of blood?

The next argument respecting our resources is, that in the course of the present war we have already funded sixty millions, besides an unfunded debt of near ten millions more. We have raised taxes little short of three millions — a perpetual burthen on the people. What was the extent of the burthens to be imposed next year? Before we rashly plunge into new expenses, we must be satisfied of the ability of the people to bear the load, and we must compare it with the benefits we hope to secure to them by these exertions.

It has been said that our resources are supported by the manufactures and trade of the country, and that these are in a flourishing condition. But I would ask gentlemen best acquainted with the manufacturing districts of the kingdom, if they have not already been considerably injured by the war? I have seen papers which carried the diminution of trade and the decrease of population in Lancashire to an astonishing extent. It is the duty of the House to inquire whether these statements are well founded or not. One fact is indisputable; that the export of British manufactures decreased in 1793 to the amount of four millions. In 1794, it got up again about two millions; but this was to be ascribed solely to the spirit of adventure, or of sanguine speculation, respecting conquered islands in the West Indies, and which neither could nor would be continued. Our maritime trade is in reality unable to bear the enormous weight of insurance. At no period of the last war, when we had to contend with France, Spain, Holland, and America, was insurance higher than at this moment.

Our next point of resource is our foreign allies. I wish to know who they are. Is the king of Prussia our ally? Has he fulfilled the treaty for which the subsidy was paid him? If he has, why do we cease to pay that subsidy; why have we broken the contract? Surely parliament ought to inquire into and ascertain this point. Let the House do their duty, and render justice to that monarch: let them declare that ministers have acted towards him with treachery; or let them express their indignation at the scandalous breach of contract which he has committed; and let them show to the nations in Europe, that, faithful to our own engagements, we will not submit to be the dupes of any potentate on earth. Our connexion with Prussia is to be viewed in another light also. If he is no longer our ally, what has become of the treaty in 1788? By that treaty, he was obliged to furnish 30,000 men. It has been made the ground for justifying the treaty of 1793, that his former engagement extending only to a supply of 30,000 men, it was good policy to give him a subsidy of twelve hundred thousand pounds for furnishing double the number. What followed? He left the allies in the middle of the campaign; and, by a second bargain for an increase of his services, we lost them totally. Is a British House of Commons to lavish enormous sums of money only to purchase the breach of treaties, — to procure the violation of engagements, leading, in their consequences, to the destruction of all the measures in which we are engaged? They have read such various accounts of his present proceedings, as make it still more necessary to inquire into the fact. We have heard of his sending armies again to the Rhine, and have heard that he considered the Rhine as a proper boundary for France. It is said by some that his armies are marching against the French, and by others

that he is marching against the allies. We ought to know precisely what he is, whether he is an ally, whether he is neutral, or whether he is an enemy. An honourable gentleman (Sir William Pulteney) had said, "that the king of Prussia, during the last campaign, did us better service, than by direct co-operation with the allied armies." Perhaps his Prussian majesty might explain and prove the assertion thus: he might say that the war having been undertaken for the demolition of Jacobin principles, which set themselves up against regular governments like his, he had rendered more service to the allies by his attack upon Poland, than he could by any other means: he might say, what signified the capture of a town, the recovery of a fortress, or the protection of a province, compared with the great achievements which he had performed in Poland? Had he not crushed the rise of Jacobin principles among that abominable people? He had reduced them to that condition of slavery which was consistent with, and safe for, the regular governments! What signified the recovery of Flanders, or the preservation of Holland, when opposed to the capture of Kosciusko? to the overthrow of that distinguished man, whose courage and talents have excited the sympathy of every congenial breast, and whose example warmed every generous soul to the great and sacred duty of the melioration of the condition of his kind! The king of Prussia might say, that he had thus done more for the real cause, rendered more service to the real object of the confederacy, than by any co-operation with their troops! If so, it is manifest we have given one million two hundred thousand pounds to subdue Poland. Unless we had granted him the subsidy, he could have done nothing, by his own confession. If we had not given him the sum, he would have done for us just as much as he has done—that is, nothing! If he is to be considered as our ally, he must again be subsidized. We must either, therefore, look upon him as an ally gone off, or as an ally to be hired, unless, indeed, we are even to be obliged to purchase his neutrality. With respect to the emperor, we are to give him four or six millions, whichever he pleases to accept; and if he should imitate the example set him of withdrawing in the middle of the campaign, we cannot withdraw also, as we are to advance the whole sum at once, and thus to deprive ourselves of all power of check on his conduct. But the most material consideration is, that if he cannot take the field this year without so enormous a loan, he will be equally incapable of taking it next year without another loan, and thus Great Britain is to sustain the whole burden of the war. Though large subsidies were paid to the Italian princes, we scarcely heard of a movement in that country; and as to Sardinia, would not its neutrality have been as serviceable to us as the diversion it has made? Spain has lost Navarre, Biscay, and Catalonia; and her finances are in such a state, that she must either apply for a subsidy, or make a separate peace with the enemy. All this undoubtedly calls for inquiry, that we may ascertain what precise dependence we ought to have on the exertions of our allies.

It is also of importance to inquire whether we stand high in the estimation of neutral states for our rectitude, dignity, moderation, and justice. These ought to be ranked among the number of our resources; and no man can deny the eternal truth of the principle, that, if we have been deficient in justice, we have been deficient in wisdom, and have thereby enfeebled our aim, and taken from the vital strength of the country. With respect to America, after taking her ships, we have agreed to pay for the damage she has sustained. To the court of Denmark we have sent memorial after memorial, complaining of her neutrality, the answers to which have raised the character of M. Bernstorff higher than that

of any Danish minister before him. We engaged in a diplomatic contest, in which we showed ourselves completely ignorant of the laws of nations, and were foiled accordingly. After having by menace and insult compelled the duke of Tuscany to declare war, contrary to his own inclination, the advice of his ministers, and the interests of his subjects, we were at last obliged to submit not only to his neutrality, but to his concluding a treaty of peace and amity with the French convention. We insolently told the independent cantons of Switzerland, that, although they might choose to call themselves neutral, they were not to allow their subjects to reap the advantages of that neutrality by any intercourse with the people of France. The Swiss returned a dignified answer, "that they would preserve a neutrality which his Britannic majesty had often commended, and even acknowledged as an obligation." Our conduct and language to the little republic of Genoa have been still more unbecoming; but, after blockading the port, we were content to withdraw our ships, with an ungracious apology for the insult we had offered. Thus have ministers impaired the character of the nation, and brought upon it what it has never known before, the imputation of injustice and pusillanimity.

Their disingenuity, in having never avowed the specific object of the war, I deem equally impolitic and mean-spirited. If they had thought or acted like statesmen, they would have told the world, we care not what the government of France may be, we are fighting to repel an unprovoked aggression, and to protect our allies the Dutch; or they would have adopted the idea of a late distinguished member of this House, who, by an old figure, said the object of the war was not the defence of the Dutch, but the restoration of monarchy in France,—the restoration of the emigrants to their property, and the re-establishment of ancient institutions; because, unless all this was done, his majesty was not safe upon his throne, no gentleman could be assured of his estate, nor any religious or civil establishment be free from danger. Either side of the alternative would have had its inconveniences. If we had taken the former, and said that we sought only indemnity for ourselves and security for our allies, without regarding what might be the form of government in France, we should have had no pretence for expecting aid from French emigrants, or from insurgents in any part of France, except as far as they may be supposed to facilitate our operations abroad by embarrassing the ruling powers at home. We should have had no right to look for the co-operation of those powers whose object was the restoration of monarchy in France. But we should have had one advantage, more than sufficient to compensate all these disadvantages; we should have been at war with the French on known principles of war; the people of France could never have been persuaded that their existence as an independent nation, and even their lives, were attacked; and, consequently, they could never have been brought to make the same exertions. Does any man believe that, for the navigation of the Scheldt, for a fortress on their frontier, or an island in the West Indies, they would have endured the system of terror,—that they would have suffered persons and property to be put in requisition,—and that they would have been converted into what has been emphatically called, and emphatically felt, an armed nation? Would the Convention have been able to persuade them that they were fighting for their liberties and their lives, when they were clearly told by us that the whole contest was about the navigation of the Scheldt, and the security of the United Provinces? If the aid of the French emigrants and insurgents in France was thought to be an advantage superior to this, we should have taken the other part, and said, "We make war not against France, but for France; we wish neither to dismember her

territory, nor to weaken her power; but to restore to her the blessings of regular government, and to good citizens the enjoyments of their rights and property. The inconvenience here would have been, that we should have united against us every republican in France, with many of those who, although friends to a limited monarchy, dreaded the re-establishment of the ancient system. But we should have produced this good effect, that all the emigrants, all the Frenchmen attached to the old system, and all who disliked the system of terror more than they disliked monarchy, would have exerted themselves in our favour. Through a childish hope of gaining the advantages of both plans, ministers have gained the advantages of neither. How could it be otherwise? When Condé and Valenciennes surrendered, they were taken possession of in the name of the emperor. The garrison of Mentz was sent to fight against the royalists of La Vendée. When we took the French islands in the West Indies, did we take possession of them for Louis XVII.? We took possession of them for ourselves, to be retained as conquests, if the chance of war should leave them in our hands. When such has been our conduct, can it be imagined that any French emigrant, whose situation is not desperate, will join us? or that all who love their country more than they love royalty, will not be against us? In all cases to attend to justice is particularly important; and the love of country is a motive so powerful as to be used as a pretext even by those who feel it not. The royalists held out long and bravely; but what can they say to the people of France? what can they put in their manifestoes of equal weight with the addresses from the Convention? They might say, If we conquer, the French monarchy will be restored, but curtailed and dismembered, and the first steps towards peace will be the surrender of one third of its former territory. The Convention could say, If we conquer, France will remain entire, a great and independent nation, triumphant over all the powers which have leagued against her liberties. With such discouragements on the one hand, and such flattering prospects on the other, is it to be expected that any considerable number of Frenchmen will connect their own cause with that of the allies? We have so shuffled and trimmed in our professions, that no party will flock to our standard. It will be said that we could not be certain, in the first instance, how far it would be expedient to interfere in the internal affairs of France; that we must watch events, and act accordingly. By this indecision — by this want of clearness with respect to our ultimate intentions, we have lost more than any contingency could ever promise. Toulon was taken possession of by lord Hood, on condition, as those who surrendered it understood, of restoring the constitution of 1789; whether ministers intended to observe that condition, I know not; but in their subsequent publications they gave reason to hope that they did. They offered peace and protection to all well-disposed Frenchmen, who should join in restoring monarchy without specifying what kind of monarchy; and what protection have they given to those who endeavoured to restore it? Have not the royalists, for want of assistance or encouragement, been obliged, however reluctantly, to submit to the laws of the republic? If the allies were fighting either for France or against France, what should have been their conduct towards Fayette and Dumourier? The treatment of Fayette by the Austrians will damn their name to eternal infamy. They found him, and the companions of his misfortunes, not at the head of an army, nor in arms, and took them, against all the laws of nations and of war, not as prisoners of war, but as prisoners to be consigned to a dungeon. If the allies were fighting against France, surely they ought not to treat as criminals generals quitting the enemy. Dumourier came over when

he thought he had some power with his army, less, indeed, than he supposed, although it was impossible that a man, who had served his country with such ability and success, should not have had a considerable party in it. How was he treated? After extolling his virtue at a moment when he had rendered his virtue doubtful, when it was found that he could not bring his army with him, the allies acted as if they had passed a decree, forbidding any French general to come over to them in future. It has been said, that no religious sect is so bigoted as to exclude converts, but the political bigotry of the allies is more austere than religious bigotry. If they are fighting for France against the Convention, they ought to have praised Dumourier as a convert, and held him up as an example for the conversion of others. If they are fighting against France, they should have considered all Frenchmen as enemies, in the common acceptation of the term; and not by denouncing vengeance for crimes committed in France, as lord Auckland had done in a paper published at the Hague, given ground for that enthusiasm of resistance which arose in the minds of men who conceived their lives, as well as liberties, to be in danger—an enthusiasm, which has united men for common defence, who, in every moment of respite, were tearing one another to pieces, and sending their opponents to the scaffold when they had the power. If the allies are fighting for France, for the restoration of monarchy and regular government, I do not mean to say that those who were immediately the cause of the murder of the king should be overlooked; but the allies ought not to have begun with thundering forth a manifesto, threatening destruction to Paris and all its inhabitants—a manifesto which one cannot now bear even to read, but by contrasting the insensate fury of the menace with the impotence of the attempt to put it in execution. If we are fighting for France, we ought to have published to the people of France that we had no views of aggrandisement, much less of dismembering the kingdom, or taking vengeance of the inhabitants. It was well said by the excellent man whom I have already alluded to (Mr. Burke), that he knew not how to draw up an indictment against a whole nation. Some exceptions might have been necessary, but these should have been mentioned by name, that other persons might have nothing to fear. By this mode of proceeding, I own that many persons deserving of punishment might have escaped; but this would not have been so bad as the terrifying all France by indiscriminate threats. This I conceive to be a fundamental error. The House ought to inquire whether it is so or not; and if it is, to take a new and intelligible line of proceeding, either for France as a nation, or against it. To be convinced of the propriety of doing this, it is only necessary for every man who hears me to ask himself, whether it is possible that, if the French Convention were to refuse any thing like reasonable terms of peace, they could call forth such extraordinary exertions on the part of the people, as the idea that there is no alternative but victory or subjugation has enabled them to do?

After dwelling so long on the great errors, it is almost sufficient to name the less. If we took possession of Toulon with a view, not of conquest, but of supporting the royalists in France, it was the most important advantage to which our attention could have been directed; yet we left it with a small garrison of British troops, trusting to the aid of allies, who were either unable or unwilling to defend it. This was said to be done for the sake of an expedition against the French West India islands, and that expedition was again crippled by collecting troops under the command of the earl of Moira for a descent upon the coast of France—a descent for which an opportunity has never yet been found. The

consequence was, that Toulon was lost, and that a number of troops was sent to the West Indies, sufficient to take the islands, but not to keep them. Guadaloupe is already gone! There is little hope of retaining any part of St. Domingo, and even Martinico and St. Lucia cannot be considered as in a state of security. The error of the last campaign has been confidence in the king of Prussia, in the Belgians, and the Dutch. We told the people of the Austrian Netherlands that they were fighting for their religion, and the people of the United Provinces that they were fighting for their liberties, but neither of them believed us. We drew the Dutch into a war, which they had no inclination to undertake, even in defence of the Scheldt. When their protection was alleged as the principal cause for going to war, I asked whether they had demanded our assistance? To this it was answered, that they durst not demand it; but if it was offered to them, they would not refuse it. I then believed and stated the case to be the reverse; that if our assistance, which they did not wish for, was offered, they durst not refuse it. All that has happened since confirms my opinion. While we were fighting in the Austrian Netherlands, the Dutch gave us but a feeble aid. When we were driven out of the Austrian Netherlands, and the United Provinces were to be defended, the Dutch joined in welcoming the French; — a clear proof that they were forced into what we call a defensive war. We ought to have known beforehand, that the people of the United Provinces did not wish to be defended by us, and therefore were not to be depended upon as allies. We ought to have taken one of two lines of conduct, to have either withdrawn our mischievous and oppressive protection, and said, defend yourselves; or to have taken possession of the country with an army, and defended it like a conquered province.

The naval captures by the enemy are greater than in any former war, and our trade not greater in the same proportion. By documents which I conceive to be tolerably correct, it appears that, in the second year after France took part in the American war, the number of captures was four hundred and ninety-nine. Of these, perhaps, one half were taken by the Americans. In the second year of this war, when we have France alone to contend with, the number of captures is eight hundred and sixty. Until I hear this extraordinary difference, under circumstances so much less unfavourable, accounted for, I must either suppose a defect in the force and number of our navy, or mismanagement in the direction of it. His majesty's speech from the throne in 1794 held out many topics of past success as arguments for future hope. We had driven the French out of Holland, we had recovered the Austrian Netherlands, we had taken several strong fortresses on the frontiers of France, which would facilitate our farther progress; and, while we had annoyed the enemy's contracted trade, our own had been effectually protected. Yet, in the course of that very year, eight hundred and sixty of our ships, were taken! Every article of consolation held out in that speech is gone. We have lost the fortresses on the French frontier; we have lost the Austrian Netherlands; we have lost Holland; our trade has suffered more than in any former war within the same period, and the recaptures bear no greater proportion to the ships taken than in former times. Are, or are not, these grounds of inquiry for the House of Commons? In what light do gentlemen consider themselves? Have they been sent here only to vote taxes, as has been too often the case with the parliaments of former kings, or to act as a national council, and to see that the executive government is not only incorrupt but judicious? It might have been supposed that, after the memorable first of June, we should have been masters of the sea, but of this we have no reason to boast. Our fleet came into port in No-

vember; and the French fleet put to sea, no doubt, because they knew that ours was returned. So little foresight had been shown in preparing our fleet for sea again, that it could not go out till late in January, and for two months the French were thus masters of the sea. It will be said, that our fleet cannot be always out. To this I must answer, that, under proper management, a great part of it always may. But will any man contend that it could not have been ready for sea in less than two months, during great part of which time it was known that the French fleet was out? It was even reported that, after the ships were ready, they were detained for want of biscuit, which it became necessary to send to them by land carriage. How true these reports may be, I know not; but all the circumstances are such as to demand inquiry, unless gentlemen are prepared to say, either that ministers have steered us so steadily, and piloted us so surely, as to deserve implicit confidence; or that we are in a situation so prosperous, as to be of itself a sufficient proof of their good conduct. Is our present situation such, I will ask the minister himself, as to afford any rational ground for confidence? I am not, I hope, a man to give to success more credit than is due to it; I can reverence unsuccessful wisdom; my own life has not been such as leads me to think that success should be considered as the criterion of skill. Let the minister say, that the hand of God was upon us when human prudence could avail us nothing; but let him not say, that Great Britain has been declining in every quarter; that all her exertions, and the most lavish profusion of treasure and of blood, have availed her nothing, and yet deny the propriety of an inquiry by the House of Commons, to discover, if possible, the source of so melancholy a reverse of fortune. In such a case, it is the duty of every member of this House, of the friends of ministers themselves, to give up their private confidence, and to promote inquiry. Then, if they find that ministers have been pursuing an impracticable object, or endeavouring to obtain it by inadequate means, they well know how to apply the remedy. If they find that ministers have been conducting the affairs of the state with ability and wisdom, they will be able to say, with satisfaction to themselves and their constituents, "We will continue our confidence in these ministers."

Fatigued, as I feel myself, and long as I have trespassed on the patience of the House, I purposely omit many incidental points, trusting to the force of the general argument. There is, however, one so closely connected with the prosecution of the war, that I cannot pass it over. I mean the irritated state of the sister kingdom. When the war first became the subject of discussion, I know I was blamed by many of my friends, both in this House and out of it, for repeatedly, though ineffectually, pressing upon the House a variety of considerations:—I harassed the House with questions, which they were unwilling to debate; not, as was said by an author (Cardanus) now very little read, *Nunquam libentius loquor, quam cum quod loquor auditoribus displicet*.—I felt no pleasure in addressing myself to unwilling hearers: but I persevered, because I felt it my duty to do so; and I stated many circumstances that ought to discourage from going to war; among others, that the Austrian Netherlands could not be retained while the Emperor's government was hated; that Holland could not be defended while the Dutch did not wish to defend it; and that the king of Prussia, by his conduct in his very first campaign against France, had proved that he was not to be depended upon. I was then told, that my speech was a libel upon all our actual and all our possible allies. If it was a libel, experience has proved that it had in it what has been held the strongest ingredient of libel, Truth; and I hope that

that speech will go down to posterity as a convicted libel. On the same occasion I adverted to Ireland, and was told, touch not upon Ireland. I answered then, as I should do now, that I must touch upon every thing that demands the attention of the House, in a discussion so important as peace or war. Ireland is an important part of his majesty's dominions, in regard to the supplies of men it affords for the army and navy in time of war. It is important in another point of view; from the identity of constitution, and its being under the same executive government. We may look to it for information with regard to the disposition of ministers, and for examples to imitate or shun. Formerly I saw great difficulty in giving to the catholics of Ireland all that they had a right to claim as subjects of the same constitution, namely, equality of civil rights with every other subject. A strange jargon of protestant ascendancy had been set up, as if upon that depended the constitution of Ireland. Ministers some time since got over the difficulty in part; and although not in a way calculated to obtain much respect, united the affections of the catholics for the time. When the new cabinet coalition took place in July, (a coalition which I sincerely lament) I hoped that this good at least would arise from it, that the corrupt administration of Ireland would be reformed, that effectual remedies would be applied to inveterate abuses, and that as much would be gained to liberty there, as seemed to be lost to it here. It was upon the point of being gained, when, unhappily, things took a different turn. I defy the most stubborn advocate to deny, that the present irritated state of Ireland is owing solely to ministers — no matter whether here or there — no matter whether to the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pitt), the duke of Portland, or earl Fitzwilliam; though I myself have no doubt as to which of them it is owing. A lord lieutenant was sent over, popular from his personal character, and more so, as connected with a part of the ministry here supposed to be favourable to the wishes and claims of Ireland. He arrived: he received into his confidence men to whom the people had long looked: he opened his plan: he was idolized, and to such a degree as to make the people join with him in the cry of war. He called upon them for support, and promised the emancipation of the catholics. [Mr. Pitt intimated across the table that it was not so. Mr. Fox proceeded thus] — He did promise the complete emancipation of the catholics in Ireland: in whatever manner it was understood, or misunderstood in the British cabinet, such was the fact in Ireland. The people saw his measures: they saw the men whom he selected to conduct them; and although he dismissed not quite so many as they could have wished of those whom they had long regarded with detestation, they were satisfied. He called for supplies, in confidence of the promised reform of abuses: as it was the character of the nation to be more generous than prudent, large supplies were granted beforehand. Having given all, the cup was dashed from their lips; their eager and excited hopes were blasted; and even the favourite friend of ministers was recalled, whose character had given popularity to the whole ministry, because it obtained it the credit of being pure; and whom to gain they had thought a greater prize than all their new allies. I shall probably be told that earl Fitzwilliam went beyond his instructions, and suffered measures to be brought forward for which he had no authority. To this I answer, that I do not believe it. But of what moment is it whether ministers here or earl Fitzwilliam were to blame? The danger from the irritation of Ireland is the same; and if the House should now refuse to inquire into the circumstances, they make themselves responsible for the dismemberment of that kingdom. I entertain a great partiality for earl Fitzwilliam. Whenever the matter shall be investigated,

I am persuaded that the noble earl's conduct in the business will be found to have been such as that of all his life has been. But this, though a source of much private satisfaction, is no reason why the House should not go into the inquiry. The catholics are three-fourths of the population of Ireland;—but the catholics are no longer a party. The only parties in Ireland are the possessors of a few places against the Irish nation. As far as I have heard, the protestants and the catholics are entirely united. Since the year 1793, they have had only one common interest against the abuses and corruption of government. I do not apprehend any separation of catholics from protestants; what I apprehend is the alienation of the whole Irish nation from the English government. Many people may think, that, because the constitution of Ireland consists of king, lords, and commons, each of these three branches is exactly like the branch of the same name in this country; but they differ in many important respects. Many people may think, that since the year 1793, the catholics have suffered no persecutions or exclusions: those who think so are much misinformed. But, putting all this aside, does not what has lately passed afford strong ground for discontent, and call upon this House to inquire, and, even, if necessary, to punish? If ministers here are to blame, let them be punished; or, if earl Fitzwilliam in Ireland has been madly running after popularity, by offering what he had not powers to grant, let him be punished. But if, on the other hand, it shall appear, that the noble earl has been trifled with, and shuffled out of his measures and his situation, what punishment is due to those who have been the authors or instruments of this double dealing? Let the House therefore inquire; for, upon the existence of danger there can be no difference of opinion, whatever difference there may be with respect to its magnitude.

I anticipate the answer usually made to such motions as mine, namely, that the ultimate object of inquiry being the removal of ministers, why not at once move for their removal? My reason for not doing so is, because in such a state as that to which they have brought the nation, inquiry into their conduct ought to precede a motion for their removal: although I will not affect to disguise, that, if the inquiry be gone into, a motion for their removal must follow. They have never declared whether they are making war for France or upon France. Just so have been their conduct towards Ireland. They have never spoken distinctly to either. There are cases in which one would imagine a minister must think it for his interest to be clearly understood; but men never get the better of their nature. It is not from any want of words, or choice of expression that the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) cannot speak intelligibly: he is misunderstood by the House, and by his own particular friends: he employs the gift of words, not like other men, for the sake of being more distinct, but for the purpose of being misunderstood: even his new associates in the cabinet do not understand him: of him it may be said, as of a great man of ancient times, *in rebus politicis, nihil simplex, nihil apertum, nihil sincerum*. Should the House agree to go into the inquiry, they will prove, that they really are affected by the interest of their constituents; if they resolve to go on, without knowing who are our allies, or whether we have any, there will be too much reason for saying, that our constitution is gone. In either case I shall derive from having made the motion, the satisfaction of showing, that there are men in the House who believe the situation of the country to be such as it really is, and who would do every thing in their power to avert the consequences but too much to be apprehended.

4. WILLIAM PITT.

Reply to Mr. Fox's Motion. (See page 382.)

I shall not follow the right honourable gentleman at length, through all the various points which he has selected for discussion, in a very long and certainly one of the most eloquent speeches ever delivered in this House. I shall not argue them now, because, with one single exception, they have been repeatedly investigated and decided upon in this House in the course of the present and last session. I shall not argue them now, because I am convinced that all the topics brought forward upon this occasion are for the sole purpose of introducing the great and real object, which the right honourable gentleman has in view, viz. the present situation of the kingdom of Ireland, which he has rested on as a separate and substantive ground of inquiry. Leaving, therefore, for the present, all the various other points of the right honourable gentleman's speech, which have certainly been discussed with great ability, and which I shall allude to cursorily by-and-by, I shall confine myself to that part of it which relates to Ireland; and I hope to convince the House, and I will begin with stating, that in my judgment, that very statement which has been urged as a ground for going into a committee, is upon every principle of policy the strongest reason to induce the House to negative the motion. It is with much reluctance that I feel myself bound to say any thing upon the subject. Independent of the delicacy which I must feel in discussing in the English House of Commons points so intimately connected with the internal state of Ireland, and consequently more properly cognizable in the Parliament of that kingdom, which has an independent legislature of its own, it cannot but be obvious to every gentleman, that I must feel extremely cautious in making declarations upon this subject. I do not mean to deny, that there is much reason to regret some occurrences which have happened in Ireland; but I will boldly, positively, and unequivocally assert, that if this affair shall ever be fully investigated, it will appear to the House and to the kingdom, that none of the embarrassments which have happened in that country, can in any degree be attributed to his majesty's servants here. I will not now enter into the question, whether any blame be attached to the respectable person at the head of the government. I only think it necessary to make an assertion in justice to myself and my colleagues, which I defy at any future period to be disproved. More than this, I will not say at present, except to observe, that if it be true that the sister kingdom is in a state of irritation, ferment, and uneasiness, it certainly is the strongest reason possible why this moment should not be chosen for the proposed inquiry. The great question is, what advantage can arise from the investigation proposed by the right honourable gentleman? I beg leave to ask the right honourable gentleman, what good to either kingdom can possibly arise from the discussion of the subject at the present moment? In what manner does he propose to conduct the inquiry, if the House should agree to its expediency?

The right honourable gentleman has told the House that he has a motion to submit to a committee of inquiry, if it should be granted, which will not require the production of any paper to support it; but I wish to consider, nay I will put it to the candour of the right honourable gentleman himself, whether such an inquiry as this can be made to any effect whatever, without the production of a variety of papers, letters, despatches, &c. which it would be impossible at this

period to make public. If the right honourable gentleman feels, as every friend to this country must feel, a degree of uneasiness even at a momentary interruption of the harmony and good understanding, which ought, and I hope always will subsist between the two countries, surely he cannot think his present motion a likely way to remove the embarrassments which are supposed to exist, and to restore the harmony which is stated to have been interrupted.

The right honourable gentleman has used the state of Ireland as he does almost every other occurrence — he has converted it into an argument to induce the House to change the opinions they have repeatedly and solemnly given upon the subject of the war and to prove the necessity of an immediate peace. Here again his own statement makes against the object he has in view. For if it is true that those embarrassments and that irritation exist in Ireland, if the probable consequence of that state of affairs is as has been stated, that we should not receive that cordial co-operation from Ireland, is it likely that these circumstances would have the effect of procuring us a better peace; or would an advantageous peace be more likely to be obtained, from having our temporary differences rendered so public as they necessarily must be, if this inquiry is gone into? Thus the arguments of the right honourable gentleman answer themselves; but at the same time I by no means mean to admit that the danger in the sister kingdom is, in any degree, so great as has been represented.

With respect to the observations which have been made relative to the body of Roman catholics in Ireland, I am sure that the House must feel that so great a legislative act, one so intimately connected with the interests of Ireland, and which form so peculiarly a subject of the consideration of the Irish Parliament, cannot now with propriety be discussed in the English House of Commons. What would it be but saying to them, that the bare circumstance of calling those claims in question, that the delay interposed in granting them to their utmost extent, that the hesitating to level all those distinctions which have so long been established, and the policy of not being in too great haste to heap upon them new privileges in addition to those which they have so lately acquired, are to them matters of serious and intolerable grievance? What is it but to countenance discontent under pretext of lamenting it, and to produce danger by the very means which are recommended as useful for precaution? What is it but proclaiming to the enemies the embarrassment and difficulties under which we laboured at home? — a sort of conduct by no means calculated to diminish their hopes of success, or infuse into them new dispositions to peace. If the House, from the progress of the French arms in Brabant and Holland, and from the views which they discover of enlarging their territories, in proportion to the extent of their conquests, have been only more deeply impressed with the necessity of vigorous exertion and manly perseverance in the contest, will they be likely to adopt a motion, which in the result can only be productive of humiliation and disappointment? Will they proclaim to the enemy a danger with respect to themselves, which, if not proclaimed, may in fact have no existence? Considered in this point of view, I cannot well imagine a conduct less consistent with sound policy, with the true interests of the empire, or the termination of that great struggle in which the country is engaged, than that which is proposed by the present motion. With respect to the principles, so far as they affect Ireland, the comforts of individuals, the peace of the community, and the question in favour of policy, how far an equal participation of rights ought at once to take place between those who have long been established, and those who have formerly been merely tolerated; all

these are topics into which I shall not enter at present, as in all probability a future opportunity will present itself for their discussion.

Without meaning to say any thing personally uncivil to the right honourable gentleman, I cannot for a moment suppose him serious in any of the arguments which compose the former part of his speech. I hardly know how to suppose the right honourable gentleman could be in earnest, when he occupied upwards of three hours in delivering a speech masterly and eloquent beyond parallel, for the purpose of introducing a peroration which lasted not more than a quarter of an hour, applied to the particular circumstances of the time. His speech consisted of topics which have been urged over and over again by gentlemen on the opposite side of the House, and as frequently answered, and which, as he has observed before, would not now have been again brought forward, except for the purpose of ushering in the main object of his speech, viz. the affairs of Ireland.

I have no complaint to make of the general nature of the subjects selected by the right honourable gentleman as fit subjects for inquiry: they are such certainly as must always claim the attention of the House of Commons. They consist first of the general resources of this country in point of men and money, as the only effectual means of war; a detailed examination into the state of the population of this country; a view of the situation of our manufactures and commerce; a consideration of our foreign connexions, both as relating to our allies and to neutral nations; and an investigation into the object of the war, and the means adopted by the executive government for carrying it on. If the House is at this moment convinced of the necessity of going into an inquiry upon the state of the nation, most undoubtedly these would all form important points of consideration.

I beg to ask the House, however, if there is any one subject, of whatever nature, that has any the most distant relation either to the external policy or the internal regulations of this country, which may not become matter of discussion in the committee proposed by the right honourable gentleman? And if so, can it be contended that this is the time for such an inquiry? At a period so arduous and important as the present, when the country is stated to be, in every point of view, in such imminent danger, can gentlemen think it expedient or wise to commence an investigation of so extensive and almost endless a nature, and more especially at so advanced a period of the session, when there is no probability of making any considerable progress in it? Although not only every topic of the right honourable gentleman's speech has been before debated, but almost every one of his arguments have been before advanced and refuted, yet there is one unfortunate singularity in his mode of arguing on this occasion, which is, that he contends that it is necessary to refer all these points to the consideration of a committee, for the purpose of forming a correct judgment upon them; yet that gentleman, and the small minority who act with him, have long ago taken upon themselves to decide positively upon every one of them. The great majority of this House have decided upon different principles; principles which they have deliberately adopted, upon which they are now acting, and into the grounds of which it cannot therefore be supposed necessary that they should now inquire.

The discussions which have taken place upon these various subjects have, in my opinion, rendered the appointment of a committee as unnecessary, as, in another point of view, I have contended it to be improper. We are called upon to examine into the pecuniary resources of this country. The house has already this

session much more satisfactory proof upon this head than any committee could give them. They have seen a supply voted for the service of the year, unexampled in point of amount. They have seen a loan of eighteen millions negotiated upon terms extremely advantageous to the public — a sum great and unprecedented, but necessary from the magnitude of the contest in which we are engaged, and the novelty of the efforts with which we have to contend. The bill granting that loan, and stating the terms upon which it was supplied, is a more satisfactory proof of the flourishing state of the credit of the country, and of the confidence of monied men, than can be derived from the result of any inquiry that can take place. It proves, in spite of all the exaggeration which has been employed to depreciate the resources of the country, that, so far from having suffered any diminution, they have increased in a degree equal to the extraordinary scale of expenditure which has lately been incurred. We have seen taxes to an immense amount (1,600,000*l.* much increased in consequence of the provision made by the vigilant attention against unforeseen exigencies, and from the circumstances of a provision being also made for the reduction of the debt at the very moment when it was contracted) laid on the public, — taxes which there is every reason to suppose will be productive, and yet such as are on all sides allowed to press as little as possible upon the poor. Can the House, after this solid unanswerable proof of the resources of the country, be led by the speculative arguments of the right honourable gentleman to have recourse to a committee for the purpose of ascertaining the fact?

The next point which has been discussed, is the state of the population of this kingdom. It has been contended, that it is in such a decreasing state as to render it impossible to recruit our armies. This is a point upon which I have never before heard a doubt entertained. I am sure that no information which could be given by government upon this subject has ever been refused. That in the course of a war, so novel in its nature, and so unexampled in its probable consequences as the present, we should lose a considerable number of men, is a melancholy truth which cannot be denied. The loss even of one man from our troops, who have upon every occasion during this war maintained the honour of the country, and acquired immortal glory to themselves, is an event which must be deeply deplored; yet when the importance of the object is considered, and the immense stake we have upon the issue of this contest, it is necessary to look with a firm determination to the discharge of that imperious duty, which requires such sacrifices, great as they are, for the good of the community. Any consideration therefore drawn from this topic, though it may have the effect to agitate the feelings, cannot be expected to decide the result of the opinions of the members of this House. It is always to be remembered, that defensive efforts in the prosecution of a just war are better than tame acquiescence in the usurpations of a cruel and oppressive enemy. The question whether we have lost in the course of the war a few hundreds more, however it may affect our feelings, yet by no means decides the general question. Every object in life is great or small by comparison; the loss of any of our gallant countrymen, considered abstractedly, must be felt as a calamity; but when considered with a relation to the nature of the present contest, that loss, great as it is, ceases to be felt in the immense magnitude of the object for which we are engaged. It is to be observed, however, that the right honourable gentleman has taken this subject only in one point of view, and that most unfavourable for this country. The losses sustained by England are enumerated with the most scrupulous exactness, and an argument

has been drawn from thence to show that we are unable, from want of men, to carry on the war. Does the honourable gentleman consider the other side of this picture? Has he stated the numbers lost by the enemy, which upon a moderate computation must be in the proportion of ten to one compared with ours; or has he from their losses inferred their inability to continue the contest? No — the argument has been pressed with vehemence, as proving the distress of this country, but would probably be said to be totally inapplicable to the enemy. With respect to the population of this country, it has once before formed a subject of debate, and the right honourable gentleman, upon that occasion, as well as upon the present, argued upon false premises — he has formed his calculations upon the decrease of the population, from an examination of the returns of houses paying taxes; that is a fallacious mode of judging; as the accounts are in general inaccurately taken, and of course cannot be relied on for an exact conclusion. I would suggest to the House, and to the honourable gentleman, a criterion which is by no means so liable to inaccuracy. When gentlemen saw the immense increase of manufactures, and of course the great increase of hands employed in them, and do not find that these hands are drawn from any other branch, the natural and rational conclusion is, that the population must be on the increase. The honourable gentleman said, that in some part of Lancashire, the decrease of marriages and births is very great; in some places they have decreased one half, in others a third and a fourth, when by his own calculation he has estimated the decrease at only 12,000 persons: but it should be recollected that the quarter, in which the calculation has been made, is in the neighbourhood of a manufacturing town, where the recruiting has been carried on with the greatest effect. The army of this country is greater now than ever it was at any former period: the navy has also been augmented to an amazing extent. This must necessarily tend in some places to lessen the population, but does not by any means prove that the decrease is general. And notwithstanding this great augmentation of the army and navy, so far from manufactures having decreased, the export has been greater last year than in any former year of war, and greater, with the exception only of two years, than any former year of peace. The right honourable gentleman has alluded to the declension of our trade in the year 1793. It is certainly true that our trade had been considerably less that year, owing to the great speculations of persons engaged in commerce, which in the year before had given a temporary stagnation to trade; and yet so far from the country sinking under that check, or giving way to the pressure of a war, represented to be so fatal to our trade; in the very next year, viz. 1794, the commerce had arisen to an height never before known, except only in the years 1791 and 1792. Formerly it was customary to look to the years immediately preceding the American war as the most flourishing period of our commerce, and after the commencement of that war, it was supposed that many, many years of peace would be necessary to raise it again to the same pitch; and yet now in a time of war, and one stated to be so much more injurious to our trade than the American war, our commerce far exceeds that of the boasted years of 1770, 1771, &c. Are not all these facts, which the House are in possession of, more satisfactory than the report of any committee? If any inquiry upon this subject has been necessary, it would have been before the ways and means of the year were detailed, and proved to the House; but now it is wholly unnecessary.

The next proposition of the right honourable gentleman is one of a most singular nature. It is calling upon the House to go into a committee of inquiry,

to take into consideration all transactions whatever between Great Britain and her allies, and also between her and neutral nations. Without any regard to what may be the situation of this country with respect to those powers, whatever negotiations or treaties may be pending, the whole is to undergo the scrutiny of a committee of inquiry, and to be published to the world. The arguments used by the right honourable gentleman are upon this subject so strange and so unfounded, that it is unnecessary to reply minutely to them.

With respect to the king of Prussia, I have already stated my sentiments upon the conduct of that monarch. I have never contended that all the objects we had in view in that treaty were obtained, or that the king of Prussia had fully performed his engagements. I admitted this when the subject was before brought under discussion; but I must repeat now what I asserted then, that the failure on the part of the king of Prussia was no reason why this country should depart from its general system, and never, upon any occasion, again to enter into a treaty with other powers of a similar nature. But the right honourable gentleman has urged the necessity of some declaration being made on the part of this country, expressive of our resentment at the non-performance of the treaty. It does not appear to me that such conduct on our part is called for by honour, or would be justified by reason. Angry declarations would only have the effect of creating animosities which might interrupt or prevent any future arrangements. The right honourable gentleman then alluded to the emperor, and spoke in very strong terms of his inability, from the want of pecuniary resources, to carry on the war. Admitting the truth of that argument in its fullest extent, it does not go far enough to serve the right honourable gentleman's purpose. If this House still retain the opinions they have so often and so distinctly expressed upon the subject of the present war, the natural conclusion to be drawn from the argument of the emperor's pecuniary inability is, that Great Britain, possessed of resources of money, should by means of those resources enable the emperor to bring his troops into the field.

In speaking of our allies, the right honourable gentleman has pressed much upon the repeated defeats and losses which they have sustained. It is unfortunately but too true, that the success has not corresponded with the expectations we formed; but it was a very unfair mode of reasoning to suppose that because the allies had not been positively successful, they were totally useless; for though the effect of their assistance is not displayed in victories and conquests, yet, by engaging the attention of the enemy to various quarters, they have tended to divide a force, which, if concentrated in a point, might have been infinitely more destructive. The next power to which the right honourable gentleman has turned his attention is the king of Sardinia; and he has contended that that monarch ought to have been left in a state of neutrality. In the first place, I beg to remind the House, and the right honourable gentleman, that the king of Sardinia was left without an option, whether he would remain neuter or not, as the French declared war against him. In regard to his being put in a state of neutrality at present, the only means of doing it is to carry on the war with vigour, or his neutrality would neither be safe to himself nor to the allies.

The next point of the right honourable gentleman's speech was his observations upon the declarations made by our ministers at foreign courts. Is it fair to quote particular expressions from their state papers, in order to charge them upon ministers? These papers are framed according to the exigencies of circumstances, and at the discretion of the envoy; ministers at home have no share

either in composing or reviewing their contents; and if they should afterwards discover in them a careless or hasty expression, it is not to be supposed that they would very severely criticise, or very rigorously expose a fault which they may be apt to impute to excess of zeal for his majesty's service. I beg, therefore, once for all, to put in a protest against that mode which gentlemen on the other side of the House have so frequently used, namely, that of selecting a particular passage from some of these state papers, and then charging it upon the ministers at home, who could not of course anticipate every identical expression which a foreign minister might make use of. Upon examining these declarations fairly and altogether, they would be found to agree in sentiment with each other, and with the language of ministers at home.

As to the proposal for an inquiry into the conduct of the executive government of this country to neutral nations, I am not aware of any good that can possibly arise from it at the present moment. Whatever may be the strong language in which gentlemen might have thought proper to indulge themselves with respect to the conduct of the British government towards foreign nations, it will be found, when the proper period shall arrive for investigation, to have been strictly conformable to the best principles of the laws of nations, and to have been conspicuously marked by moderation and forbearance.

The right honourable gentleman has charged ministers with having in the first instance treated America with insult, and afterwards soothed her by submission. In answer to this I can only say, that the principle which has governed his majesty's ministers in their intercourse with other neutral powers, is the principle upon which they acted towards America. And when the treaty signed between that country and Great Britain is laid before the House (which shall be done as soon as possible) gentlemen will then have an opportunity of judging whether there has been any dishonourable submissions on the part of the latter, and whether it has not been rather dictated on both sides by a spirit of fairness and mutual accommodation.

The right honourable gentleman has next come to the consideration of that often disputed point, namely, the object of the war. Upon this subject I should not have intruded one single word upon the House, had it not been that the right honourable gentleman has in some degree shifted his ground. He stated that there were two lines of conduct which ministers might have adopted in the commencement of the war; each of these modes of conduct was in his (the right honourable gentleman's) opinion, attended with its respective advantages and disadvantages; but both of them were preferable to the line of conduct adopted by his majesty's ministers. The first of these modes was by carrying on what he called a war against France, by confining the exertions of this country simply to protect our allies, and to revenge the insults offered to us, without in any manner whatever interfering in the internal commotions which might prevail in France. The other mode suggested was that of carrying on a war for France; thus openly to avow that our efforts were directed to the formation of a regular government in France, and that our conquests were only made in trust for Louis XVII. Either of these two systems might have been adopted, said the right honourable gentleman, with propriety, but our present system, differing from both, was radically wrong.

The right honourable gentleman has this night abandoned all his old arguments; he formerly used to contend that we could not interfere in the internal affairs of France, without violating every principle of justice and of the law of

nations. But the right honourable gentleman admits, that it would have been proper to have carried on the war expressly for the restoration of monarchy in France. He does not recollect that both the grounds which he has submitted to ministers as an alternative, were extreme cases, and that they, from the nature of the situation in which they stood, might think proper to adopt a middle policy, to which the whole of their conduct might be found perfectly reconcilable. With all possible respect for the right honourable gentleman's judgment, I think that his majesty's ministers have conducted the war in a manner, and upon principles more consonant to good sense and policy, than either of the systems stated by that gentleman. They have entered into a war for the defence of this country, and for the protection of our allies, in the prosecution of which they do not by any specific declarations, as to the internal situation of France, prevent themselves from taking every possible advantage of any favourable occurrences which may happen in France. Nor do they state, that the restoration of monarchy, or any particular form of government in France, is a *sine quâ non*, without which they will not make peace. The madness of fighting to establish in France any particular form of government has been uniformly disclaimed by ministers. At the same time, this is no reason why they should relinquish assistance, of which they had a right to avail themselves in every former war. The first great object is to obtain for ourselves security, and it would have been so much the better if that object could have been more effectually accomplished by the establishment of a government in France, which seemed most likely to restore the country to tranquillity and happiness. It is necessary for the defence of our own possessions, that we should carry on an offensive war against the French in the West Indies.

This is the conduct of his majesty's ministers — this is the conduct which has frequently been explained to, and has as often received the approbation of the House of Commons; and I beg here, in the most distinct manner, to disavow that proposition laid down by the right honourable gentleman, that a nation, on entering into a war, is bound to state in clear and positive terms all its objects in the war, and by that means preclude itself from taking advantage of any fortuitous circumstances which may happen during its continuance.

With respect to what has fallen from the right honourable gentleman as to the want of vigilance and activity shown by ministers in the conducting of the war, this point has been so often argued before, that I can say nothing new upon it. Upon one point only I will detain the House for a few moments, and that is in reply to the charge made by the right honourable gentleman, of the want of attention in admiralty to protect the trade of Great Britain. The charge is partly founded upon the increase in the price of insurance. It is true, that from some causes the price of insurance has increased; but there are many circumstances to be taken into consideration upon this subject; the great and unexampled extent of our commerce, the almost total annihilation of the commerce of France, which led her to turn her attention to the equipment of privateers to plunder our trade, which swarmed in every sea. Another very important circumstance is, that the enemy has hardly in any one instance contended for the empire of the sea; a consequence of which is, that as their fleet is seldom united in a body, it is the better enabled in small divisions to harass our commerce. Added to all this, the enemy do not send any considerable naval force to the colonies, while we are obliged to send large squadrons; but notwithstanding all these concurrent circumstances, our trade is not in any instance neglected. It is true, that for a short

period the French were masters of the channel, owing to the circumstance of Lord Howe's being obliged to put into port for the purpose of refitting; but even during that short period, every possible precaution was taken for the protection of our trade.

Upon the whole, the question for the consideration of the House is, whether or not they are to retract all the opinions which they have so often and so solemnly pronounced, and whether they will employ concession and submission as the most likely means to obtain an honourable, a secure, and a lasting peace?

The right honourable gentleman has in the course of his speech sedulously endeavoured to confound every question of danger to be apprehended from the success of the French, and the idea of a regular government, with a government founded on principles inimical to freedom: and with the same anxiety endeavoured to palliate all the excesses of the French, by stating them to have originated in an enthusiasm in the cause of freedom. Entertaining such sentiments as these, and having been from the first adverse to the origin and conduct of the war, it is natural for that right honourable gentleman to forget all our advantages, while he remembers and often exaggerates our misfortunes. — It is natural for him to lessen the value of our conquests, and to depreciate the splendour of our victories; — to represent our success as useless, but our defeat as fatal. Openly professing such sentiments, the House will not be surprised at such consequences.

Those gentlemen who have studiously dwelt on every misfortune of the British arms, and on every circumstance of temporal difficulty, but have with equal care avoided to mention any instance of the success of our armies, or the prosperity of the country, may be disposed to approve of the motion, and of the removal of ministers from a situation which it is calculated to represent them as unqualified to hold. Other gentlemen, who look to an honourable and lasting peace from a vigorous and effectual war, rather than from a dishonourable submission — those who do not impute a temporary interruption of success to want of judgment or to guilt — they will not, I am sure, withdraw their confidence from his majesty's ministers, without proof of their want of capacity. It will not be to make room for those who disapprove of the war from its commencement, and who, instead of meeting the crisis, would be disposed to shrink from it; but for persons better qualified to prosecute, with vigour and effect, a war founded in justice, and connected with the most important interests of the country.

5. LORD BROUGHAM.

a)

Speech on the discontent arising out of the employment of machinery.

The great discontent excited throughout the country by the introduction of new machinery is a most unerring symptom of the present distress. Formerly, when the invention of any piece of mechanism for abridging manual labour occasioned an alarm among the working people, it was partial and transient. Those who were thrown out of employment speedily found other channels of profitable occupation; the population disengaged by the new machine were absorbed with their industry; and in a short time the traces of the change disappeared, except

that its beneficial effects upon the capital of the country soon created a greater demand for labour than existed before the invention. But now the case is widely different. The petitions, which night after night are presented to us by thousands and tens of thousands, complaining of machinery, testify, that when workmen are flung out of one employment they can no longer find others ready to receive them; and that the capital saved by the abridgment of labour no longer produces its former healing effect. When Sir R. Arkwright invented the apparatus, which has proved of such benefit to this country, though it deprived many thousands of their livelihood for the moment, yet no particular discontent was excited. I have obtained from two of the greatest cotton-spinners, in both parts of this island, an estimate of the saving in manual labour effected by that machinery; and as both concurred in stating, unknown to each other, that by means of it one man can do the work of a hundred, I may assume the calculation as pretty near the truth. So considerable a shock to the labouring population produced scarcely any discontent. The case is so different now, when the smallest improvement is made in the means of economising human power, that I hardly know whether to rejoice or be sorry at any such change. There has of late been a considerable accession of mechanical power in the weaving trade; and though it cannot operate like the spinning mills, it yet bids fair to throw numbers out of work, and destroy even the scanty pittance at present gained by a great number of those wretched individuals, whose hardships I have been describing to-night—I allude to what is called the power loom, by which one child is enabled to do the work of two or three men. But the House will hear with surprise and vexation, that mechanical improvement has, as it were, reached its limit; an unexpected impediment has started up to check its farther progress. It is now found, for the first time in the history of mankind, so low are wages fallen, so great is the pressure of distress, that manual labour is making reprisals on machinery, standing a successful competition with it, beating it out of the market, and precluding the use of an engine, far from costly in itself, which saves three labourers in four. The farther introduction of the power loom is actually stopped by the low rate of weaver's wages! There are, however, other branches of industry, as the printing and lace trades, which have been lately threatened, if I may so speak, with the competition of new mechanism, and of such powers as not even the miserable wages of the day can be expected to resist.

b)

Speech on the conduct pursued by the English minister at Genoa.

Sir, if any page in the history of the late congress be blacker than another, it is that which records the deeds of the noble lord against Genoa. When I approach this subject, and reflect on the powerful oratory, the force of argument as well as of language, backed by the high authority of virtue, a sanction ever deeply felt in this House, once displayed in the cause of that ill-fated republic, by tongues now silent, but which used to be ever eloquent where public justice was to be asserted or useful truth fearlessly inculcated, I feel hardly capable of going on. My lasting sorrow for the loss we have sustained is made deeper by the regret, that those lamented friends live not to witness the punishment of that

foul conduct which they solemnly denounced. The petty tyrant, to whom the noble lord delivered over that ancient and gallant people, almost as soon as they had at his call joined the standard of national independence, has since subjected them to the most rigorous provisions of his absurd code; a code directed especially against the commerce of this country, and actually less unfavourable to France.

Thus, then, it appears, that after all, in public as well as in private, in state affairs as in the concerns of the most humble individuals, the old maxim cannot safely be forgotten, that "honesty is the best policy." In vain did the noble lord flatter himself, that his subserviency to the unrighteous system of the Congress would secure him the adherence of the courts whom he made his idols. If he had abandoned that false, foreign system — if he had acted upon the principles of the nation whom he represented, and stood forward as the advocate of the rights of the people — the people would have been grateful. He preferred the interests and the wishes of the courts, and by the courts he is treated with their wonted neglect. To his crimes against the people all over Europe — to his invariable surrender of their cause — to his steady refusal of the protection, which they had a right to expect, and which they did expect from the manly and generous character of England — it is owing, that if, at this moment, you traverse the continent in any direction whatever, you may trace the noble lord's career in the curses of the nations whom he has betrayed, and the mockery of the courts who have inveigled him to be their dupe. It is in vain we attempt to deceive ourselves. No truth can be more evident than this, that if, instead of patronizing abuse, tyranny, and plunder, we had exhibited a noble, gallant, English spirit in behalf of popular rights and national independence — If, instead of chiming in with and aping their narrow, wretched principles, we had done our utmost to enlighten the policy of foreign courts — we should have had to treat with a number of constitutional governments, directed by sound views of policy, and disposed to adopt arrangements generally beneficial, instead of the capricious and spiteful regulations which now annoy us in every quarter.

POETRY.

(Abraham Cowley.)

3. THE POET, THE OYSTER AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

An oyster cast upon the shore
Was heard, though never heard before
Complaining in a speech well worded —
And worthy thus to be recorded: —

Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell;
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffeted about,
Now *in* the water and now *out*.

'T were better to be born a stone,
Of ruder shape, and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine
And sensibilities so fine!

I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast rooted against ev'ry rub.
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough,
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.

(When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when — a poet's muse is,
To make them grow just where he chooses.)

You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion,
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you:
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says — Well, 'tis more than I would think,
Thus life is spent (oh fie upon't).
In being touched, and crying — Don't!

A poet, in his ev'ning walk,
O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.
And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.

You, in your grotto-work enclos'd,
Complain of being thus expos'd;
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driv'n by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around,
Should droop and wither where they grow
You would not feel at all — not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy and love:
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.

His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking show'd he felt it.

(William Cowper.)

4. THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Begot to feel as well he might
The keen demands of appetite,
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark,
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop;
The worm aware of his intent,
Harrangu'd him thus, right eloquent —

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same pow'r divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Relas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring secretaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

(William Cowper.)

5. CONTEST BETWEEN THE EYES AND
THE NOSE.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest
arose:

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong:
The point in dispute was, as all the world
knows,

To which the said spectacles ought to
belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued
the cause

With a great deal of skill, and a wigfull
of learning;

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely dis-
cerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will un-
doubtely find,

That the Nose has had spectacles always in
wear,

Which amounts to possession time out of
mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes they are made
with a straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a
saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment
suppose —

'Tis a case that has happen'd, and may
be again —

That the visage or countenance had not a
Nose,

Pray who would, or who could wear
spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears, and my argument
shows,

With a reasoning the court will never
condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for
the Nose,

And the Nose was as plainly intended
for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were
equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave
solemn tone,

Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles
on —

By day-light or candle-light — Eyes should
be shut.

(William Cowper.)

6. THE RAZORS.

A fellow in a market town
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy with cash and
sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge who suffered by a broad black
beard,

That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath
his nose:

With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he
paid,

And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave*;

It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune
went,

Smiling in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and
eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to
grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'T was a vile razor! — then the rest he
tried —

All were impostors — "Ah," Hodge sigh'd!
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my
purse!"

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the
graces,

He cut, and dug, and winced, and
stamp'd, and swore,
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed,
and made wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff:
So kept it — laughing at the steel and
suds.

Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry
jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd
claws,

On the vile Cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! a vile confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow — found him —
and began:

"Perhaps Master Razor-rogue, to you 't is
fun,

That people flay themselves out of their
lives:

You rascal! for an hour have I been
grubbing,

Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a
Knave:

As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would *shave*."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with
wondering eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
What were they made for then, you dog?"
he cries.

"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile —
"to *sell*."

(Peter Pindar.)

7. THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A Man in many a country town we know
Professing openly with Death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother,
So — many a suffering patient saith, —
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Aesculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill;
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by our bed;
Or spread a plaster.

His fame, full six miles round the country
ran,

In short, in reputation he was *solus*!
All the old women call'd him 'a fine man!
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
— Which oftentimes will genius fether —
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles lettres*.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste that cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physick.

Bolus loved verse; — and took so much
delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write
in't:

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In Japper couplets — like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! — and where's the
treason?

'Tis simple honest dealing; — not a crime:
When patients swallow physick without
reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.
He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town — it might
be four!

To whom one evening Bolus sent an
article —

In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical;
And on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which one should think was clear enough,
And terse:

'When taken,
To be well shaken.'

Next morning early, Bolus rose;
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:

It was indeed a very sorry hack
 But that's of course:
 For what's expected from a horse,
 With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a double tap,
 Between a single and a double rap. —
 Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
 By fiddlers, and by opera-singers:
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers. —

The servant let him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place —
 Portending some disaster:
 John's countenance as rueful look'd and
 grim,
 As if the apothecary had physick'd him,
 And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
 John shook his head.
 "Indeed? — hum! — ha! — that's very odd,
 He took the draught?" — John gave a nod!
 "Well, how? — What then? Speak out, you
 dunce!"
 "Why then," says John, "we *shook* him once."
 "Shook him! — how?" — Bolus stammer'd out.
 "We jolted him about."
 'Zounds! shake a patient, man — a shake
 won't do."
 "No, sir — and so we gave him two."
 "Two shakes! — odds curse!
 'Twould make the patient worse."
 "It did so, sir, — and so a third we tried."
 "Well, and what then?" — "Then, sir, my
 master died!"

(Colman.)

8. ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

From Oberon, in fairy land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
 About this airy welkin soon,
 And, in a minute's space, describe
 Each thing that's done below the moon,
 There's not a hag
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
 But Robin I
 Their feats will spy,
 And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
 As from their night-sports they trudge
 home;
 With counterfeiting voice I greet,
 And call them on, with me to roam
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
 Or else, unseen, with them I go,
 All in the nick
 To play some trick
 And frolick it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
 Sometimes, an ox, sometimes a hound;
 And to a horse I turn me can;
 To trip and trot about them round.
 But if, to ride,
 My back they stride,
 More swift than wind away I go,
 O'er hedge and lands,
 Thro' pools and ponds
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
 We lend them what they do require,
 And for the use demand we nought;
 Our own is all we do desire.
 If to repay,
 They do delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And night by night,
 I them affright
 With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
 In loopholes, where the vermin creep,
 Who from their folds and houses, get
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and
 sheep:
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seem a vermin taken so;
 But when they there
 Approach me near,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our fairy king and queen
 We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
 When larks gin sing,
 Away we fling;
 And babes new born steal as we go,
 And elfs in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow,
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know;
 And beldames old
 My feats have told.
 So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!
(Ben Jonson.)

9. THE CHILD AND THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Down by the river's bank I stray'd
 Upon an autumn day;
 Beside the fading forest there,
 I saw a child at play.
 She play'd among the yellow leaves —
 The leaves that once were green.
 And flung upon the passing stream
 What once had blooming been:
 Oh! deeply did it touch my heart
 To see that child at play;
 It was the sweet unconscious sport
 Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream you stray,
 When after years go by,
 The scene that makes thy childhood's sport
 May wake thy age's sigh:
 When fast you see around you fall
 The summer's leafy pride,
 And mark the river hurrying on
 Its ne'er returning tide;
 Then may you feel in pensive mood
 That life's a summer dream;
 And man, at last, forgotten falls —
 A leaf upon the stream.

(Samuel Lover.)

10. THE BELL AT SEA.

When the tide's billowy swell
 Had reach'd its height,
 Then toll'd the Rock's lone bell
 Sternly at night.

Far over cliff and surge
 Swept the deep sound,
 Making each wild wind's dirge
 Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
 The sailor bless'd,
 Steering through darkness on
 With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
 On life's wide sea,
 Welcome each warning note,
 Stern though it be!

(Mrs. Hemans.)

11. SONG FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battle-fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill life may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here.
 Here's no war-steeds neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons tramping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumberous spells assail you,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillie.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream, in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman rest! thy chase is done;
 Think not of the rising sun;
 For, at dawning to assail you,
 Here no bugles sound reveillie.
 (Sir Walter Scott.)

12. THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
 And line with light the mountains brow:
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
 And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
 High on their iron poles they pass;
 Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
 Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
 Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
 Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
 From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
 And as the echoing cliffs reply,
 The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,
 Perched, like an eagle's nest, on high.
 (Samuel Rogers.)

13. ODE ON GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
 Eternal Summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest".

The mountains look on Marathon —
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;

For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A King sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations; — all were his!
 He counted them at break of day —
 And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? on thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now —
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise, — we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave —
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anakreon's song divine:
 He served — but served Polycrates —

A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —

They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

(*Lord Byron.*)

14. DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a
dream.

The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the
stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless
air;

Morn came and went — and came, and
brought no day,

And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:

And they did live by watch fires — and the
thrones,

The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were con-
sumed,

And men were gather'd round their blazing
homes

To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos and their mountain-torch:

A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour
They fell and faded — and the crackling
trunks

Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was
black.

The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits

The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did
rest

Their chins upon their clenched hands, and
smiled;

And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,

The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the
wild birds shriek'd,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest
brutes

Came tame and tremulous; and vipers
crawl'd

And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for
food:

And War, which for a moment was no
more,

Did glut himself again; a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that
was death,

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails; men
Died, and their bones were tombless as
their flesh.

The meagre by the meagre were devoured;
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save
one,

And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at
bay,

Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out
no food,

But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress — he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy
things

For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold
skeleton-hands

The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd,
and died —

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was
void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, life-
less,

A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as
they dropp'd

They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead; the tides were in
their grave,

The moon, their mistress, had expired before,
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no
need

Of aid from them — she was the universe.

(*Lord Byron.*)

15. L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and lowbrow'd
rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek;
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free.
To hear the lark begin his flight;
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin.
And to the stack, or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern-gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;

While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his sithe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast,
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid.
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
 And he, by friars lantern led,
 Tells how the trudging goblin swet,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumbers on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

(John Milton.)

16. ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

Or, the Power of Music.

An Ode in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles
 bound;
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty Love!)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd:
 And while he sought her snowy
 breast:
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign
 of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around:
 A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet mu-
 sician sung:
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face;
 Now give the hautboys breath: he comes,
 he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew
 vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice
 he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his
 pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed:
 On the hard earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor
 sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of Chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of Chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to plea-
 sures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying,
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the
cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once op-
press'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once op-
press'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head!
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Chorus.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

(John Dryden.)

17. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and
to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the Moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yewtree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Gantter, engl. Chrestomathie. II.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to
hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their
way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd;
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' un-
letter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look be-
hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd
dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale re-
late;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,
His listless length at noontide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would
rove,
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hope-
less love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'
hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite
tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we
saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon age-
thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had — a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('t was all he
wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope re-
pose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.
(*Thomas Gray.*)

18. THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!

While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work

Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own! —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!

My labour never lags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shatter'd roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!

From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work —
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,

In the dull December light,

And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

(*Thomas Hood.*)

19. THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!

Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!
This face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will! —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, —
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory, —
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

(Thomas Campbell.)

20. HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

(*Thomas Campbell.*)

21. THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,

And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear.
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

(*Byron.*)

(Schottische Lieder.)

22. EDWARD, EDWARD.

Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid?

And why sae sad gang ye, O?

O, I hae killed my hawk sae guid:

Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hawk sae guid:

And I had nae mair bot he, O!

Your hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid,

Edward, Edward!

Your hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid,

My deir son I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,

Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,

That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,

Edward, Edward!

Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,

Some other dule ye drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,

Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,

Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,

Edward, Edward?

And whatten penance wul ye drie for that?

My deir son, now tell me, O.

I'll set my feit in yonder boat,

And I'll fare ovir the sea, O.

And what will ye doe wi' your towirs and
your ha',

Edward, Edward?

And what will ye doe wi' your towirs and
your ha'.

That were so fair to see, O?

I'll let them stand till they doun fa',

Mither, mither,

I'll let them stand till they doun fa',

For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And what will ye leive to your bairns and
your wife,
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leive to your bairns and
your wife,

Whan ye gang ovir the sea, O?
The warldis room, let them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let them beg throw life,
For them nevir mair will I see, O.

And what will ye leive to your ain mither
deir,

Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leive to your ain mither
deir?

My deir son, now tell me, O.
The curse of hell frae me shall ye beir,
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me shall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me, O.

(*Old Ballad.*)

23. JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand w'e'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

(*Robert Burns.*)

24. BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;

See approach proud Edward's power —
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be — shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

(*Robert Burns.*)

25. AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And day's o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine:
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right good-willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne;
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

(*Robert Burns.*)

26. IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that!
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!
 What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that!
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd — a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
 As come it will for a' that —
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that
 It's comin yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

(*Robert Burns.*)

27. THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!

O let us not like snarling tykes
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till slap come in an unco loon
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursel's united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it,
 By heaven! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the throne.
 May they be damn'd together!
 Who will not sing, "God save the King",
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King",
 We'll ne'er forget the People.

(*Robert Burns.*)

28. TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

*On turning one down with the plough
 in April 1786.*

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!

Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the shae uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade!

By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless star'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

(Robert Burns.)

A N H A N G III.

VERZEICHNISS DER VORZÜGLICHSTEN PROSAISTEN ENGLANDS.

Erste Periode.

Bildung der englischen Sprache im 14ten Jahrhundert.

Sir John Mandeville; Geoffrey Chaucer; John Wickliffe.

Zweite Periode (1400—1558).

Sir John Fortescue; William Caxton; Sir Thomas More; John Fischer; Sir Thomas Eliot; Hugh Latimer; John Fox; John Leland; George Caven-
dish; Lord Berners; John Bellenden; Bishop Bale; William Tyndale; Miles
Coverdale; Sir John Cheke; Thomas Wilson; Roger Ascham.

Dritte Periode (1558—1649).

Sir Philip Sidney; Lord Burleigh; Richard Hooker; Lord Bacon; Sir
Walter Raleigh; Richard Grafton; John Stow; Raphael Holinshed; Wil-
liam Harrison; John Hooker; Francis Boteville; Richard Hackluyt; Samuel
Purchas; John Davis; George Sandys; William Lithgow; James Howell;
Sir Thomas Herbert; William Camden; Sir Henry Wotton; Thomas Hobbes;
Lord Herbert; King James I.; Robert Burton; Thomas Dekker; Joseph
Hall; Sir Thomas Overbury; John Earle; Owen Feltham; Peter Heylin;
John Selden; James Usher; William Chillingworth; John Hales; John
Gauden; Jeremy Taylor; Sir Thomas Browne; John Knox; John Lesley;
John Spotiswood; George Buchanan; William Drummond.

Vierte Periode (1649—1689).

John Milton; Abraham Cowley; James Harrington; Algernon Sidney;
Lady Rachel Russel; Samuel Butler; Walther Charleton; Thomas Fuller;
Izaak Walton; John Evelyn; Sir Roger l'Estrange; Dr. Ralph Cudworth;
Dr. Richard Cumberland; Dr. Isaac Barrow; John Tillotson; Edward
Stillingfleet; Dr. William Sherlock; Dr. Robert South; Dr. John Wilkins;
Dr. John Pearson; Dr. Thomas Sprat; Dr. Thomas Burnet; Dr. Henry
More; Richard Baxter; John Owen; Edmund Calamy; John Flavel; Mat-

thew Henry; George Fox; Robert Barclay; William Penn; Thomas Ellwood; John Bunyan; Lord Clarendon; Bulstrode Whitelocke; Gilbert Burnet; John Dryden; Sir William Temple; William Wotton; Sir Matthew Hale; John Locke; Robert Boyle; Sir Isaac Newton; John Ray; Tom d'Urfey; Tom Brown; Sir George Mackenzie.

Fünfte Periode (1689—1727).

Essayisten: Sir Richard Steele; Joseph Addison; Eustace Budgell; John Hughes.

Novellisten, Satiriker und Miscellenschrreiber: Daniel Defoe; Bernard Mandeville; Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun; Jonathan Swift; Alexander Pope; Dr. John Arbuthnot; Lord Bolingbroke; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Metaphysiker: Earl of Shaftesbury; Bishop Berkeley.

Historiker und Kritiker: Lawrence Echard; John Strype; Dr. Porter; Basil Kennet; Richard Bentley.

Theologen: Dr. Francis Atterbury; Dr. Samuel Clarke; Dr. William Lowth; Dr. Benjamin Hoadly; Charles Leslie; William Whiston; Dr. Philip Doddridge; Dr. William Nicolson; Dr. Matthew Tindal; Dr. Humphrey Prideaux.

Sechste Periode (1727—1780).

Essayisten: Dr. Samuel Johnson; John Hawkesworth; Dr. Moore; Henry Mackenzie.

Novellisten: Samuel Richardson; Henry Fielding; Tobias George Smollett; Laurence Sterne; Dr. Johnson; Charles Johnstone; Horace Walpole; Oliver Goldsmith; Henry Brooke; Henry Mackenzie; Miss Clara Reeve.

Historiker: Thomas Carte; Hooke; Dr. Middleton; David Hume; Dr. Robertson; Dr. Smollet; William Tytler; Archibald Bower; Dr. John Campbell; William Guthrie; George Sale; George Psalmanazar; Oliver Goldsmith; Lord Lyttleton; Dr. Birch; Dr. Robert Henry; Dr. Gilbert Stuart; Dr. Warner; Dr. Leland; John Whittaker; Granger; Orme; Macpherson; Lord Hailes; Robert Watson; Dr. William Russell; Edward Gibbon.

Metaphysiker: Dr. Francis Hutcheson; David Hume; Dr. Hartley; Dr. Adam Smith; Dr. Reid; Lord Kames; Dr. Beattie; Dr. Richard Price; Abraham Tucker; Dr. Joseph Priestley.

Theologen: Dr. Joseph Butler; Bishop Warburton; Dr. Robert Lowth; Dr. Middleton; Rev. W. Law; Dr. Isaac Watts; Dr. Richard Hurd; Dr. G. Horne; Dr. John Jortin; George Whitefield; John Wesley; Nathaniel Lardner; Hugh Farmer; Dr. James Foster; John Leland; Dr. Hugh Blair; Dr. George Campbell.

Miscellenschrreiber: Dr. S. Johnson; Ol. Goldsmith; Edmund Burke; Junius; De Lolme; Dr. Adam Smith; Dr. Benjamin Franklin; William Melmoth; W. Harris; James Harris; W. Stuckeley; Edward King; Sir W. Blackstone; Earl of Chesterfield; Soame Jenyns; Dr. Adam Ferguson; Lord Monboddo; Horace Walpole; The Earl of Chatham.

Encyclopädisten: Ephraim Chambers; Dr. Abraham Rees; Dr. John Campbell; Robert Dodsley; Edward Cave.

Siebente Periode (1780 — die neueste Zeit).

Novellisten: Miss Burney; William Beckford; Richard Cumberland; Thomas Holcroft; Robert Bage; Sophia and Harriet Lee; Dr. John Moore; Miss Inchbald; Charlotte Smith; Ann Radcliffe; Monk Lewis; Mrs. Opie; W. Godwin; Anna Maria Porter; Miss Jane Porter; Miss Edgeworth; Miss Austen; Mrs. Brunton; Mrs. Hamilton; Hannah More; Lady Morgan; Mrs. Shelley; Rev. Ch. Rob. Maturin; Sir Walter Scott; John Galt; Thomas Hope; John Lockhard; Professor Wilson; Mrs. Johnstone; Sir Thomas Dick Lauder; Thomas Hamilton; Moir; Dr. James Hook; Andrew Picken; Miss Ferrier; James Morier; James Bailie Fraser; Theodore Hook; Thomas Grattan; T. H. Lister; Marquis of Normanby; Lady Car. Lamb; Lady Dacre; Countess of Morley; Lady Charl. Bury; R. Plumer Ward; Benjamin d'Israeli; Mrs. Trollope; John Banim; Crofton Croker; Rev. Caesar Otway; Gerald Griffin; W. Carleton; Miss Mitford; Countess of Blessington; Mrs. S. C. Hall; Sir Edw. Lytton Bulwer; Capt. Fred. Marryat; Capt. Glasscock; Howard; Capt. Chamier; Michael Scott; Mrs. Gore; Miss Landon; Miss Pickering; John Poole; Thomas Ingoldsby; Douglas Jerrold; W. M. Thackeray; Miss Harriet Martineau; Thom. Miller; J. L. Peacock; Horace Smith; George Prince Regent James; Rev. Gieig; W. H. Maxwell; Ch. Lever; Sam. Lover; W. Harrison Ainsworth; Sam. Warren; Mrs. Bray; Albert Smith; C. A. Murray; Charles Dickens; Currer Bell etc. (Amerikan. Wash. Irving; Fenimore Cooper; Halliburton; Mrs. Beecher Stowe &c.)

Historiker: William Mitford; Dr. John Gillies; Sharon Turner; Wm. Coxe; George Chalmers; Wm. Roscoe; Malcolm Laing; John Pinkerton; Ch. James Fox; Sir James Mackintosh; Dr. John Lingard; Wm. Godwin; Sir Francis Palgrave; Conybeare; Ingram; Rev. Bosworth; Th. Wright; Robt. Southey; John Dunlop; James Mill; Ch. Mills; Henry Hallam; Patrick Fraser Tytler; Col. W. F. P. Napier; Lieut.-Col. Gurwood; A. Alison; Lord Mahon; Rev. Ch. Gutzlaff; James St. John; Lord Brougham; Rev. H. Milman; Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone; James Emerson; Dr. E. Burton; Th. Carlyle; Dr. Arnold; C. Grote; Lord Macaulay. (Amerikan. W. Irving; W. H. Prescott; G. Bancroft; Motley.)

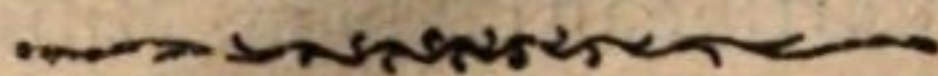
Metaphysiker: Dugald Stewart; Dr. Thomas Brown; Sir James Mackintosh; James Mill; Bayley; Rev. Archibald Alison; George Combe.

Theologen: Dr. W. Baley; Dr. Rich. Watson; Dr. Beilby Porteus; Dr. Sam. Horsley; Gilbert Wakefield; Wilberforce; Dr. Sam. Parr; Dr. Edw. Maltby; Rev. Sidney Smith; Dr. Herbert Marsh; Dr. Edw. Bouverie; Pusey; Mr. Gladstone; Rev. Robert Hall; Rev. John Foster; Dr. Adam Clarke; Rev. A. Alison; Dr. Andrew Thomson; Dr. Thomas Chalmers.

Kritiker und Miscellschreiber: Isaac d'Israeli; Sir Egerton Brydges; Joseph Ritson; Francis Douce; Th. Pennant; Rev. Gilbert White; Rev. W. Gilpin; Sir Uvedale Price; Wm. Cobbett; Rob. Southey; Thomas De Quincey; Wm. Hazlitt; Thomas Carlyle; Rev. Sidney Smith; Lord Jeffrey; Thomas Babington Macaulay; Mr. and Mrs. Howitt; John Claudius Loudon; Sir Henry Ellis; Jeremy Bentham; Isaac Taylor.

Wissenschaftliche Schriftsteller: Sir John Herschel; Sir David Brewster; Ch. Babbage; Dr. Buckland; Mr. Murchison; Charles Lyell; Sir Henry Delabeche; Dr. Mantell; Rev. W. Whewell; Dr. John Maculloch; Dr. Pritchard; Prof. Nichol; Dr. Neil Arnott; Dr. Combe; Sir James Clark; Sir Henry Halford; Dr. Southwood Smith; Dr. Copeland.

Reisebeschreiber: James Bruce; Henry Salt; Nathaniel Pearce; Mungo Park; Capt. Tuckey; Major Denham; Capt. Clapperton; Rich. Lander; John Burckhardt; John Bapt. Belzoni; J. G. Wilkinson; Edw. W. Lane; Dr. Dan. Clarke; Sir John Cam Hobhouse; Dr. Holland; Ed. Dodwell; Sir W. Gell; Dr. Christ. Wordsworth; Joseph Forsyth; J. C. Eustace; Hon. R. Keppel Craven; Henry Mathews; Lady Morgan; John Bell; W. Brockedon; Beckford; Capt. John Ross; Sir Edw. Parry; Capt. John Franklin; Sir John Malcolm; M. Morier; Sir Wm. Ouseley; Sir Rob. Ker Porter; Lord Lindsay; Sir John Malcolm; Sir Alex. Burnes; Sir John Barrow; Capt. Basil Hall; H. D. Inglis; Sir Francis Head; Samuel Laing; Dr. Livingstone. (Amerif. J. L. Stephens; N. P. Willis.)



B e m e r k u n g e n

und

b i o g r a p h i s c h e S k i z z e n.

 Die vorgestellten Ziffern verweisen auf die betreffenden Seitenzahlen.

3. *to wear out*, verwischen. *to melt away*, zerfließen. *haunt*, Aufenthaltort.

4. *threescore and ten*, siebenzig.

5. *simitar* = *cimiter*, Säbel, Pallasch. *to dwell upon*, sich aufhalten bei. *harpies*, Harpyen, in der Mythologie gefräßige Raubvögel mit weiblichen Gesichtern, Geiergefieder und schmutzigen, langen Krallen. *to set out for*, die Reise antreten zu. *to spread forth*, sich ausdehnen.

6. *Joseph Addison*, Sohn eines englischen Dechanten, geb. 1672, gründete seinen literarischen Ruf durch seine poetische Epistel an Lord Halifax, die er ihm aus Italien zuschickte; berühmt wurde er aber hauptsächlich durch eine täglich erscheinende, unpolitische Zeitschrift: *The Spectator*, die er im Verein mit seinem Jugendfreunde Sir Richard Steele herausgab und in der er ein Gemälde von den Sitten seiner Zeit, durch Characterschilderungen, Aufdeckungen der herrschenden Laster, Lächerlichkeiten und Verkehrtheiten des gesellschaftlichen Lebens entwarf. Die Aufsätze erhielten den bescheidenen Titel *Essays*, Versuche, und der *Spectator* wurde der Stammvater eines ganz besondern Literaturzweiges, nämlich der *Essayisten*. Sein Trauerspiel *Cato* hat wenig poetischen Werth. A. wurde 1717 zum Staatssekretär erhoben, mußte aber die Stelle wegen Untüchtigkeit niederlegen. Er starb 1719 und ward in der Westminsterabtei beigesetzt. — *pug*, der Mops Hund. *Will Honeycomb*, für William H.

7. *a fellow of whim*, ein launiger, seltsamer Bursche. *parlour*, Besuch-, Empfangszimmer. *to go about*, einer Sache nachgehen.

8. *jack-call*, ältere Schreibart für *jackall*, der Schakal, oder Goldwolf. *sea-gull*, Seemöve, Seefröße. *emmet*, Ameise.

9. *a town-rake*, ein lüderlicher Mensch. *a bay gelding*, ein brauner Wallach (Pferd). *shrimp*, Krappe, kleiner Seekrebs. *a tom-tit*, eine Meise (*Parus* — L.). *a young jackanapes*, ein junger Maulaffe, ein naseweiser Mensch. *a shock-dog*, ein Pudelhund. *he won't* statt *he will not*.

10. *Fruges consumere nati*, (lat.) wörtlich: geboren, Früchte zu verzehren. *to make an Exit*, abtreten (von der Bühne). *it would redound to his praise*, es würde ihm zum Lobe gereichen. *bulk*, Masse.

11. *Knee-string*, Knieband. *Supplement and Daily Courant*, — Namen von Zeitschriften. *to chide*, schelten. *too many plums, and no suet*, zu viel Rosinen und kein Nierenfett (nämlich im Plumpudding). *a nap*, ein Schläschen. *a pot of mother Cob's mild*, nämlich beer oder ale. *a knuckle of veal*, das Kniestück von einem Kalbe. *sprouts*, Kohlsprossen, welche als Gemüse gegessen werden. *a dish of twist*, ein Gericht *Twist*, — nämlich eine Mischung aus Branntwein, Bier und Eiern. *tongue of my shoe-buckle*, die Zunge meiner Schuhschnalle. *hands but*

not face, man muß sich hinzudenken: *I washed*. *Mem.*, abgekürzt von *Memorandum*, Notabene. *to be allowed for*, muß mir gutgeschrieben werden. *how stocks went*, wie die Fonds stehen.

12. *a pewter dish*, eine zinnerne Schüssel. *cook-maid in love*, die Köchin ist verliebt. *the sixth instant*, am sechsten dieses Monats. *annuity*, Jahresrente. *small-beer*, Dünnbier. *beef over-corned*, das Rindfleisch ist zu stark versalzen oder gepökelt. *a box on the ear*, eine Ohrfeige. *purl*, Bermuthbier. *laced coffee*, Kaffee mit Zucker und Brantwein oder Rum, nach französischer Sitte. *steward*, Verwalter, Kassirer. *sate late*, ich blieb lange auf. *marrow-bones*, Marksknochen. *a bottle of Brooks and Hellier*, eine Flasche Bier aus der Brauerei von Brooks und Hellier. *Like to have fallen*, ich wäre beinahe gefallen. *a gutter*, Gasse, Wasserrinne.

13. London war mehrmals von der Pest heimgesucht: unter Eduard III., 1349; unter Elisabeth, 1563, wo sie Graf Warwick's Armee aus Frankreich brachte; unter Jakob I., 1604, wo sie 30,000, und unter Karl II., 1665, wo sie 90,000 Einwohner wegraffte; eine Scene aus letzterer ist das vorliegende Stück. *Bow*, *Bromley* u. *Blackwall* sind angränzende Städte am östlichen Ende Londons, letzteres liegt an der Themse und ist jetzt durch die Eisenbahn, die von hier aus ins Herz der City führt, ein Hauptlandungsplatz geworden. *There they are all dead etc.*, statt der Anführungszeichen wurde früher oft das den angeführten Satz beginnende Wort mit einem großen Buchstaben geschrieben. *a waterman*, ein Bootsführer.

14. *to hoist*, Seeausdr. hissen, in die Höhe ziehen. *Kentish side*, das rechte Ufer der Themse gehört, von Greenwich an bis zur Mündung, zur Grafschaft Kent.

15. *gotten*, ältere Partic. form von *to get*, jetzt übl. *got*. *a swelling*, Beule; mit dem fieberhaften Zustande der Pestkranken sind gewöhnlich Beulen, Brandgeschwüre, Blattern u. dergl. verbunden.

16. *groat*, der Grot, ehemalige englische Rechnungsmünze von 4 Pence; niedersächs. Groot, von Groschen, eigentl. Großpfennig. *Daniel Defoe*, der Vater des engl. Romans, der unsterbliche Verfasser des *Robinson Crusoe*, dessen Namen leider von seinen Uebersetzern so unterdrückt worden ist, daß er in Deutschland fast gar nicht bekannt ist, wurde zu London 1661 geboren. Sein Vater war ein Metzger und er selbst ein Strumpfhändler, er hatte aber eine bessere Erziehung erhalten, da er zu einem Geistlichen bestimmt war. Seine ersten Schriften waren politischer und satyrischer Natur, zogen ihm aber, da er als Dissenter zu scharf gegen die englische Hochkirche austrat, zweimal Gefängniß und bedeutende Geldstrafen zu, worauf er die Politik verließ und 1719 den *Robinson Crusoe* schrieb, dem die Abenteuer eines schiffbrüchigen Schotten, Selkirk, zu Grunde liegen sollen. Der außerordentliche Erfolg dieses Buches spornte ihn zu weiteren erdichteten Erzählungen an, z. B. *Moll Flanders*, *Captain Singleton*, *Colonel Jack* u. a., wodurch er den englischen Roman schuf, der zu einem Hauptzweig der engl. Literatur geworden ist. Wenige jedoch haben es so verstanden wie er „die Handschrift der Natur nachzumachen.“ Defoe beendigte sein kummervolles Leben zu London 1731.

17. *rambling thoughts*, schwärmerische Gedanken. *for the law*, für die Rechtsgelehrsamkeit. *viz.*, abgekürzt von lat. *videlicet*, nämlich; man spricht daher für *viz.* entweder *to wit*, oder *namely*, oder auch *videlicet* mit engl. Aussprache.

18. *Low Country wars*, der niederländische Krieg.

21. *wa'n't you*, für *was not you*, welches das gemeine Volk statt *were not you* gebraucht. *a capfull*, eine Mütze voll. *sea-room*, die weite See. *squall*, Windstoß. *a fresh-water sailor*, einer der bloß auf süßem Wasser, also noch nie auf dem Meere gefahren ist. *we went the way of all sailors*, es ging uns wie allen Schiffsteuten.

22. *roads*, Rhede. *we had not rid here so long*, wir wären hier nicht so lange vor Anker gelegen. *to tide up the river*, mit Benützung der Flut den Fluß

hinauffahren. *ground tackle*, das Grundtafelwerk, Ankertaufwerk. *to strike the top-mast*, den obersten Mast einziehen. *snug and close*, dicht und bequem. *the ship rode fore-castle in*, das Schiff ankerte mit dem Vordercastell tief in den Wellen. *shipped several seas*, mehreremal schlugen die Wellen über das Schiff. *the anchor comes home*, der Anker ist triftig, schlepyt. *sheet-anchor*, Nothanker. *to veer the cables*, die Ankertaue stechen, aus der Klüse gehen lassen, zu einer größeren Länge auslassen. *steerage*, das Zwischendeck. *to founder*, scheitern.

23. *sprit-sail*, das Sprietsegel, die große Blinde. *mate*, der Unterschiffer, Steuermann. *boatswain*, (spr. bosn) Hochbootsmann. *main-mast*, der große (mittlere) Mast. *the ship springs a leak*, das Schiff wird leck. *hold*, unterer Schiffsraum. *collier*, mit Steinkohlen beladenes Schiff, Kohlenschiff. *to ride out the storm*, den Sturm vor Anker liegend aushalten. *to ship the cable*, das Ankertau ganz auslaufen lassen (es mit dem Anker verloren geben, wenn die Zeit es nicht gestattet die Anker zu lichten).

24. *who had rid it out*, welches den Sturm vor Anker ausgehalten hatte. *a buoy*, eine Boje. *to haul*, herbeiziehen. *to stave*, den Boden einstoßen.

27. *messmate*, Tischgenosse. *adventure*, Waarenvorrath, den man aufs Schiff nimmt, um Speculationen damit zu versuchen.

41. *Jonathan Swift* (geb. zu Cashel in Irland 1667, † 1745), studirte zu Dublin, fand in Sir William Temple einen Beschützer und wurde Kaplan und Privatsekretär des Grafen von Berkeley, Oberrichters von Irland, wo er aber nicht lange blieb, und nach vielen fehlgeschlagenen Hoffnungen auf ein Bisthum endlich die Dechanei von St. Patrick bei Dublin erhielt. In ihm besitzt England einen seiner schärfften Satyriker, der bei aller Bitterkeit noch viel Gutmüthigkeit besitzt. Merkwürdig ist besonders die Ernsthaftigkeit und die Aufrichtigkeit, mit der er die unmöglichsten Dinge erzählt. Sein grenzenloser Ehrgeiz, der nicht die erwünschte Befriedigung fand, trieb ihn hauptsächlich zur Satyre. Seine berühmtesten Schriften sind: *the Tale of a Tub* (1704), die Geschichte einer Tonne, eine Satyre gegen das Papstthum und die Presbyterier; *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), wo Zwerge, Riesen, fliegende Inseln und thierähnliche Ungeheuer den Stoff zur feinsten Satyre gegen die Sitten und Staatseinrichtungen Englands hergeben. Außer vielen politischen Pamphleten schrieb er eine Geschichte der vier letzten Jahre der Königin Anna. Als Dichter zeigt er mehr Reimfertigkeit als Geschmack und Erhabenheit. — *Partridge*, der getreue Gefährte des Helden Tom Jones, war halb Barbier, halb Dorfschulmeister. *Common-prayer book*, das allgemeine Gebetbuch der anglikan. Kirche. *gunpowder treason*, die Verschwörung der katholischen Partei im Jahr 1604, das Parliamentshaus während der Eröffnung desselben durch Jakob I., mit der ganzen königlichen Familie, allen Pairs und Gemeinen in die Luft zu sprengen. Der Tag der Entdeckung der Verschwörung wird in der anglikan. Kirche jährlich gefeiert. *David Garrick*, (geb. 1716, starb 1779), der größte Schauspieler Englands, gleich groß im Tragischen wie im Komischen. *Lud have mercy*, statt *Lord have mercy*.

42. *Nulla fides fronti*, (lat.) es ist keinem Gesicht zu trauen.

43. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*, (lat.) Niemand ist zu allen Stunden weise.

44. *the king for my money*, da lobe ich mir den König. *Henry Fielding*, (geb. zu Sharpham Park, Somersetshire 1707, starb 1754), stammte von guter Familie, hatte aber durch sein prunkvolles Leben bald sein väterliches Erbe verprast und mußte durch seine schriftstellerischen Arbeiten sich durchbringen, bis er einer der Richter von Westminster und Middlesex wurde, wo er sich durch Unbestechlichkeit und Gerechtigkeit auszeichnete. Mitten in dieser Beschäftigung schrieb er sein bestes Werk, *Tom Jones*, von dem Dr. Beattie sagt, daß seit den Tagen Homers die Welt kein treffenderes Epos gesehen, und auch Byron nannte Fielding: *the prose Homer of human nature*. Dieser Roman gilt bis auf die heutige Stunde als einer der ersten der ganzen engl. Literatur, denn er ist an Wahrheit, Natürlichkeit und Ver-

schiedenheit der Charaktere nie übertroffen worden. Seine andern Romane sind: Joseph Andrews, Jonathan Wild und Amelia.

52. *bairn*, schott. für Sohn, et. born, der geborene.

53. *Lord Clive*, (geb. 1725, † 1774), der Begründer der jetzigen Macht Englands in Ostindien; er nahm Kalkutta und gewann die Schlacht bei Plassy, wodurch die Engländer die Oberherrschaft in Bengalen erhielten. 1764 wurde er Obergeneral und Gouverneur von Kalkutta, kehrte 1767 nach England zurück, wo er wegen seines ungeheuren Vermögens in Anklagestand gesetzt, aber vom Parlament losgesprochen wurde. Er erschoss sich, weil ihn die blutigen Schatten der Hindus überall verfolgten.

54. *Tobias George Smollet*, geb. in Schottland 1721, von guter Familie, aber da sein Großvater, in dessen Haus er nach dem frühen Tod seines Vaters erzogen ward, ihm keine Erbschaft hinterlassen hatte, so widmete er sich der Arzneikunde und ging nach London, wo er sein ganzes Leben lang mit Drangsalen zu kämpfen hatte. Als Schriftsteller zeichnete er sich hauptsächlich durch Romane und durch die Fortsetzung von Hume's Geschichte von England aus. Zu den ersteren gehören: Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Count Fathom, Sir Launcelot Greaves und Humphry Clinker, lauter Werke, die ihm den Rang neben Richardson und Fielding zuweisen. — *coxcomb*, Geck.

55. *to caper*, Luftsprünge machen.

56. *to plug*, verstopfen. *triclina*, oder vielmehr *triclinia*, die Speiselager, Speisesopha der Römer, auf denen sie beim Essen lagen. *couchette*, Schlafbank, Britsche. *limber*, biegsam, geschmeidig. *to tilt up*, sich überschlagen, in die Höhe fahren. *pulvilio*, Puderstaub.

57. *lovage*, Liebstöckel (*Ligusticum levisticum*). *mint*, Pfeffermünze (*Mentha*). *rue*, Raute (*Ruta graveolens*). *anchovies*, Sardellen. *salacacabia*, oder besser: *salaccabia*, im Topfe gekochte Salzspeisen. *parsley*, Petersilie. *pennyroyal*, Flöhkraut, der Polei (*Mentha pulegium*). *pinetops*, Fichtenköpfe. *brine*, Salzwasser. *soup-maigre*, Wassersuppe. *a loin of veal*, Kalbsnierenstück. *fennel*, Fenchel. *carraway seed*, Kümmel. *a pottage*, Fleischsuppe, Sauce. *hashis*, fein gehacktes Fleisch. *lights*, Lunge. *sillykicabys*, Verdrehung des Wortes *salaccabia*. *spoon meat*, Fleisch, das mit Löffeln, nicht mit Gabeln gegessen wird, also zerhacktes Fleisch. *gullet*, Kehle, Gurgel.

58. *brimstone*, Schwefel. *salamoniack*, Ammoniacsalz, Salmiak. *nitrum*, natürliches mineralisches Laugensalz (nicht Salpeter), natürliche Soda. *succedaneum*, Surrogat. *to puke*, sich erbrechen, speien, *pye*, dasselbe wie *pie*, Pastete. *dormice*, Haselmaus, Murmelthier.

59. *poppy*, Mohn (Oelmagen). *toasted*, geröstet. *hock of pork*, Schinken. *bumper*, Humpen. *cloves*, Gewürznelken. *garlic*, Knoblauch. *teats*, Zitzen, Brustwarzen. *just farrowed*, die kurz vorher Ferkel bekommen hatte. *origanum*, der Dosten, Wohlgemuth (Bot.). *pullet*, junges Huhn. *bagpipe*, Dudelsack.

60. *assa foetida*, der stinkende Asant, Teufelsdreck. (Gummiharz des Steckenfrautes). *garum*, (lat.) kostbare Sauce aus verschiedenen kleinen marinirten Fischen, also eine Art Caviar. *scomber*, Art Thunfisch, Makrele. *silurus*, or *shad fish*, die Alse, Schade, der Mutterhäring. *haemation*, blutig. *guts*, Eingeweide. *gills*, die Kiemen. *thynnus*, Thunfisch. *conger-eel*, Meeraal. *gurnard*, die Seeleier, der Seekufus. *mullet*, Seebarbe. *lamprey*, Lamprete. *Nasiedenus*, so steht dieser Name, sowie die darauf folgende Citation in der engl. Ausgabe Smollett's (Edinburgh 1820. 2ter Band S. 265), aus der dieses Stück gezogen ist; es sollte aber heißen Nasidienus, ferner *squillas* statt *squillos*, auch gehört das Comma nach Murena weg. *Squilla* oder *scilla*, heißt Meerzwiebel, aber auch Seekrebschen. Wörtlich hieße es: Es wird eine Muräna zwischen schwimmenden Meerzwiebeln (oder Seekrebschen) aufgetragen. Wieland übersetzt:

In einer großen Schüssel ausgestreckt
Wird zwischen Hummern, die in Brühe schwimmen,
Nun eine mächtige Lamprete aufgetragen.

Horaz Satire II. VIII. 42.

thus syriacum, syrischer Weihrauch. *anodyne*, schmerzstillend, lindernd. *astrigent*, zusammenziehend (von Heilmitteln).

61. *hypotrimma*, Brühe aus allerhand würzigen Ingredienzien. *candied*, überzuckert. *laser*, gleichbedeutend mit *assa foetida*.

62. *Mr. Noddy*, eigentlich Herr Nicker, Schlafhaube, von *to nod*, schläfrig nicken.

63. *crasis*, Temperament, *κράσις*, Mischung. *to run foul of somebody's tackling*, in das Takelwerk eines Schiffes getrieben werden.

64. *the mortgager*, Pfandschuldner, *the mortgagee*, Pfandgläubiger. *the jester*, der Spöttler, *the jestee*, der Bespöttelte. *pop*, pass!

68. *Laurence Sterne* (geb. zu Clonmel in Irland 1713, † 1768), studierte Theologie in Cambridge und erhielt die Pfarrei zu Sutton und später zu Stillington. Er ist der englische Cervantes, dem er in reicher excentrischer komischer Charakterschilderung, in Witz, Pathos und Sentimentalität wenig nachsteht, und den er oft in Shakspeare'schen Gedankenblitzen übertrifft. Sein *Tristram Shandy* und sein *Sentimental Journey* stehen einzig und unerreicht da in der englischen Literatur, und in der unsrigen gleicht ihm nur Jean Paul und Heine.

76. *James Macpherson*, der zweifelhafte Uebersetzer Ossians (geb. in Schottland 1738, † 1796), studierte Theologie in Aberdeen, bereiste die schottischen Hochgebirge, um die Ueberbleibsel der gaelischen Poesie zu sammeln, die er mit unerhörtem Erfolg unter dem Titel: *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem* und *Temora*, angeblich von Ossian, in englischer Uebersetzung herausgab. Zu gleicher Zeit aber entstand ein heftiger Streit über die Aechtheit der Ossianischen Gedichte, und da er selbst nie eine Aufklärung darüber gab, und die Highland Society, eine gelehrte Gesellschaft zur Erforschung der Geschichte und Topographie Schottlands, als Resultat ihrer sorgfältigsten Untersuchungen bekannt machte, daß kein einziges gaelisches Gedicht, das sie gesammelt habe, dem Namen oder Wesen nach dem ossianischen ähnlich sei, so wird jetzt als mehr als wahrscheinlich angenommen, daß Macpherson nach dem Vorbild einiger gaelischen Dichtungen das Epos in einer absichtlich monotonen, nebligten Sprache selbst gedichtet und derselben dadurch ein Gewicht, das ihr innerer Werth allein nicht besitz, verleihen wollte. Das hier aufgenommene Stück ist dasselbe, das Goethe in *Werther* so herrlich übersetzt hat.

81. *Dr. Samuel Johnson*, (geb. zu Lichfield in Staffordshire 1709, † 1784), studierte zu Oxford und lebte später als Schriftsteller zu London. In massivem Verstand, mannigfaltigen Kenntnissen, Scharfsinn und moralischem Muth ragt er gewaltig unter den Schriftstellern des 18. Jahrh. hervor, und übte einen bedeutenden Einfluß auf die engl. Literatur aus, indem er die nackte Einfachheit Swift's, die Anmuth Addison's verbannte, die Phantasieliteratur unterdrückte und dagegen die des Verstandes erhob, alle Sentimentalität, Unreinheit des Geschmacks und Unsittlichkeit der Darstellungen verdamnte und eine gesunde, stärkende Atmosphäre zu schaffen bemüht war. Leider versiel er hinsichtlich des Stils auf das andere Extrem, er gefiel sich in einem Wortschwall, in prunkhafter, weitschweifiger Sententiosität und vertrieb das lautere, frische germanische Element der englischen Sprache durch seine gelehrte, den alten Sprachen entnommene Wortbildung. Als Mann war er der schönste Typus eines altenglischen Charakters. Seine bekanntesten Werke sind: Gedichte in Juvenalischer Manier; *the Rambler* und *the Idler*, (eine Reihe von Essays, wie der *Spectator*); *Rasselas*, aus dem obiges Stück entnommen; *Lives of the Poets*; a *Dictionary of the English Language*. Sein Leben hat Boswell nach der Natur treffend aufgezeichnet.

87. *Oliver Goldsmith*, der weltbekannte Verfasser des *Vicar of Wakefield*, wurde zu Pallas, einem kleinen Dorfe in Irland, am 10. Nov. 1728 geboren. Sein Vater war ein armer Geistlicher, so daß Oliver nur durch die Unterstützung eines Verwandten in Cambridge studiren konnte. Nach einem äußerst bewegten und unstäten Leben, das ihn in England und auf dem Continente oft der gräßlichsten Armuth aussetzte, erwarb er sich durch sein Gedicht "The Traveller" (1764) einen großen Ruf und lebte fortan ganz als Schriftsteller. Zwei Jahre darauf erschien sein *Vicar of Wakefield*, das er um einen Spottpreis verkaufte, um Schulden damit zu zahlen. Selbst der Verleger erkannte den Werth des Werkes nicht und ließ es zwei Jahre lang in seinem Schreibtische liegen. Auch durch einige Comödien (hauptsächlich das so wohl aufgenommene Lustspiel: *She stoops to conquer*) erhöhte er seinen Ruhm und da er auch mehrere Werke über Geschichte und Naturgeschichte compilirte, so erwarb er sich 1000—1800 Pfd. Sterling jährlich. Doch setzte er sein unstätes Leben fort, und er vollendete seine schriftstellerische Laufbahn so arm, als er sie begonnen hatte. Er starb in seinem 45sten Jahr am 4. April 1774 in London mit 2000 Pfd. Schulden.

92. *Henry Mackenzie*, der bekannte Nachahmer Sterne's, ward 1745 zu Edinburg geboren, und gehörte jenem Kreise berühmter Schotten an, (Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair &c.), welche Edinburg zum Athen des Nordens machten. Sein Hauptwerk ist der Roman: *The Man of Feeling*, aus dem das vorliegende Stück genommen ist. Es ist wie die *Sentimental Journey* und *Tristram Shandy* die Grundlage der pathetisch-humoristischen Schule, welche in Deutschland durch Hippel und Jean Paul weiter ausgebildet wurde. Mackenzie starb 86 Jahr alt 1831.

95. *Mathew Gregory Lewis*, geb. zu London 1773, gest. auf einer Reise von Jamaica nach London 1818. Er gehört zu der abenteuerlichen Schule, deren Stifter er durch sein berühmtestes Werk: *The Monk*, geworden war, und zu welchem die Romane der Mrs. Ann Radcliffe und der Frankenstein der Mrs. Shelley gerechnet werden müssen. Diese Werke sind übrigens jetzt ebenso vergessen wie die Kloster- und Räubergeschichten Millers und Houwalds.

101. *William Godwin* (geb. zu Wisbech in Cambridgeshire 1756, † 1836), wirkte zuerst als Geistlicher einer dissentirenden Kirche und später als Schriftsteller. Er gehört zu den merkwürdigsten Männern Englands durch die Kühnheit seiner Meinungen, durch die Tiefe und Glut seines Gefühls, durch seine freisinnigen philosophischen und socialischen Speculationen und durch seine unermüdliche literarische Thätigkeit. Seine ausgezeichnetsten Werke sind: *Caleb Williams*, ein Roman, in dem er alle Schrecknisse des häuslichen Despotismus malt; *the Enquirer*, eine Reihe von Essays über Erziehung und Literatur; *St. Leon*, die Geschichte eines Alchymisten, in der er das Uebernatürliche mit den menschlichen Gefühlen und Leidenschaften zu vermischen suchte; *Fleetwood or the New Man of Feeling*, als Seitenstück zu Mackenzie's ausgezeichnetem *Man of Feeling*; *Mandeville*; *Cloudesly*; ferner schrieb er *a Life of Chaucer* und *a History of the Commonwealth*.

104. *Thomas Hope* († 1831), einer der "merchant princes" von England, der, wie Bedford und Rogers, in dem Besitz eines ungeheuren Reichthums, denselben zur Ausbildung und Befriedigung seines Kunstgeschmacks benützte, und gleich ersterem nur ein einziges Fictionswerk schrieb, nämlich *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek*, das die glühendsten Schilderungen der Levante und Italiens und meisterhafte Charaktere enthält.

105. *to cut the person*, eigentl. *to cut the acquaintance of the person*, die Bekanntschaft abbrechen, dann auch: jemanden nicht kennen wollen.

108. *Fall of Fyers*, Wasserfall in der Grafschaft Inverness. *a'* schott. = all. Was die Aussprache der schottischen Wörter betrifft, so merke man sich Folgendes: *ch* und *gh* haben immer einen Gutturallaut. Der Laut des engl. Diphthongs *oo* wird gewöhnlich *ou* geschrieben. Das franz. *u*, ein Laut, der oft im Schottischen vorkommt, wird durch *oo* oder *ui* bezeichnet. Das *a* in ächtschott. Wörtern klingt wie

das breite a im engl. all, wall, außer wenn es einen Diphthongen bildet oder ein stummes e nach einem einzelnen Consonant darauf folgt. Das schottische ae flingt immer, und ea sehr oft, wie das franz. ê. Das schott. ey wird wie das deutsche ei gesprochen. *frae* = from. *bit* = little. *callant*, Knabe. *couldna* = could not. *bide* = abide, dulden, ertragen. *leddy* = lady. *aye*, immer. *ilka* = every. *cam* = came. *sae* = so. *lookit* = looked. *lift*, Luft, Himmel. *rin* = run, Schuß, Strömung der Flut. *eneugh* = enough. *gie* = give. *wad* = would. *weel* = well. *ee* = eye. *sic* = such. *neb*, Schneppe, Schnauze, Nase. *abune* = above. *bonny* = handsome. *haud* = hold. *auld* = old. *sair* = sore. *winsome* = comely, artig. *d'ye* = do you. *wee* = small.

109. *smā'* = small. *muckle* = much. *I winna* = I will not. *Ness* = Nose, Namen vieler schott. Vorgebirge, z. B. Fife Ness, Tarbat Ness. *gane* = gone. *awsome* = awful.

110. *wame* = womb, Schooß. *gaberlunzie* = wallet, Schnappsack, Felleisen, dann auch für gaberlunzie-man, ein Bettler. *nae* = no, häufige Verwandlung wie *sae* = so. *twal* = twelve. *bauld* = bold. *craigsman*, Felsenkletterer. *anco* = once. *mony* = many. *kittywake*, irländische Möve. *lungie*, Wasserhuhn. *thae* = these. *lang syne* = long since. *speel*, flettern. *sinsyne*, seitdem. *twa* = two. *to weize* = direct, et. weisen. *easel-ward*, ostwärts. *mair* = more.

111. *ither* = other. *Cat'slug* = Cat's-ear. *aik* = oak. *canny* = gentle, careful. *tak tent*, statt take attention, nimm dich in Acht. *ye maun* = you may. *braid* = broad. *tow*, Tau. *win at ye* = get at you. *puir* = poor.

112. *Fowlsheugh*, wörtl. Vogelfels. *heugh* = crag. *wadna hae* = would not have. *an*, ob. *yald*, etym. yielding, biegsam, elastisch. *deil* = devil. *bedesman* = beadsman, Bettler, wörtl. Betbruder, von beads, die Knöpfchen am Rosenfranz. *gang* = go. *tap* = top. *skriegh* = shriek. *Tammie Norie* = Tom of Norway, der Sturmvogel. *I ken* = I know, einer von den vielen Fällen, wo das Schottische dem Deutschen näher steht. *skirl* = cry.

113. *haud a care* = hold a care, nehmt euch in Acht. *cleugh* = cliff. *ae* = one. *tackle* = Talle, eine Art Winde oder Flaschenzug. *I se* = I shall. *sune* = soon. *out o' the gate*, aus dem Wege, engl. gait, Weg, Gang.

114. *hoodie-craws* = hooded craws. *that gate*, auf diesem Wege, auf diese Weise. *skart* = sea-gull, Seemöve. *to bowse up*, aufstehen, anholen, in die Höhe ziehen. *kegs o' gin*, Fäßchen Wachholderschnapps. *a step for the mast*, Mastspur, das Loch, worin ein Mast befestigt wird. *rattlin*, engl. rattling, die Webeleine, Stufen der Strickleiter an den Masten. *haul taught* = haul tight, ziehe fest. *belay*, Schiffspr. ein Tau belegen = befestigen. *gy*, Tau, Leitseil.

115. *Patmos*, Felseninsel im ägäischen Meere, der Verbannungsort des Evangelisten Johannes. *hooly*, langsam. *hoast*, Husten. *unco* = uncouth, strange, prodigious, *unco ill*, entspricht unserem provinz. insam schlecht; wird auch von uncommon abgeleitet.

116. *better sus. per funem, than sus. per coll.* (lat.), für suspensus per funem, am Seil aufgehängt, suspensus per collum, am Hals aufgehängt. *ca'* = call, das schott. auch treiben, verfahren heißt.

117. *bide off* = keep off, bleibe weg. *graybeard*, Graubart, eine steinerne Flasche. *unbrizzed* = unbruised. *dwam*, plötzliche Ohnmacht. *gowd* = gold.

118. *a soup* = a sip, ein Schluck. *bigging* = building, Haus. *awmons* = alms. *Sir Walter Scott* (geb. zu Edinburg 1771, starb 1832), der größte Dichter und Novellist Schottlands, studierte in seiner Vaterstadt und erschien zuerst in der literarischen Welt als Uebersetzer einiger Balladen Bürger's und Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen. Von Jugend auf hatte er einen Sinn für Volksfagen und das Topographisch-Geschichtliche seines romantischen Heimatlandes. Er sammelte daher auch schottische Balladen unter dem Titel: *Minstrelsy of the scottish border* (1802), und

trat endlich als selbständiger Dichter 1805 auf durch: *The Lay of the last Minstrel*, diesem folgte *Marmion* (1808), *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), *Roderick* (1811), *Rockeby* (1813) und *The Lord of the Isles* (1814), welche alle mit ungeheurem Beifall aufgenommen wurden. Der beträchtliche Ertrag derselben setzte ihn in Stand, einen Landsitz, *Abbotsford*, zu kaufen; dort legte er sich auf einen andern Literaturzweig — den historischen Roman — und trat anonym 1814 mit *Waverley* auf, darauf folgten gleichsam streng anonym *Guy Mannering* 1815, *The Antiquary*, *Black Dwarf* und *Old Mortality* 1816, *Rob Roy* und *Heart of Midlothian* 1818, *The Bride of Lammermoor* und *Legend of Montrose* 1819, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery* und *Abbot* 1820, *Kenilworth* und *The Pirate* 1821, *Nigel* 1822, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward* und *St. Ronan's Well* 1823, und noch mehrere bedeutend schwächere Werke bis zu seinem Tod. Das Unglück, das ihn 1826 durch den Bankrupt seines Verlegers und Geschäftsgeossen *Constable* in *Edinburg* betraf, wodurch eine Schuldenlast von 117,000 Pfd. Sterling ihm aufgewälzt wurde, nöthigte ihn des Gelderwerbes halber mehreres zu schreiben, besonders sein einseitiges *Life of Napoleon*, auch eine *History of Scotland*. Geschwächt an Körper und Geist, machte er 1831 eine Reise nach Italien, kehrte aber schon 1832 nach *Abbotsford* zurück, wo er am 21. Sept. 1832 starb. Ein prachtvolles gothisches Denkmal ist ihm in *Edinburg* errichtet worden, das unvergänglichsie hat er sich aber selbst gesetzt.

132. *Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer* (geb. 1803), *Baronet*, stammt aus einer alten angesehenen *Norfolk*-Familie und ist der jüngste Sohn des *Generals Bulwer*. Er soll schon im fünften oder sechsten Jahre Verse gemacht haben und gewann zu *Cambridge*, wo er studierte, den ersten Preis für sein „Gedicht über die Sculptur“. Trotz dem hat er sich in der metrischen Dichtkunst auf keine Stufe geschwungen, die ihn einem *Southey*, *Coleridge* oder *Wordsworth* an die Seite hätte stellen können. Das Gelingenste in dieser Hinsicht ist seine metrische Uebersetzung der Gedichte *Schillers*, aus denen nicht selten der ächt schillersche Geist weht. Seinen großen Ruf verdankte er seinen Romanen, welche Epoche machten und ihn nach *Walter Scott* zum gelesensten Schriftsteller in Europa erhoben. Diese Laufbahn eröffnete er 1827 durch die Novelle „*Falkland*“, eine schwache Nachahmung *Byrons*. Aufsehen erregte *Bulwer* erst durch den 1828 erschienenen Roman: „*Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*“, von welchem *Chambers* sagt: *a novel full of brilliant and witty writing, sarcastic levity, representations of the manners of the great, piquant remark, and scenes of deep and romantic interest.*“ Diesem folgten eine Reihe glänzender Romane, und zwar: *The Disowned* (Ende von 1828), *Devereux* (1829), *Paul Clifford* (1830), *Eugene Aram* (1832), *England and the English* (1833), *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), *Cola Rienzi*, *Ernest Maltravers* (1837), *Alice, Athens, its Rise and Fall, Night and Morning, Zanoni* (1838—1842), darauf folgten in einer Reihe von zehn Jahren: *The last of the Barons*, *Lucretia*, *Harold*, *King Arthur*, *The Caxtons*, und seitdem *My Novel* (1852) und *What will he do with it.* (1858) lauter Werke, in denen *Bulwer's* Stern immer noch glänzend leuchtet. Auch als dramatischer Dichter hat sich *Bulwer* versucht, und sein *Money*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Not so bad as we seem*, sind mit Beifall aufgeführt worden. *in spite of himself*, wider Willen.

133. *to make a point of*, sich etwas zur Pflicht, zur Aufgabe machen. *leap-frog*, das Froschhüpfen (ein Kinderspiel). *hopscotch*=*scotchhoppers*, das Hüpfspiel (der Kinder), wobei auf Einem Bein gehüpft wird).

134. *to droop over*, über etwas herabhängen. *homespun*, einfach, schlicht. *cross*, Kreuzung, Mittelung. *slant*, Schiefe. *to belly out*, aufschwellen, hervorragen. *top-crust*, obere Rinde. *town-tub*, Stadttonne, Stadtzuber. *shorts*=*small-clothes*, kurze Beinkleider. *silks*, seidene Strümpfe.

135. *clock*, Zwickel im Strumpfe; „Zwickelblume“ (Boß). *to tack*, laviren.

136. *to buoy up*, aufrecht erhalten, stärken.

137. *that's not my look-out*, das ist nicht meine Sache zu untersuchen. *undertone*, tiefe Stimme.

138. *gastric juice*, Magensaft. *crusted port wine*, Portwein (von Oporto), der in der Flasche eine Kruste angesetzt hat. *ant's nest*, Ameisenhaufen. *clod-hopper*, Schollentreter, Bauer. *heart-stricken*, im Innersten betroffen. *olfactories*, Geruchsnerven.

139. *to make the most of*, den bestmöglichen Nutzen zu ziehen. *to get off the track*, die Spur verlieren. *to flounder*, sich abarbeiten. *to keep moving*, sich fortbewegen. *roarer*, Schreier, Brüller, ein Jagdhund, der sehr stark bellt. *lounge*, müßiges Herumschlendern. *antiperipatetic prejudices*, Vorurtheile gegen das Fußgehen.

140. *hang-dog expression*, diebischer, galgenstrickmäßiger Ausdruck. *scape-goats*, Galgenschwengel. *cat's tail*=cat of nine tails, neunschwänzige Kaze, Peitsche zur Bestrafung besonders der Soldaten und der Matrosen. *great coat*, Ueberrock.

141. *I take it*, mein' ich. *I am blest* für *blessed*, hol' mich der Hefker. *if he aint* für *if he be not*. *Bill*=William. *silk-net purse*, von Seide gestickte oder gewobene Börse. *to make free with*, keine Umstände mit etwas machen. *tumulus*, Hügel. *minus*, ohne. *Robin Good fellow*, Robin Gutgesell, der gute Hauskobold.

142. *to play the truant*, hinter die Schule gehen. *minute-guns*, Signalschüsse, die jede Minute abgefeuert werden. *fidgety*, unruhig. *swing-gate*, Schwingthor, das sich nach beiden Seiten öffnet. *to double up*, Kreuzsprünge machen.

143. *to get the better of*, es einem abgewinnen. *steeple-chase*, Kirchthurmsrennen. *to brawl*, murmeln. *brooklet*, kleiner Bach.

144. *be off with you*, packt Euch fort. *for aught I know*, so viel ich weiß.

145. *Blackwood's Magazine*, eines der ausgezeichnetsten schönwissenschaftlichen monatlichen Magazine, früher unter der Leitung des Prof. Wilson zu Edinburg.

146. *to litter*, bestreuen, herumstreuen. *muck*, der nasse Dung. *crestfallen*, niedergeschlagen, muthlos. *matted*, geflochten. *cud*, das im Vormagen aufbewahrte, noch nicht wiedergekäuete Futter. *wall-eyed*, weißäugig (von Pferden). *eaves*, Dachrinne, Traufe. *cur*, bissiger Hund. *between a bark and a yelp*, zwischen Bellen und Belfern. *drab of a kitchen wench*, eine Schlampe von einer Küchenmagd. *pattens*, Holzschuhe, Rothschuhe (hölzerne Ueberschuhe). *boon companions*, Spießgeselle. *puddle*, Pfütze. *to scour*, durchstreifen. *of yore*, vor Alters.

147. *pattern-card*, Musterkarte. *coat of mail*, Panzer. *an upper Benjamin*, ein Ueberzieher, Paletot. *peerless*, unvergleichlich. *falchion*, Pallasch (frummer Säbel). *box-coat*, Kutschierüberrock. *oilcloth*, Wachstuch. *to huff*, anschrauben. *Boots*, der Stiefelpußer.

148. *carrotty-headed*, rothköpfig. *ycleped*, genannt. *hipped*, lendenlahm, kreuzlahm, melancholisch. *the bar*, Schenkstisch.

149. *a shrew*, eine Reiserin. *a slammerkin*, eine Schlampe. *a nincom-poop*, ein Einfaltspinsel. *Hunt*, nämlich der Dichter Leigh Hunt, der wegen Preßvergehens eine Zeitlang im Gefängniß saß und 1859 gestorben ist. Sein bestes Werk ist die poetische Erzählung "Francesca di Rimini". *a square-toes*, ein alter unmodischer Mann. *a squall*, ein lauter Schrei. *obstreperous*, lärmend. *dudgeon*, Groll, Unwille. *her cap flaring*, mit schiefer Haube. *squabbles*, Zänkereien, Streit.

151. *a termagant landlady*, ein Hausdrache von einer Wirthin. *a Belcher handkerchief*, gelbbuntes, seidenes Halstuch. *Highgate*, Dorf auf einem Hügel, ein bekannter Belustigungsort der Londoner. *a tapster*, ein Zapfer, Schenkwirth. *a publican*, ein Schenkwirth. *to touzle*, zerzausen, zerren. *to prose*, langweilige Geschichten erzählen. *negus*, Glühwein. *a fit of the fidgets*, ein Anfall von nervösem Zittern. *incog* statt *incognito*.

152. *wag*, Spaßvogel. *to chuckle*, aus vollem Halse lachen. *plethoric*, vollblütig. *sandy*, rothhaarig. *a cabbaged wick*, ein Docht mit einem „Räuber“. *a toper*, ein Zecher.

153. *Washington Irving* (geb. 1782, † 1859), ein Amerikaner, der sich aber durch Reinheit, Sorgfalt und Gediegenheit des Stils vor manchem englischen berühmten Autoren auszeichnet, gewann zuerst einen Namen durch seine humoristische *History of New York*, und hauptsächlich durch sein *Sketch-Book* (1820), ein wahrhaft klassisches Werk, das wie sein *Bracebridge Hall*, gleichfalls eine Sammlung von Charakterskizzen und englischen Sitten, manche der hervorragendsten Erscheinungen der neuern Literatur überleben wird. Nicht weniger vortrefflich sind seine andern Werke: *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), *the Alhambra* (1832) und die, nach längerer Unterbrechung in den letzten Jahren erschienenen: *Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography*; *The Life of Mahomet* und *The Successors of Mahomet*; *Life of Washington*.

169. *Oyez!* Hört! Aus dem Französischen, wie überhaupt noch manche franz. Gerichtsausdrücke aus den Zeiten der Normanen geblieben sind.

170. *Samuel Warren*, ein noch lebender Rechtsanwalt, dessen *Diary of a Late Physician, Ten Thousand a year*, und besonders sein *Now and Then*, zu den ausgezeichnetsten Werken der englischen Literatur gehören. Sein letztes Werk *The Lily and the Bee*, das die große Londoner Ausstellung zum Gegenstand hat, wird mit Recht als schwülstig getadelt. *another bottle*, Einladung zum Dableiben, um noch eine Flasche Wein zu trinken. *in light drabs*, in hellgrauen Kleidern.

171. *truncheon*, Knüttel, Commandostab. *to broach*, erfinden.

172. *a stained chair*, ein Sessel von gebeiztem Holz. *a pembroke table*, ein Frühstückstisch mit zwei schmalen Klappen. *a pink shell*, eine fleischfarbene Muschel. *tea-tray*, Theebrett. *caddy*, Thee- und Zuckerfäßchen. *the small hours*, die Stunden mit den kleinen Zahlen, d. h. Ein, Zwei oder Drei Uhr Morgens.

173. *a braided surtout*, ein Ueberrock mit geflochtenen Schnüren, eine Piefesche. *frogs*, Quasten. *to royster* (auch *roister*), poltern.

174. *mite*, Scherflein. *a widow's weeds*, die Wittwentrauer. *pittance*, das Wenige, das Bißchen.

175. *the beacon*, die Baake, der Warnpfahl (an feichten Stellen des Meers), das Signalfener.

176. *Charles Dickens*, der unter dem Namen *Boz* so schnell berühmt gewordene Novellist, ist im Jahr 1812 zu Portsmouth geboren, wo sein Vater bei der Marine angestellt war. Später ließ sich dieser in London nieder, und da er ohne Vermögen war, ging sein Sohn bei einem Advokaten in Dienst und bildete sich später als Stenograph zum Berichterstatter an Gerichtshöfen und im Parlamente aus. Da Dickens mit einem ungemeinen Scharfblick begabt war, welcher die mannigfaltigsten Charaktere der verschiedensten Volksklassen und Individuen zu erfassen verstand, und sich ihm hauptsächlich an Gerichtshöfen die passendste Gelegenheit darbot, die Menschen in ihrem enträthselten Innern und in ihren aufgeregtesten Leidenschaften kennen zu lernen, so sammelte er sich Skizzen, schrieb Wort für Wort ihre Ausdrücke und Redensarten auf, und benützte diesen Schatz von Menschenkenntniß, den nur ein London darbieten kann, zu einer so lebendigen, wahrheitgetreuen Schilderung des Lebensromans, daß er darin ganz einzig in der Literatur dasteht. Er trat zuerst unter dem Namen *Boz* mit seinen *Sketches of London* (gesammelt 1836) auf, und näherte sich der geschlosseneren Form des Romans in seinen *Pickwick-papers* (1837) mit Federzeichnungen von *Phiz* (gleichfalls einem fingirten Namen von Cruikshank, dem Hogarth unserer Zeit). Darauf folgten, meistens in monatlichen Lieferungen, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *Master Humphrey's Clock* (1840), *American Notes* (1842), *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843), *Pictures from Italy*, *Dombey and Son*, *Copperfield*, außerdem lieferte er mehrere Weihnachtserzählungen, und leitet seit 1850 ein

wöchentliches Journal, Household Words, das hauptsächlich zur Bildung der mittleren Klassen bestimmt ist, und jetzt unter dem Namen All the Year round fortgesetzt wird. Seine neuesten Romane: The Bleak House, Little Dorrit, A Tale of two Cities, in welchen noch keine Abnahme seiner schöpferischen Kraft oder seiner lebendigen Volks- und Menschenschilderung wahrzunehmen ist.

192. *land-arches*, die auf dem Trockenen stehenden Bögen einer Brücke.

193. *M. P.*, Member of Parliament. *Surrey side*, der auf dem südlichen (rechten) Ufer der Themse gelegene Theil von London, Southwark genannt, gehört zur Grafschaft Surrey.

194. *cooperage*, Böttcherei. *fining-house*, Klärhaus. *main*, Kanal. *bin*, hölzerner Kasten, Behälter, Lade.

195. *sliding door*, Schiebethüre. *to work*, in Bewegung setzen.

196. *mash-tun*, Meischbottich. *wort*, die Wurze (ungehopftes, ungegorenes Bier). *underback*, Unterfufe. *grains*, Träber.

197. *hose*, Schlauch, Durchschlag.

198. *to steam*, dem Dampfe aussetzen, durchdämpfen. *chaff-cutting machine*, Häckerlingschneidmaschine. *entire*, ächt. *victualer*, Zapfenwirth, Bierschenk. *breaking day*, Feiertag.

199. *water-butt*, (großes) Wasserfaß. *dust-hole*, Kehrloch. *flag stones*. Seitensteine (für Fußgänger). *rushlight*, Nachtlicht.

200. *Picadilly*, eine an den Green Park stoßende Hauptstraße des Westends von London. *Covent Garden*, ein großer Marktplatz in London. *coster-monger*, Obsthändler. *Hummums*, Gasthof am Covent Garden Platz. *servant of all work*, eine Magd zu allen möglichen Dienstverrichtungen, Hausmagd. *kitchen-range*, Küchenrost.

201. *to look blue*, trübselig aussehen. *fast coach*, Eilwagen. *cab*, Cabriolet. *apron*, das Schooßleder an Gefährten. *them*, für these. *riglar*, für regular. *ackneycotche*, für hackney coach. *von't*, für will not. *no vun*, für no one.

202. *roll*, Semmel. *Chancery-lane*, eine Straße in der Nähe von Fleetstreet in der City. *Inns of Court*, Juristenkollegien. *gigs*, zweirädrige Cabriolet.

203. *muffin*, Semmel, Müßchen. *kittle's jist a biling*, für kettle is just a boiling. *sarser*, für saucer. *cup and saucers*, Ober- und Untertassen, Tassen überhaupt. *tray*, Speisenbrett, Präsentirteller. *'Tiser*, Abkürzung für Advertiser, eine meist nur von Wirthen gehaltene Zeitung.

204. *character*, Zeichen, Figuren. *whereabout*, Aufenthalt. *flat fish*, Plattfisch. *dab*, Stück. *weekly Dorset*, d. h. wöchentlich versandte Butter aus der Grafschaft Dorset. *come the double monkey*, den doppelten Affen spielen (durch schnelles Umdrehen plötzlich in einer andern Gestalt dastehen, wobei der Rücken als Vorderseite maskirt ist).

205. *purl*, Vermuthbier. *trunkmaker*, Koffermacher. *glee*, mehrstimmiges Lied. *professional gentlemen*, Musiker von Profession.

206. *Bessy*, Elisabeth. *sniff*, Schnauben. *unqualified*, unbedingt.

210. *in carriage and four*, vierspännig. *to drive tandem*, in einer zweirädrigen, mit zwei Pferden (eines vor dem andern) bespannten Chaise fahren. *cover*, das Lager (eines Fuchses). *cord*, ein dichter, schleifig gerippter Beinkleiderstoff aus Wolle und Baumwolle. *brush*, Pinsel, Schweif des Fuchses.

211. *whipper-in*, Hundejunge, Treiber. *to stop out*, heraus sperren.

212. *to clear the bank*, das Ufer gewinnen. *countermen*, Männer vom Ladentisch. *double*, Absprung im Laufe. *top speed*, die höchste Eile.

214. *fly*, Giltfutsche. *clematis*, Ranunkeln, die wie wilde Reben sich schlingen.

four-by-honours, vier Honneurs (im Whistspiel). *corner cupboard*, Eckschrank. *stock*, Levoje. *lime tree*, Linde.

217. *lolly-pops*, eine Art Zuckerstengel.

219. *St. Luke's viz. hospital*, ein Spital in London. *handlight*, Glasglocke. *blood-horse*, ein Vollblutpferd (von rein arabischer Race). *cricketer*, Schlagballspieler. *glen*, enges Thal, Bergschlucht.

220. *burn* (in Schottland), Bach, Fluß.

222. *as weel* = as well. *to gar*, zwingen. *gude* = good. *awa* = away. *ye're* = you are. *brig* = bridge. *brak* = brake. *coup* = turn over. *a'* = all. *thegither* = together. *whaur* = where. *sud* = should. *dinna ye ken* = do not you know. *syne* = since. *ahint* = behind. *lave* = the rest, the others.

223. *they wad na* = they would not. *pit-mirk* = pitch-dark. *owre* = over. *I se* = I shall.

224. *rowan-tree* = mountain-ash. *gudeman*, Ehemann.

226. *wark* = work. *Meg*, Gretchen. *we mauna* = we must not.

227. *boreen*, kleine Straße.

228. *gorsoon*, Bursche, Junge.

230. *procthorin thief*, Tagdieb. *wid* = with. *of ould* = of old. *hedge-school*, Winkelschule.

232. *chalet* (franz.), Käsehütte, Sennhütte.

239. *haematuria* (griech.), Blutfluß.

240. *buoyancy of frame*, Elasticität des Körpers.

245. *Mel Passi*, Honigstrich. *Mal Passi*, schlimmer Strich. *Bel Passi*, schöner Strich.

260. *tinselly show*, Flitterstaat. *griffin* (in Ostindien), der Neuling in indischen Sitten und Gebräuchen. *Johnny Newcome*, Hans Neuling. *sangaree*, ein Getränk aus Branntwein oder Wein mit Zucker, Zitrone, Muskatnuß und Wasser.

261. *to give no fair play*, einem entgegenarbeiten, keine Zeit lassen. *to shift about*, den Aufenthaltsort ändern. *ratan*, indianisches Rohr, Ratang.

262. *intuitive*, unmittelbar. *to bake*, gebacken, gebraten werden. *cane-bottomed sofa*, Sopha, dessen Sitz von Rohr geflochten ist.

263. *chunam*, gipsartiger Mörtel (aus calcinirten Muscheln). *intermediate*, dazwischen liegend.

264. *old Uncle Toby*, Onkel Tobias, eine Hauptperson in Sterne's Tristram Shandy. *engineering*, Ingenieurkunst. *well-cursed*, höchst lästig, verwünscht. *flank companies*, Plänkler.

266. *to fume*, toben. *Nova Scotia*, Neu-Schottland.

267. *to make the land*, das Land ansichtig werden. *hatchway*, der Weg (durch die Luken) von einem Verdeck zum andern. *to make sail*, mehr Segel beifügen. *to hail*, (durchs Sprachrohr) anrufen. *topman*, der Matrose auf dem Mars. *to shake out*, herausschütteln. *reef*, Reff (das eingereffte [zusammengerollte und an die Raa gebundene] Stück eines Segeltuchs). *to trice up*, aufhissen. *stay-sail*, Stagssegel. *to rig out*, ausrüsten, aufstakeln. *boom*, Leesegelespiere.

268. *light* = lighthouse. *to stand on*, dem Lande zu einstecken. *to clear up*, lichten, klären. *flying-jib-boom*, der fliegende Klüverbaum (vorderer Theil des Bugspriets). *to stand in for*, einsegeln in. *look-out man*, Ausgucker, Mastwächter. *fore-yard*, Fockraa.

269. *breakers*, blinde Klippen. *hard a-starboard*, hart am Steuerbord, d. h. Richtung gegen die rechte Seite des Schiffes, zum Gegensatz von larboard, das Backbord, linke Seite. *stern-post*, Hinterstevan. *false keel*, der lose Kiel. *to float*

up, treiben. *upperworks*, das Oberwerk, todte Werk. *breeching*, das Sailwerk an Kanonen, der Broof. *yard-tackle*, das Noctackel. *to hook*, anhafen. *pinnace*, Pinnaſſe, Schaluppe. *to hoist out*, (ein Boot) ausſetzen. *quarter boat*, Hinterdeckboot.

270. *jolly-boat*, das kleine (vierruderige) Boot, die Jolle. *davit*, Jutte, Benterbalken. *the ship is on her beam ends*, das Schiff liegt ganz auf der Seite. *send of the swell*, Aufwallen des Meeres. *weather gunwale*, der Dablbord auf der Zugſeite eines Schiffs. *to take to*, ſich zu etwas halten.

271. *to fork off*, gleichſam einen aufgabeln. *chains*, die Buttingen (Kettenglieder an den Wandtauen). *cremona*, cremoneſer Violine. *public-spirited*, patriotiſch. *gig*, ein (zu einem Schiffe gehöriges) kleines Boot.

272. *predicament*, Lage. *to shape the course*, den Curſ ſtellen. *quarter-master*, Schiemann. *to work on jimbles* (auch *gimble* oder *gimbals* geſchrieben), die Bügel des Compaſſes, alſo: in einem beweglichen Geſtelle angebracht ſein. *to fall in with*, zuſammentreffen. *hard-a-weather*, abgehärtet.

273. *proper berth*, bequemer Ankerplatz. *to dilly-dally*, die Zeit nutzlos hinbringen. *soundings*, Ankergrund, Seefennung.

274. *middy* für *midshipman*, Seekadet. *baffling wind*, widriger Wind. *to be left at a loss*, in Verlegenheit ſein, nicht wiſſen, was man thun ſoll. *to drench*, durchnäſſen. *stow-hold*, Stauloch. *Jack* (dimin. ſt. John), ein allgemeiner Stichname, beſ. der engliſchen Matroſen, Hans. *leeward*, leewärts, dem Winde nicht ausgeſetzt. *light of heart*, fröhlich. *to trim the yards*, die Segelſtangen ſtellen. *topsail-sheet*, Marsſegelleine. *to come close home*, feſt angeſchlagen werden. *bowline*, Boleine. *to close up*, verſchließen. *shrouds*, Segel. *fore or aft*, vorn oder hinten, der ganzen Schiffslänge nach. *to get foul*, unklar werden. *to stick aloft*, oben im Takelwerk hangen bleiben.

275. *tier*, die Scheibe von einem aufgeſchloſſenen (Anker-) Tau. *to jam*, ſich verknüpfen, zuſchnüren, klemmen. *to take the ground*, auf den Grund ſtoßen. *reparabit cornua Phoebe*, (lat.) Phöbe wird ihre Hörner wieder ergänzen. *on Tweed-side*, an den Ufern der Tweed, Grenzfluß zwischen England und Schottland. *the in-shore frigate* (bei einer Hafenbloquierung), die Fregatte, welche das Auslaufen der Schiffe verhindern ſoll.

276. *quartering of the Moon*, Mondsviertel. *professional*, berufsmäßig.

279. *allowance*, Nachlaß.

280. *angular elevation*, Winkelerhebung.

281. *lunars*, Mondtaſeln. *to take sights*, Beobachtungen machen. *to feel uncertain of*, einer Sache nicht gewiß ſein. *to spin along*, daherſegeln. *knot*, Knoten (das Zeichen in der Loglinie) Seemeilen. *to bring to*, (ein Schiff) beilegen, beidrehen.

282. *to bethink one's self of*, ſich erinnern. *boat cloak*, Levante (Ueberrock zur See).

283. *to work out*, herausbringen.

284. *hunch-back*, der Bucklige. *log Inn*, Wirthſhaus aus übereinander gelegten Baumſtämmen erbaut. *common room*, Wirthſchaftszimmer. *dressing-case*, Toilettenkäſtchen. *pannels*, Thürrfüllung.

285. *to part with*, ſich trennen, verlaſſen.

286. *free and-easy state*, ungenirte, ungezwungene Weiſe. *high-pressure engines*, Hochdruckmaſchine. *clasp-knife*, Taſchenmeſſer. *to whittle*, (amerikan.) wehen. *to pare*, abſchälen. *stumpy*, kurz, ſtumpfig.

287. *bright-green*, hell-, lichtgrün.

288. *rapids*, Stromſchnellen. *to heave*, anſchwellen. *to eddy*, wirbeln. *to span*, ſich über etwas hinſpannen. *to crumble away*, ſich abbröckeln.

292. *the keeper*, nämlich of the Great Seal oder the Lord Keeper, der Großsiegelbewahrer.

298. *Roundheads*, Puritaner. *Independent party*, die Partei der Independenten (eine Sekte, die keine geistl. Obrigkeit anerkennt).

299. *the Covenant* (Vertrag), der Covenant, ein Aufsat, abgefaßt (1638) von einer Versammlung Schotten in Edinburg, worin sie gelobten, ihrer väterlichen (puritan.) Religion treu zu bleiben. *to hold one's own*, Stand halten. *mace*, Corporationscepter, Amtsstab. *in its own despite*, wider seinen Willen.

300. *the Long Parliament*, das Parlament, welches (nach längerer Unterbrechung) im Jahr 1640 von Karl I. zusammenberufen wurde. *Monk*, der Wiederhersteller der englischen Monarchie (1660).

301. *globe*, Reichsapfel.

302. *elective franchise*, Wahlrecht, Wahlfreiheit. *the Levellers*, Gleichmacher, Gleichheitsprediger, Vertheidiger der Rechte des Volks gegen die Regierung.

303. *to pass an act*, ein Gesetz votiren. *gentry*, der niedere Adel.

305. *Thomas Babington Macaulay* (geb. 1800, † 1859), einige Jahre vor seinem Tode in den Pairstand erhoben als Lord Macaulay, ist der größte englische Geschichtschreiber und Essayist, und ein bedeutender Staatsmann, Parlamentsredner und Dichter. Als Schriftsteller wirkte er zuerst in der *Edinburgh Review*, wo einige der vortrefflichsten Artikel über Literatur und Geschichte aus seiner Feder sind, die unter dem Titel: *Critical and Historical Essays*, im Jahr 1843 gesammelt erschienen. Als Redner zeichnete er sich durch die Pracht seiner Sprache, die Abrundung seines Periodenbaus und den Alt-Whiggeist aus, der ihn zum glänzendsten Verfechter seiner Partei machte. Eine Zeit lang hatte er sich dem parlamentarischen Treiben entzogen und an seiner *History of England* gearbeitet, die als das vollendetste Geschichtswerk der neueren Zeit betrachtet werden kann. Nicht nur hat er die erste Bedingung eines Geschichtschreibers, *the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth* — erfüllt, wozu ihm auch die mannigfaltigsten öffentlichen und Privaturkunden und diplomatischen Correspondenzen zu Gebote stunden, sondern er ist auch in seinem lebendigen, bündigen, graphischen Style seit Tacitus von keinem übertroffen worden. Leider sind bloß fünf Bände seines, dem Plane nach so umfangreichen Werkes erschienen. Als Dichter zeichnet er sich durch seine "*Lays of ancient Rome*" aufs rühmlichste aus, indem er es versuchte, die Heldenthaten von Horatius, die Schlacht am Regillus See, den Tod der Virginia u. dgl., in einer wahrhaft klassischen Balladenform zu besingen. Seine Werke sind für uns Deutsche durch die billige Tauchnitzer Ausgabe zugänglich geworden.

306. *to grow into place and authority*, Rang und Ansehen, Einfluß erlangen. *Westminster Hall*, Versammlungsort der Parlamentshäuser.

307. *to have at stake*, auf dem Spiele stehen, zu verlieren haben.

308. *to lay to heart*, zu Herzen nehmen.

310. *triple alliance*, Tripelallianz, zwischen England, Holland und Schweden gegen Frankreich (1667).

313. *Dort*, Dordrecht.

315. *to drive to bay*, zur Nothwehr, zum Widerstand treiben, hegen.

316. *Mohawk chief*, Häuptling der Mohak, ein nordamerikanischer Indianerstamm.

317. *to bear up against*, Troß bieten.

318. *endearing*, schmeichelnd, kosend. *eulogist*, (übertriebener) Lobredner.

319. *Star Chamber*, Sternkammer, das ehemalige Criminalgericht zu Westminster, unter Karl I. aufgehoben.

320. *tool*, Werkzeug, Geschöpf, Kreatur. *the Convention*, das (gesetzwidrig)

versammelte Parlament. *the Great Charter*, die Magna Charta, 1215 dem König Johann abgedrungen, die Grundlage der englischen Verfassung.

321. *writ of Habeas Corpus*, Gerichtsbefehl, durch den eine, willkührlicher oder irriger Weise verhaftete Person in Freiheit gesetzt oder vor das Oberhofgericht gestellt wird. *substantive and adjective*, Wesentliches und Unwesentliches. *mover*, der Antragsteller; *seconder*, der Unterstützer (eines Vorschlags). *Serjeant (at arms)*, der Stabträger, der im Parlamente das Machtzeichen vor dem Sprecher einherträgt und die Befehle des Parlaments vollstreckt.

322. *Clarencieux*, der zweite Wappenkönig in England. *Norroy*, der nord-englische Wappenkönig. *Rouge Dragon*, der Herold mit dem rothen Drachen. *the conqueror of Cressy*, der Sieger von Cressy (1346), König Edward III. *King at arms*, Wappenkönig. *Whitehall*, ein königl. Palast an der Themse.

329. *George Bancroft*, der längere Zeit Gesandter der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika in London war, erwarb sich durch seine *History of America* großen Ruf. Nicht weniger ausgezeichnet ist sein neuestes Werk: *History of the American Revolution*, das wohl auch in die Tauchnitzer Ausgabe aufgenommen zu werden verdiente. Daß er in beiden Werken zu Gunsten seines Vaterlandes partiisch sich erweist, ist einem Amerikaner leicht zu verzeihen.

334. *unstunted*, ungehemmt, unverkümmert.

335. *to strike upon*, auffallen.

336. *disgressive*, von der Sache abschweifend. *the great Roman critic, Quinctilian. in illo plus curae, in hoc plus naturae*, (lat.) jener besaß mehr Fleiß, dieser mehr Talent. *slovenly*, nachlässig, schlampig.

337. *ordeal*, Gottesurtheil, Unschuldsprobe, Feuerprobe. *to tower*, sich aufschwingen, erheben.

338. *to attend on*, anwohnen, besuchen. *the routine business*, laufende Geschäfte.

339. *to break up*, auflösen.

340. *to feel conscious*, sich bewußt sein. *newly-gotten*, neugeschaffen. *to thwart*, durchkreuzen, sich widersetzen.

341. *order in council*, Regierungs-, Cabinetsbefehl. *to carry away*, mit sich fortreißen. *unflagging* unermüdlich.

342. *state paper style*, Staatsakten-, Staatskanzleistiyl. *to sail near the wind*, beim Winde segeln, halten. *king's speech*, Thronrede.

343. *to cling by*, festhalten. *single handed*, vereinzelt, allein.

345. *the Inductive principle*, der Grundsatz der Induction, d. h. der Herleitung einer allgemeinen Schlußfolge aus einzelnen Beispielen.

346. *inadequacy*, Unzulänglichkeit.

347. *unflinching*, unerschrocken. *diatribe*, Diatribe, Ausfall, Tadel. *pursuits*, Bestrebungen, Geschäfte.

348. *raving*, Aberwitz, Wahnsinn, Faselei. *chamber des Comptes*, (halb engl., halb franz.) Rechnungskammer. *to combine*, sich verbinden, vereinigen. *lettre de cachet*, (franz.) Verhaftsbefehl.

349. *l'Erotica Biblion*, (griech.) Liebesgeschichtenbuch.

350. *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, (lat.) nach fremdem Gute lüstern, das Seinige verschleudernd. *graphic*, deutlich, genau, treffend. *at heart*, ernstlich. *to go great length*, es weit bringen.

351. *steeped in*, versunken in, durchdrungen von. *imbecile*, Schwachkopf. *Sir Archibald Alison*, ein schott. Rechtsgelehrter, gehört zu den besseren Geschichtsschreibern Englands, obgleich sein Werk: *The History of Europe from the Commence-*

ment of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, in 10 Bänden, etwas zu weitschweifig und parteiisch ist. Neuerdings erschien eine Fortsetzung dieses vielgelesenen Werkes bis auf die neueste Zeit.

352. *to return home*, auf den Urheber zurückfallen. *Lally-Tolendal* wurde wegen seiner Kriegsführung in Ostindien 1767 hingerichtet. *gag*, Sperrholz. *hurdle*, die Schleife (bei Hinrichtungen). *Madame Royale*, die älteste Tochter des Königs von Frankreich. *Madame Elizabeth*, Schwester Ludwigs XVI.

353. *Cerberus*, der Höllenhund, Wächter der Unterwelt.

354. *hoqueton*, Rock (der königl. Trabanten) mit halben Ärmeln, die Trabanten selbst. *Mahlstrom*, ein gefährlicher Wirbel im Nordmeer; Strudel, Schlund. *puce*, dunkelbraun.

355. *to prance out*, prunkend einherreiten. *noenia*=*nenia*, Klaggesang.

356. *flag-of-truce*, Parlamentärflagge. *all-too*, durch und durch, ganz und gar. *Thomas Carlyle*, ein Schotte, der sich durch tiefe Studien in der deutschen Literatur und Philosophie und durch Uebersetzungen von Goethe, Jean Paul u. a., eine ganz deutsche Denkungs- und Schreibart angeeignet hat, mit welcher er übrigens zu sehr zu prangen sucht, und darüber die Eigenthümlichkeit des englischen Sprachgenies zu auffallend vernachlässigt, so daß die meisten seiner Schriften nie in England populär geworden sind, so namentlich seine "French Revolution, a History", ein Werk voll der herrlichsten Gedanken und lebhaftesten Schilderungen, denen aber die Form des Ausdrucks bedeutend schadet. Am lesbarsten ist sein "Life of Schiller", ein Werk, das selbst Goethe sehr hoch achtete. Außerdem schrieb er: *Sartus Resartus* — eine Nachahmung Jean Pauls, *Hero Worship*, *Essays*, *The Past and Present*, und die Biographien *Cromwell's*, *Friedrichs des Großen* und seines Freundes *John Sterling*.

361. *Tantas animi virtutes etc.*, (lat.) diesen so großen Geistesvorzügen hielten ungeheure Fehler die Waage; eine unmenschliche Grausamkeit; eine mehr als punische Treulosigkeit; nichts Wahres, nichts Heiliges, keine Götterfurcht, kein Eid, kein Gewissen! (Livius 21, 4. Charakterschilderung Hannibals.)

363. *to quit*, ausführen, leiten.

364. *repeating ship* = *repeater*, ein die Signale des Admiralschiffs wiederholendes Schiff. *to bear north*, nördlich segeln. *to heave to*, beiwinden. *to keep sight of*, im Auge behalten. *to wear* (veer), vor dem Winde wenden, halsen. *tack*, die Halse eines Segels.

365. *to bear down upon*, alle Segel beifegen, um ein anderes Schiff einzuholen. *lee line*, die Linie unter dem Winde. *weather line*, Linie über dem Winde. *to tack*, wenden, umlegen. *a cable's length*, eine Kabellänge (120 Faden).

366. *abreast*, in Front mit. *to shorten sail*, einen Theil der Segel einziehen.

367. *alongside*, Seite an Seite. *main-top-gallant sail*, das große Bramsegel. *broadside*, Breitseite, Batterieseite.

368. *to rake*, ein Schiff der Länge nach beschießen, bestreichen. *double-headed shot*, Stangenkugel. *fore brace bits*, Bättingshölzer (Gerüst zum Aufwinden des Anfertaus) an den Fockbrassen. *master*, Schiffsoberlieutenant. *tillerrope*, Steuerrang (Seil). *broadside*, volle Lage. *deck port*, Geschüßpforte.

369. *to run out*, an die geöffneten Stückpforten führen. *to strike*, die Segel streichen. *to reeve*, einscheeren (Taue durch das Ende eines Blocks stecken). *pallet*, Krankenbett. *birth*, Lagerstelle, Verschlag.

371. *cocked hat*, Stülphut.

372. *chains*, Puttingen (Kettenglieder an den Bandtauen). *upper works*, Oberwerk (der über das Wasser hervorragende Theil des Schiffskörpers).

373. *Robert Southey*, einer der hervorragendsten Namen der englischen Literatur, wurde 1774 zu Bristol geboren und studierte zu Oxford. Er trat noch jung mit

seinen Gedichten: Wat Tyler und Joan of Arc auf und erwarb sich 1801 großen Ruf durch sein episches Gedicht: *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, und 1810 sein größtes poetisches Werk: *The Curse of Kehama*, zwei der großartigsten Schöpfungen der neueren Zeit, die aber bis jetzt in Deutschland noch wenig beachtet worden sind. Aber nicht nur als Dichter nimmt Southey eine so hohe Stellung ein, sondern auch als Geschichtsschreiber — seine *History of Brazil*, *History of the Peninsular War*, *Life of Nelson*, sind Meisterstücke des Styles und der Composition. Sein ganzes Leben war unermüdblich den verschiedenartigsten Studien gewidmet, wie seine umfangreichen *Miscellaneous Works* (z. B. *The Doctor*, *Letters from England*, *Omniana etc.*) und das nach seinem Tode in vier starken Bänden herausgekommene *Commonplace book*, eine Art von Excerpten- und Analysenjournal, beweisen. Solche angestrenzte geistige Thätigkeit wirkte nachtheilig auf ihn und er starb 1843 in gänzlicher Geisteszerrüttung. *torpor*, Unempfindlichkeit.

374. *the Kadmaeia*, die Burg Thebens.

375. *B. C.* = before Christ, vor Christi Geburt. *George Grote* hat sich in den letzten Jahren einen großen Ruf erworben durch seine *History of Greece*, ein wahrhaft monumentales Werk, hinsichtlich der Sichtung und Verarbeitung so reichhaltiger Materialien, dessen nicht geringster Vorzug auch darin besteht, daß Grote als Geschäftsmann und früheres Parlamentsmitglied die Verfassungsverhältnisse der einzelnen Staaten Griechenlands mit einem praktischeren Blicke aufgefaßt hat, als andere, an Gelehrsamkeit ihm vielleicht überlegenen, Verfasser griechischer Geschichte.

376. *Edward Gibbon*, der weltberühmte Verfasser des *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, war 1737 in der Nähe von London geboren. Er stammte aus einer alten Familie und genoß eine vortreffliche Privaterziehung. Seine Neigung zum Studiren beschränkte sich bald aufs Historische und er war, als er die Universität Oxford bezog, in diesem Fache schon sehr belesen, dagegen in andern Fächern weniger unterrichtet, daß er selbst sagte, er sei in Oxford angekommen, *with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed*. Nachdem er auf der Universität durch das Studium Bossuets und Parsons, des Jesuiten, sich dem katholischen Glauben (1753) ergeben hatte, kehrte er schon 1754 zur protestantischen Kirche zurück. Schuld an dieser plötzlichen Glaubensänderung war sein Aufenthalt in Lausanne, wohin sein Vater ihn geschickt hatte, um ihn zum Glauben seiner Familie zurückzurufen. Die erste Idee, oder vielmehr der erste Trieb zur Unternehmung seines großen geschichtlichen Werkes erhielt er während seines Aufenthalts in Rom 1764, wie er selbst sagt: "*As I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.*" Dieses Werk wurde durch Styl, Gelehrsamkeit und Umfassungskraft ein Meisterstück der historischen Composition; der einzige Tadel, den das englische Publikum an Gibbon fand, war seine latitudinarische und selbst rationalistische Auffassung der christlichen Religionsgeschichte, so daß sein Werk, wie die *Family Editions of Shakspeare's*, von Milman für die Jugend umgearbeitet worden ist. Gibbon starb zu London 1793.

380. *acta parentum jam legere etc.*, bereits die Thaten der Voreltern zu lesen, und wird fähig sein zu erkennen, auf welcher Seite die Tugend ist.

381. *spoliatis arma supersunt*, den Geplünderten bleiben noch Waffen.

382. *sursum corda!* aufwärts die Herzen! *quod felix faustumque sit*, wozu die Götter ihren Segen verleihen mögen.

385. *little short of*, nicht viel weniger als.

390. *the case is the reverse*, der Fall ist gerade umgekehrt.

391. *to trespass on (upon) one's patience*, Jemand's Geduld ermüden. *Nunquam libentius loquor etc.*, (lat.) ich spreche nie so gerne, als wenn das, was ich spreche, den Hörern mißfällt.

393. *in rebus politicis etc.*, in der Politik — keine Einfachheit, keine Offenheit, keine Aufrichtigkeit.

402. *to dwell on*, sich aufhalten bei.

403. *spinning mill*, Spinnfabrik. *to bid fair*, der Befürchtung Raum geben. *to make reprisals on*, das Wiedervergeltungsrecht üben an.

404. *to chime with*, einstimmen in.

405. *Abraham Cowley* (geb. zu London 1618, st. 1667), ein liebenswürdiger und zu seiner Zeit äußerst volksbeliebter Dichter im anacreontischen und pindarischen Styl.

406. *William Cowper* (geb. 1731, st. 1800), moralisch-didaktischer Dichter, dessen Gedichte noch vielen Einfluß auf die mittleren und niederen Volksklassen Englands ausüben, weil sie die alltäglichsten Wahrheiten auf eine edle und erhabene Art dem Geiste vorführen. Seine wichtigsten Gedichte sind: *The Task*; *Table Talk*; *Tirocinium*; *Conversations*; *The Progress of Error*; *Truth*; *Hope*; *Charity*.

408. *Peter Pindar*, pseudonymer Name des Satyrikers Dr. John Wolcot (geb. 1738, st. 1819), der die politischen und literarischen Männer seiner Zeit und hauptsächlich Georg III. mit viel Witz, aber auch viel Frechheit, angriff. Sein größtes Werk heißt: *The Lousiad, a heroï-comic Poem*.

409. *George Colman* (geb. 1762, st. 1836), Sohn des berühmten Lustspiel-dichters George Colman, war selbst der geistreichste, ergiebigste und erfolgreichste Lustspiel-dichter seiner Zeit.

410. *Ben Jonson* (geb. 1574, st. 1637), großer Dramatiker und würdiger Zeitgenosse Shakespeare's, jedoch glücklicher in der Komödie (z. B. *Volpone*, *Epicene, the Alchemist*), als im Drama (z. B. *Catiline*), auch lieblicher Lyriker (*The Sad Shepherd*, und viele in seinen dramatischen Werken zerstreute Lieder). — *Samuel Lover*, ein gemüthlicher irischer Dichter und Verfasser von *Legends and Stories of Ireland*; *Rory O'More*; *Handy Andy etc.* — *Mrs. Felicia Hemans* (geb. 1793, st. 1835), eine der größten Dichterinnen Englands, deren Poesien für den häuslichen Herd, die Schule und die reisere Jugend von unendlichem Gewinne sind, besonders ihre *Forest Sanctuary*; *Records of Woman*; *Songs of the Affections*; *Hymns for Childhood*; *Scenes and Hymns of Life*.

411. *Sir Walter Scott* (siehe Anm. zu Seite 118). — *Samuel Rogers*, geb. zu London 1762, gest. daselbst am 18. Dez. 1855, ein Londoner Bankier, der, wie Bedford und Hope, sich neben seinen Geschäften den schönen Wissenschaften und der Kunst widmete, und der sich durch sein großes Gedicht: *The Pleasures of Memory*, neben Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* und Alfenide's *Pleasures of Imagination*, eine Stelle unter den britischen Klassikern errungen hat. Auch sein Gedicht "Italy" und seine kleineren Gedichte sind vollendet in der Form und edel im Ausdrucke.

412. *Lord Byron* (geb. zu London 1788, gest. 1824), der größte engl. Dichter der neueren Zeit, stammte aus einer alten adeligen Familie und war Enkel des Weltumseglers und Commodoren John Byron. Er erhielt seine Bildung auf der Harrow-school und auf der Universität Cambridge, und gab schon 1807 eine Sammlung Gedichte (*Hours of Idleness*) heraus, die aber in der Edinb. Rev. scharf kritisiert wurden, worauf B. eine berühmte Satire (*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*) schrieb. 1809 machte er eine Reise durch Portugal, Spanien und Griechenland, kehrte 1811 nach England zurück und gab 1812 die zwei ersten Gesänge seines Childe Harold heraus; diesen folgten: *The Giaur*; *The Bride of Abydos*; *The Corsair*; *Lara*; *Parisina*; *The Siege of Corinth*. In seinen Familienverhältnissen sich unglücklich fühlend, verließ er England wieder und lebte meistens in Italien, wo er den Childe Harold vollendete und seine übrigen Werke, *Manfred*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, *Don Juan*, *Marino Falieri*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Kain*, *Werner* und kleinere Gedichte schrieb. 1823 zog ihn der griechische Freiheitskrieg nach Griechenland, wo er (zu Missolonghi) starb.

414. *John Milton* (geb. zu London 1608, st. 1674), der große Dichter des verlorenen und wieder gewonnenen Paradieses, von dem die Engländer sagen, er sei "inferior only to Shakspeare", war auch einer der größten Prosaiisten seiner Zeit; er zeigte in seinen Streitschriften gegen Papstthum und gegen die Royalisten (M. war Cromwell's Schriftführer) eine solche Gewalt und Energie, daß, wie ein Kritiker in der Edinb. Review sagt, die schönsten Deklamationen Burke's gegenüber von ihm in ein Nichts versinken. Seine bedeutendsten Schriften sind: a History of England (bis zur Eroberung der Normannen); a Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing; a Tractate of Education; Iconoclastes; The Doctrine of Divorce. Außerdem schrieb er ein ausgezeichnetes Latein (z. B. seine Streitschriften gegen Salmasius). Seine unermüdlche literarische Beschäftigung zog ihm eine langwierige Blindheit zu. Milton wollte in dem hier mitgetheilten Gedichte L'Allegro die Gemüthsstimmung eines frohsinnigen Menschen darstellen, als Gegenstück schrieb er "Il Penseroso" der Schwermüthige.

416. *John Dryden* (geb. 1631, st. 1700), kräftiger Satyriker, Fabeldichter, Uebersetzer des Virgil und Meister im Versbau und poetischen Styl. Zu seinen besten Werken gehört: Annus Mirabilis (näml. 1666), Absalom and Achitophel, The Medal, Religio Laici, und als Vertheidigung der römisch-kathol. Kirche, zu der er übertrat, The Hind and Panther; ferner die bekannte Ode to St. Cecilia, oder das Alexander's Fest, die Händel in Musik setzte; endlich Fables und Uebersetzungen.

418. *Thomas Gray* (geb. 1716, st. 1771), klassischer Lyriker, dessen Gedichte einen kleinen Band bilden, in dem aber fast jedes ein Juwel ist.

419. *Thomas Hood* (geb. zu London 1798, gest. 1845), ein Satyriker, der sich durch seine "Whims and Oddities" sowohl als durch seinen "Comic Almanac", aber noch mehr durch seine lyrischen Gedichte, in welchen der schärfste Humor in die wärmste poetische Empfindung gekleidet ist, zum Range eines der bedeutendsten Dichter Englands erhoben hat. Das hier mitgetheilte Lied vom Hemd hat, wie nicht leicht ein anderes Gedicht, eine ungeheure Sensation in England erregt, und hat häufig zur Linderung des darin mit so voller Naturtreue geschilderten Elends beigetragen.

420. *Thomas Campbell* (geb. zu Glasgow 1777, gest. zu London 1846), ein ächt klassischer Dichter, dessen größtes Gedicht: The Pleasures of Hope, zu den gediegensten der engl. Literatur gehört, während mehrere seiner kleineren (wie die im ersten Theil dieser Chrestomathie mitgetheilten: Sea Song und Ode for the Germans) zu nationalen Volksliedern geworden sind.

422. *Robert Burns* (geb. in Schottland 1759, st. 1776), Sohn eines armen Bauern und selbst zur ländlichen Arbeit erzogen, ist Schottlands originellster Dichter. Seine besten Gedichte sind fast alle nur Ergießungen des Augenblickes und darum in der größten Begeisterung noch natürlich und wahr. Kein Dichter lebt so im Munde seines Volkes wie Robert Burns.

Die hier mitgetheilten schottischen Gedichte sollten erst gelesen werden, wenn der Schüler das große Stück von Sir Walter Scott: The Spring-Tide (pag. 104—118), übersetzt, und sich vermittelst desselben mit den Eigenthümlichkeiten des schottischen Dialektes vertraut gemacht hat. Außer den in den Anmerkungen zu Sir Walter Scott's Stücke gegebenen allgemeinen Erklärungen fügen wir noch für die Gedichte folgende hinzu:

Gedicht Nr. 22: *brand* = sword; *sae* = so; *bluid* = blood; *guid* = good; *mi-ther* = mother; *nae mair bot* = no more but; *hawkis*, Genit. von hawk; *reid* = red; *deir* = dear; *reid-roan steid* = red-roan steed, Rothschimmel; *auld* = old; *gat* = got; *dule* = dole, grief; *drie* oder *dree* = suffer; *wae* = wo; *feit* = feet; *ha'* = hall; *down fa'* = down fall; *maun* = must; *bairns* = children; *warldis* = world's; *throw* = through; *ain* = own; *frae* = from; *beir* = bear; *sic* = such.

Nr. 23: *jo* = joy; *bonnie* = handsome; *brent* = smooth; *beld* = bald; *pow* = head; *thegither* = together; *cantie* = cheerful; *wi'* = with.

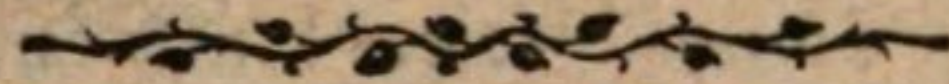
Mr. 24: *wha ha'e* = who have; *aften* = often; *gory*, blutig; *lour* = lower; *fa'* = fall.

Mr. 25: *Auld lang syne* = the dear olden Time; *min'* = mind; *twa* = two; *braes* = hills; *pu't* = did pull out; *gowans* = wild daisies; *paidl't* = waded, splashed about; *burn* = brook; *dine* = sunset; *braid* = broad; *sin'* = since; *fier* = brother, friend; *gie's* = give us; *willie-waught* = hearty pull; *pint-stowp*, ein Krug, der eine Pinte hält.

Mr. 26: *for a' that* = for all that; *gowd* = gold; *hamely* = homely; *hoddin-gray*, grober wollener Stoff; *gi'e* = give; *birkie* = lively young fellow; *ca'd* = called; *coof* = block-head; *aboon* = above; *mauna* = must not; *fa* = procure; *bear the gree* = to be the victor.

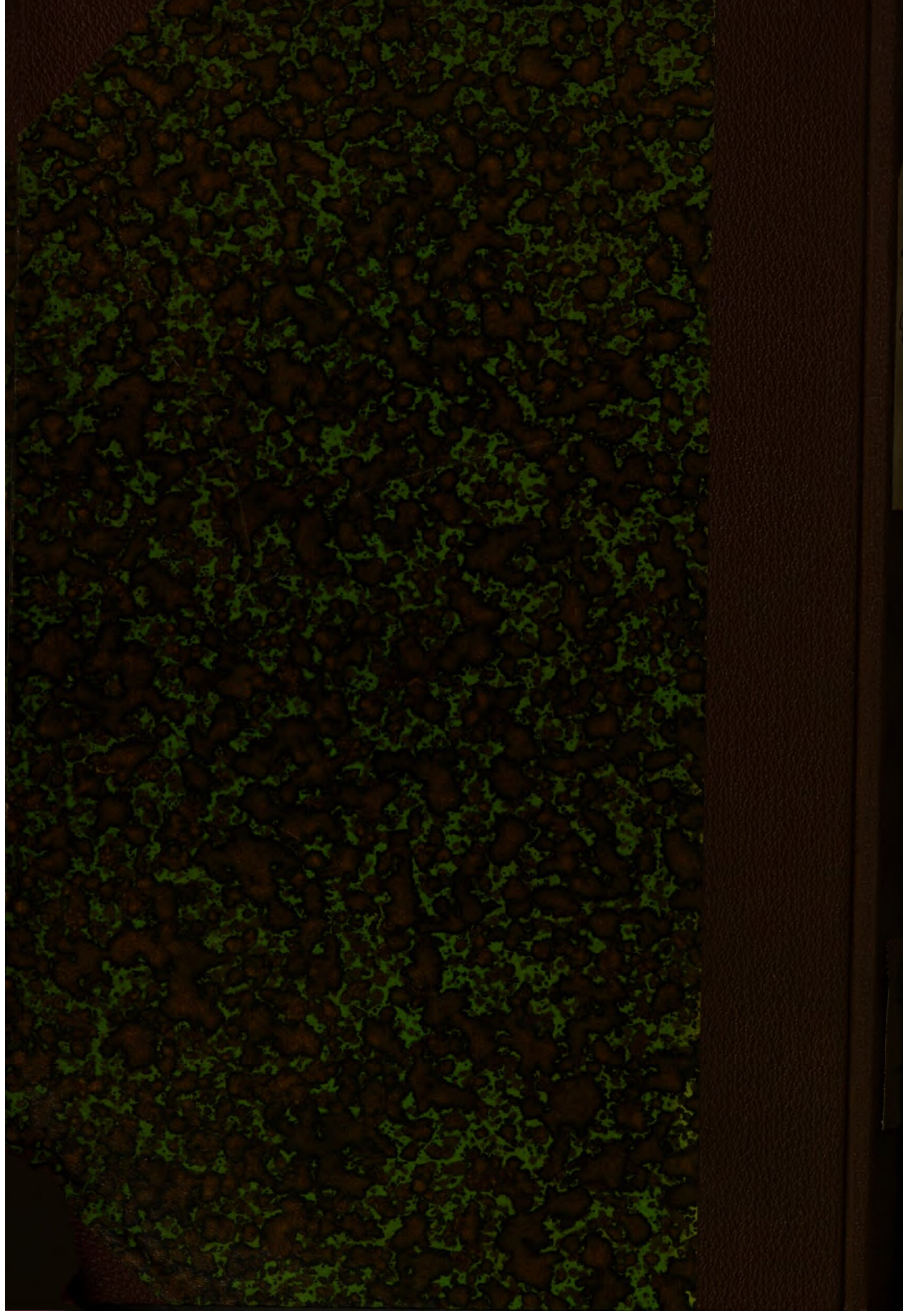
Mr. 27: *loon* = fellow; *Nith*, Fluß, der sich in den Frith of Solway ergießt; *Criffel*, ein 1830' hoher Berg, der sich über dem Frith of Solway erhebt; *tykes* = dogs; *unco* = uncouth; *rung* = cudgel; *clout*, ein Fleck, Stückchen; *tinkler*, Kesselflicker; *ca'* = drive.

Mr. 28: *wee* = little; *thou's* = thou hast; *stoure* = dust; *weet* = wetness; *to glint* = to peep, pass quickly; *wa's* = walls; *bield* = shelter; *histie* = dry; *stibble* = stubble.



Spw.

Gantter



Gantter, Ludwig, 1815-1876

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